HUMOROUS ETHICS:

Or, an Attempt to

CURE the VICES

AND

FOLLIES of the AGE

By a Method entirely New.

IN

FIVE PLAYS,

As they are now *acting* to the *Life* at the

GREAT THEATRE

BY

His Majesty's Company of COMEDIANS.

— — — — *ridiculum acri*
Fortiùs et melius magnas plerumque secat res.

LONDON:
Printed for W. OWEN, at *Homer's-Head* in *Fleet-street.*
MDCCLVII.

Herdwin D 327



THE

PREFACE.

AS the following ſheets contain a variety of methods for the cure of MORAL DISORDERS, adapted to the ſeveral caſes of the Patients, and calculated to *open their eyes—to bring them acquainted with their civil connections—correct* their *paſſions*—ſtate the *true uſe* of TIME—and ſhew them *their follies* in the ſtrongeſt light—the Author hopes, that as many as ſhall find themſelves *relieved* by his *preſcriptions*, will—in time—from a principle of gratitude, be diſpoſed to give *the Work* a favourable reception.

With regard to notorious Delinquents, againſt whom, from the nature of their offences, he found it neceſſary to proceed in a LEGAL WAY—he is contented (as they have been CONVICTED, and upon this account may, at preſent, be ſomething ruffled) to wait for *their* opinions, 'till the TERM of *their* SERVITUDE is expired—or they WAKE and return ſafe from the REPOSITORY OF INSIGNIFICANTS.

In the mean time he does not deſpair of meeting with the approbation of every one, who is a friend to MORAL and CIVIL HAPPINESS, both which it has been his endeavour to promote.——

But

PREFACE.

But, as he expects to ſhare the common fate of Authors, he chearfully ſubmits himſelf, to every Critic of HUMANITY and CANDOR; yet nevertheleſs he thinks himſelf at liberty to *except* againſt any of the *Reviewers* being empannelled, for the ſame reaſons which induced the Legiſlature to leave Butchers out of JURIES.

ERRATA.

In the OCULIST.

In the Motto, to *ſubjecta fidelibus* join *et quæ*.

In the TAXES.

Page 11, inſtead of the 15th, 16th, and 17th Lines, read

But leſt her own ſtupendous work ſhould be
A pitch too high to reach, ſtooping to art
To give us in a lower key, the ſame
Sweet leſſon o'er again—the fitly fram'd

Page 23, Line 7, for *ray* read *power*.

In the TIME-KILLERS.

Page 24, Line 21, for *good* read *goods*.
Page 54, Line 28, for *to me day* read *to me to-day*.

In the INSIGNIFICANTS.

Page 2, Line 1, for *afrad* read *afraid*.
Page 5, Line 1, for *expenſive* read *expreſſive*.
Page 8, Line 28, for *converrd* read *converted*.
Page 22, at the End of the Line, read [*Exeunt*.

THE

OCULIST.

A

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT

OF

TWO ACTS.

Segnius irritant animos demiſſa per aurem
Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus,
& quæ
Ipſe ſibi tradit ſpectator.

HOR.

LONDON:

Printed for W. OWEN at *Homer's Head*, near *Temple-Bar*.

MDCCLVII.

[Price One Shilling.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Dr. EYEBRIGHT, *the Oculiſt.*

Mr. BLUNT, *his Aſſiſtant.*

HAL. —— [*Andrew.*]

Mr. TRY, *a Gentleman ſeeking Preferment.*

Mr. THOUGHTLESS, *a young Gentleman of Fortune.*

Mr. CONTENTIOUS, *a Pettifogger.*

Mr. WRONGHEAD, *a Citizen.*

Mr. SPINDLE, *an old Juſtice of Peace.*

LADY GAY.

LADY WOU'D BE.

MISS DOUBTFUL.

THE

ARGUMENT.

PUBLIC Spirit the true Qualification for Advancement.——Jealouſy to be avoided—renders thoſe, who entertain it, miſerable.——Unequal Matches improper.——Regard to Character recommended.——Danger and Diſgrace attend a ſenſual Life.——The Peace of Society ſuffers by the Allowance of Pettifoggers.——Love, a Requiſite to Marriage.——Other Qualities conſider'd as neceſſary to render that State happy.——What occaſions it to be ſo often an unhappy one.——A Man in Buſineſs the beſt Huſband.——Nothing ſo ridiculous as an Affectation of Levity in old Age.

THE OCULIST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A chamber—Hal *is diſcovered folding up his livery, who being dreſs'd in his Andrew's habit, runs up to the glaſs.*

HA H, hah, hah! what a comical figure do I make—Well, here are ſome merry doings going forward, I am ſure—for there has been Dr. *Eye-bright*, the oculiſt, and my old maſter *Blunt*, all this quarter, laying their heads together—The Doctor has been teaching him to couch, and has promiſed him a patient to day, to try his hand for the firſt time—this is all the buſineſs, as I know of, that brought my maſter to town—and there is my name of honeſt *Hal* going to be changed into *Andrew*—What can be the meaning of all this? But I don't care—I have got a new livery by the bargain—Hem!—let me contemplate myſelf—patterns ſtitched together of what every man wears—a motley ſuit, truly—fit to play the fool in—quite a new-faſhion cut—for, let me tell

you, 'twas made by a *French* taylor, who deals in fools coats, and who has a world of buſineſs among all the people of quality—let me ſee—[*taking up his lappets*]—here is a patch of *fur* for the aldermen, a piece of *ermin* for the nobility, a ſcrap of gold and ſilver lace for the fine gentlemen—black, red, blue, green, yellow; like a book of heraldry, ſomething of every man's coat—Well—if any patients come—I am now ready to wait on them—I muſt go and look after my new maſter—

[*runs out.*]

SCENE II. *A parlour.*

Dr. EYEBRIGHT *ringing the bell.*

Enter ANDREW.

Dr. EYEBRIGHT.

WELL, *Hal*——

HAL.

Andrew—if you pleaſe, Sir—'tis the name your Worſhip gave me.

OCULIST.

Well then, honeſt *Andrew*, did you take care to give the publick notice of my arrival.——

ANDREW.

Yes, Sir—and in a proper way,—for if I may be ſo bold, I don't think, you rightly conſidered that point; ſo—after I had paſted up two or three of the printed bills, as your Worſhip directed—thinks I to myſelf!—what am I about here!—this

this can never be the way to convey intelligence to people, who have no eyes to read—and ſo Sir—I undertook the buſineſs myſelf; and going to all the polite parts of the town, where your Worſhip, I thought, would be likely to meet with moſt patients—(you muſt know, Sir, I ſet out about three o'clock in the afternoon to catch 'em at breakfaſt, for it would have ſignified nothing to have went before they were ſtirring)—and by the lure of my *French* horn, which I took with me, as ſoon as the windows were crouded with ſpectators—I mean auditors—for I don't ſuppoſe that any of 'em could be properly ſaid to have their eye-ſight—and taking three hems! to clear up my pipes, Gentlemen and Ladies, ſays I, NOW YOU SHALL SEE WHAT YOU SHALL SEE——for I am come to give you notice, that there is now arrived in town *The Wonder of Wonders, the Great Oculiſt of the World*—If your eyes are out—never mind 'em—all that you have to do, is only to find out the way how to be conducted to my maſter, and if there is but the leaſt ſpark left—let him try his ſkill, and whew! in an inſtant (like a true maid's blowing in a candle) the light comes in again—and then he has ſo exquiſite a hand, that during the operation, while he is helping you to the ſenſe of *ſeeing*, you may have reaſon to think you have loſt your ſenſe of *feeling*.

OCULIST.

All this was very well perform'd.—But *Andrew*, do you hear of any buſineſs we are like to have?

ANDREW.

Buſineſs!—too much, I am afraid!—it will be too great a fatigue to you—'twill overpower your ſpirits!—Eminency has it's burdens!—I wiſh your Honour would let me into the myſtery of your profeſſion—I believe I ſhould ſoon make (hem!) a *great* proficiency—and it would ſave you a world of trouble—But this *couching*, I am afraid [*holding out his hand ſhaking*] requires a ſteady hand—that's the worſt of it.

OCULIST.

No—No—*Andrew*—Couching will never do—a fiddle will do much better—you ſeem to have an excellent ſhake for one.—But to be ſerious—there is one unhappy circumſtance, that attends this epidemical blindneſs—which is, that few people who labour under this misfortune, are ſenſible of their caſe—But when we conſider, what mean, and trifling purſuits, moſt of your polite people are engaged in, can any point be clearer, than that they have *clouds*, and *moats* floating before 'em.—When all objects become diſcoloured by their paſſions and prejudices (as the ill habits of the mind, will always affect the organs of viſion) will they ſay, the humours are not vitiated?—when their whole behaviour diſcovers ſuch abſurdities—when they act ſo inconſiſtently with their true intereſts—and live ſo regardleſs of their characters, will they aſſert *they are not blind?*

ANDREW.

If they preſume to diſpute that point with your Worſhip—I ſay, they are a parcel of puppies not

not yet recovered out of their ſtate of darkneſs—And if you'll give me leave, to try, what I can do with the force of my oratory—I'll prove it as plain as the *noſe in their faces*—that they have no eyes among 'em—for, Sir—*None ſo blind as thoſe that won't ſee.* [*knocking*]

OCULIST.

Come—come *Andrew*—you may ſpare your oratory for another opportunity—here is a patient coming—run, and take care of him. [*knocking*]

[ANDREW *runs and opens the door, and Mr.* TRY *enters.*]

ANDREW.

O! good Sir—there—now, Sir—there are no ſteps—I'll take care of you—Shall I do myſelf the honour, of entreating the favour of your name.—

Mr. TRY.

My name, Sir, is *Try.*——

ANDREW.

The Honourable, I preſume.——

Mr. TRY.

Yes, Sir—if you think it neceſſary.——

ANDREW.

O Sir—my maſter keeps a regiſter of his patients; your Honour muſt not loſe your title.—[*introducing him to the Oculiſt*] Sir, the honourable Mr. *Try.*—

OCULIST.

Sir—I wiſh my power to relieve,—was equal to my compaſſion for the unfortunate.——

Mr.

Mr. TRY.

Sir—you are extremely kind!—I am a perſon, Sir, who have met with frequent diſappointments in life—which I chiefly impute to this diſorder in my eyes—for to deal openly, and ingenuouſly with you, I have been ſome years ſoliciting for a poſt under the government—and I endeavoured to be as early as poſſible in my applications.—But I don't know how it happened, I conſtantly found, that I was running againſt ſome body or other who had got the ſtart of me—and ſo many things—ſtood in my way—that it was always my ill fortune, to come too late. ——

OCULIST.

Sir—as to the helping you to your ſight I won't deſpair—but as to the poſt you have been applying for, I can ſay nothing——

ANDREW.

Nor I neither—for 'tis my opinion, that a POST is a very bad thing for a blind gentleman to meet with. [*Aſide.*

OCULIST.

But, Mr. *Try*, if I may preſume to be ſo inquiſitive—Has your Honour fix'd upon any place in particular?——

Mr. TRY.

You are quite beſide the point, Sir—Let the place be what it will—I have no objection, provided the ſalary and perquiſites are pretty tolerable. ——

OCULIST.

OCULIST.

Then, Sir, you look upon yourſelf as qualified, I preſume, for any office that is to be diſpoſed of!—

Mr. TRY.

Why not, Sir—I apprehend, Sir, I can lend my name to a truſt, as well as other people.—You know—it has been always the way for great men, to keep deputies.—A name, Sir, is ſufficient to keep poſſeſſion! and if I ſucceed—I ſhall take care to commit the buſineſs to a proper perſon.——

OCULIST.

I beg pardon for detaining you ſo long from the relief I hope to give you.—By your leave, Sir, [*looking at his eyes*] why—I find—here is a thick ſubſtance ſpread under the Pupilla, whereby the paſſage is obſtructed to the ſmall nervous filaments that compoſe the Retina—But I am of opinion I can remove it with ſafety.—— [*Couches him.*

[SCENE *draws and diſcovers a* noble ſtructure *unfiniſh'd—ſeveral* ſtones *lying before it—ſome* hewn *and* ſquar'd, *ſome* moulded *and* carv'd *—number'd with figures, &c. by way of direction to the ſetters.*]——

I hope now, Sir, you'll agree, that *ſome* regard is to be had, to *what qualifications we are poſſeſſed of*—ſince we are all of us to be conſidered, as the parts compoſing that NOBLE STRUCTURE—.You have now before you the *plan of community*, whoſe *order*, *ſymmetry*, and *proportion*, you find, are only to be effected and preſerved, by our ſubmitting the choice

choice of our ſituation, to the *judgment* of *the Architect*, whether we are fitted and number'd for the *ſtrength*—or *moulded* and *carved* for the *ornaments* of the building.——

Mr. TRY.

'Tis very true—I ſee now 'tis a *clear* caſe—but private intereſts are too apt to catch our attention, and keep us ſtrangers to theſe *obvious*, but *uſeful* and *noble* ſpeculations.—However, this ſhall teach me (whatever is my lot) to wait with *patience*—but not without endeavouring after ſuch a character, as may ſhew me qualified in ſome reſpect or other, to pay my duty to the *publick*—and if ever I ſhall have the *honour* to be call'd to it's *ſervice*.——

Let me *my part* with *generous duty* bear;
The *gain* and *honour* let my COUNTRY ſhare.—

[*Pays his fees to the Oculiſt, and remembers* Andrew.]

ANDREW.

[*Bowing low*] O *good—ſweet* Sir, I wiſh your Honour joy.—— [*Exit Mr.* Try.

[*To the Oculiſt*] —— Sir, Sir, that was a *very* worthy gentleman——I am almoſt ſure (now he can ſee) he'll be ſoon able to get a place—— I had a *great* inclination to aſk him, to let me be his deputy.——

OCULIST.

And your head-piece might have ſuffer'd for it.—

ANDREW.

ANDREW.

No—No—Sir,—I could have aſk'd that favour with a good gtace.—You know, Sir, you help'd him to his eyes to *look after* preferment—and I do verily believe, I could have help'd him to have *found* it.——

OCULIST.

You have help'd him!——Why, prithee, *Andrew*, in what part does thy intereſt lie?——

ANDREW.

In the lower part—in the heel, Sir.—I don't ſuppoſe that gentleman ever learn'd to *dance*.—

OCULIST.

To dance! how came that into your head?—Why, *Andrew*, this is the firſt qualification that people of his rank are taught.—This part of education is alway regarded, whatever points of infinitely greater conſequence are omitted.——

ANDREW.

Pray—don't miſtake me, Sir.—I don't *ſay* but the geneleman may know how to dance a *minuet* or ſo—but I could have ſhew'd him, how to have danc'd *the right dance*.—You remember, Sir, the gentleman ſaid, *he had been diſappointed*—and ſo 'tis plain, Sir.—He knows nothing of *my* dance.—He *cannot* tell how to dance *Attendance*.——

OCULIST.

Very well—*Andrew*.—Come, let me know how it is to be performed.——

ANDREW.

'Tis a very faſhionable dance, Sir, 'tis danc'd at court, I aſſure you.——Why, Sir, you muſt firſt *caſt off*—then you muſt *meet* and *ſet*—then you muſt *change ſides*—then, Sir, you *muſt go right hand and left*—[*mimicking the airs of a courtier*]—and then, Sir, you may *figure in.*——

OCULIST.

Very well, Sir.—But now do you run and enquire whether there is any other patient waiting—time is precious.—— [*Exit* Andrew.

This fellow is certainly in the right!—he has hit upon a dance that is much practis'd.——

Enter ANDREW.

ANDREW.

Sir, Sir, Sir, the fineſt lady!——I aſk'd the footman conducting her, who ſhe was—and he told me 'twas the Right Honourable Lady *Gay.*—— She is a charming creature!—ſhe is certainly in love with ſome body!—O this love! this love!—Your Worſhip ought to have a great veneration for his little deityſhip.—He is ſo full of his miſchievous tricks, that he is every day putting out peoples eyes, to make work for us!

Enter Lady GAY. [Andrew *looking at her with ſurprize.*]

OCULIST.

Andrew—What are you about there! don't you ſee a lady waiting?

ANDREW.

ANDREW.

[*Running towards her, takes out a dirty pair of gloves—and turns 'em round.*] I can't ſay they are quite ſo genteel—but they'll do well enough—conſidering the *lady can't ſee them*—and I am philoſopher enough to know, that the eye is the proper judge of colours—[*Throws his cap under his arm, and mimicking a fine gentleman, goes to the patient, and takes her hand.*] Madam, a greater honour I had never done me!—[*conducts her to the Oculiſt.*] Sir, the Right Honourable Lady *Gay* pays you the compliment of coming for your advice.—— Your Ladyſhip is now cloſe to the Oculiſt.

LADY GAY.

Sir—My father obſerving that I was not ſo happy as he wiſh'd me to be in the married ſtate I am letely enter'd into, deſired me to give him leave to look at my eyes—and he then told me, it was the very caſe he ſuſpected, and that now it was plain, I ſaw things in a wrong light—for there was ſomething (he obſerved) growing over the ſight—and upon this, with great tenderneſs, he laid his commands upon me to conſult a perſon of judgment—and then, Sir, he recommended you.—

OCULIST.

May I preſume to aſk your Ladyſhip, how long you have been married?

LADY GAY.

About ſix weeks, Sir.——

OCULIST.

Was it with your own conſent?

LADY GAY.

Yes, Sir—for when I lived with my father—he kept ſuch a ſtrict hand over me, that I was reſolved to follow the advice of ſome of my acquaintance, and married for the ſake of liberty.—They aſſur'd me, that all married ladies might do juſt as they pleas'd.——

OCULIST.

Then——I am afraid, you have been a little diſappointed——

LADY GAY.

Why, Sir, I can't ſay but I have obſerv'd, upon ſome occaſions, a ſtrange coolneſs in his Lordſhip's behaviour—by which I am perſuaded he does not approve of many things, I am extremely fond of—for whenever I mention a *drum*—or talk about *parties of pleaſure*, it ſtrikes the man quite dumb—or elſe, in a voice that ſhews he is out of humour, he changes the topick.—'Tis really enough, to give one a fit of the vapours.—A reſtraint may be born, from a father—but ſuch airs are intolerable in a huſband.——

OCULIST.

I muſt beg the favour of your Ladyſhip to let me look at this caſe [*looking at her eyes.*] Your father was very right in his judgment.—Here is a little pearl growing upon the pupil—and under theſe circumſtances it is impoſſible for your Ladyſhip to ſee things diſtinctly.—But 'tis a common caſe—'tis what frequently happens in the married ſtate—I can undertake the cure with great ſafety.

[*Peforms the Operation.*

The

The SCENE

Diſcovers an Altar and a Flamen ſtanding by it.— Inferior prieſts attending.— Affectation *dreſſed like a* Venus, *together with a* Cupid *and* Fortune—*(their eyes bound with fillets) riſe from below. — A* youth *and* lady of quality *appear at oppoſite doors. — The youth is attended with* INDIFFERENCE, *who endeavours to diſſuade him—but is encouraged by* FORTUNE, *who points to the parchments.—The lady is ſupported by* EXTRAVAGANCE *and* SPLEEN.—*Several ſatyrs croud in with attendants.—They ſtay to range themſelves in order—and then proceed to the altar.——* FORTUNE gives the lady away, *and the Flamen joins their hands.——After which two lighted wax flambeaux are delivered, by the inferior prieſts, to the married couple, with which they light a* wild-fire *placed upon the Altar, which runs in a divided flame, —ſmoaks—and expires.——*

One of the ſatyrs, advancing to the front of the ſtage, ſings—keeping time with the action.—

By *flaunting* PRIDE in *looſe Attire*
Crown'd with *wither'd roſe* and *briar*,
Who with borrow'd airs, and grace,
For the *Paphian* Queen would paſs;
By CUPID's eyes with fillets bound,
Earth-born, and riſing from the ground;
By the pair that enter in;
By th' attendants with 'em ſeen——

By

By the *Graces* not *appearing*;
By *wanton* FORTUNE's interfering;
It is ſome match of her own making,
Where the tye will ſoon be breaking—
There INDIFFERENCE cold as clay!
Would tempt the youth another way!—
But he with eager ſtep goes on,
By FORTUNE's wicked counſel won!
Fluſh'd with hopes to meet a treaſure,
A fund for every lawleſs pleaſure——
EXTRAVAGANCE trimm'd out with coſt,
That does of *rank* and *lineage* boaſt;
SPLEEN that wears a ſickly mein
More from humour than from pain;
The fair one to the altar lead,
Maſques, *drums*, and *rackets* in her head!—
The prieſt now ready in his place
Rivets the *bands of wretchedneſs!*
'Tis done—the altar burns—but ſure
As finding near ſome gueſts impure!
Chill'd with the touch—the conſcious fires
Divide—and each in ſmoak expires.

A BACK SCENE

Diſcovers a true VENUS *attended by the* GRACES—*and a* CUPID *with his eyes uncovered, deſcending in a bright cloud —— the falſe* Venus, Cupid, *and* Fortune, *ſink into the ground, and the former company retires in confuſion.—At the upper part of the ſcene appears a new altar, the way to it ſtrew'd with flowers*—Hymen *and his prieſts attending.—Another couple*

couple are introduc'd and attended by bridemen and bridemaids—they are conducted to the ſeats left vacant for 'em—where they reſt.—After a ſhort interval they riſe and proceed to the altar.——CUPID *gives away the bride—and their hands are join'd.—After which they light up the* Hymenæal *fires, which continue burning, with a bright united luſtre, while a dance is perform'd.*—ORDER, *as maſter of the ceremonies, directs the whole proceſſion—and the ſcene is explain'd by one of the inferior prieſts, who in the ſong keeps time with the action.*——

But ſee! a CUPID from the ſkies!
Heavenly brightneſs in his eyes!
With the QUEEN of charms deſcending,
HYMEN in ſaffron robes attending!
To the altar, all the way
Enamell'd with the pride of *May!*
By ORDER, who is now come in
To direct the graceful ſcene——
A youth with manly air and mein,
A maid, another beauty's queen!
To the ſeats conducted are,
Left vacant for the happy pair!
Here awhile they ſtay to reſt,
But more the publick eye to feaſt.——
[*Muſick plays—which ceaſing*
Now the bridemen, and the maids,
With myrtle-chaplets on their heads,
Sprightly, lively, lovely, gay,
To their charges haſte away—
Supporters of the lovely youth
Are fair and undiſguiſed TRUTH,

Who

Who the match did firſt approve,
And vouch'd for all his tales of love.—
Honour that *Hymen*'s rites reveres,
And Joy that dimpled tranſports wears.—
There Innocence, that ſeeks to pleaſe,
With bluſh that *heightens* every grace,
Sparkling Sweetness care *beguiling*,
Soft Compliance gaily *ſmiling*,
To the altar lead the fair,
Life and *ſpirit* in her air.—
Now—Now their willing hands are join'd
By vows that will for *ever* bind!
See there! the *Hymenæal* fires
Lighted up by chaſte deſires,
Into cloſe embraces run,
And catch the mutual blaze in one.—

[*Dance.*

LADY GAY.

Sir, it is impoſſible to ſay whether I am more delighted or inſtructed—but I now perfectly diſcern from whence ariſes the happineſs or unhappineſs of the married ſtate.——

All female foibles muſt be laid aſide,
By her, who would be happy when a bride—
To make our future courſe of life ſerene,
And render it one lively lovely ſcene;
'Till death's chill'd hand the ſacred knot unties,
In this alone, the happy ſecret lies—
'Tis not to boaſt, how far our power has reign'd,
But how to keep the heart our eyes have gain'd.

[*Exit, &c.*

ANDREW.

ANDREW.

Well, I ſee my maſter, will hook himſelf into a rare touch of buſineſs—if he can make the wives, at our end of the town good for any thing.—Ah! [*ſhaking his head*]—*It would have been a happy thing—if*——before my wife died—I had been acquainted with this maſter of mine—we might not have differ'd ſo often as we did.——Well—if *ever* I marry again—my wife ſhall be couch'd—'tis plain they mend upon it.

[*Knocking, a ſervant opens the door.*

ANDREW.

[*Turning round*]——But hold!——here is a grave formal gentleman advancing—I muſt attend my poſt.

Enter Mr. WRONGHEAD.

Pray, Sir—give me leave, Sir—ſhall I beg the favour of your name?

WRONGHEAD.

My name is *Wronghead.*——

ANDREW.

A Courtier! Sir—an Alderman!—a Lord!——a Knight!—or Squire!——

WRONGHEAD.

Neither, Sir—I am a Citizen.——

ANDREW.

[*Leading him to the Oculiſt.*]—Sir, Mr. *Wronghead*, a very worthy Citizen.——

WRONGHEAD.

Hearing of your great abilities—and the wonderful cures, you have perform'd in theſe parts—I made bold to wait upon you, to conſult you in my caſe.—You muſt know, ſome months ago, Sir, I was ſeiz'd

with *a violent pain in my head*—which brought on a great weakneſs in my eyes—and I am now quite dark.—This happens very unluckily——becauſe—there's ſome body, in my family—I am afraid, takes an advantage of it.——'Tis a ſtrange cuſtom, that now a days, wives can't be contented, to ſpend their evenings at home with their huſbands—and employ themſelves, in ſome houſewifely concerns—but every night, about owl-light, muſt be gadding abroad to publick diverſions.—And there is a place it ſeems—where men and women go in diſguiſes.—Now, Sir—'tis a plain caſe—that this, is not paying a viſit to a neighbour, friend, or acquaintance.——They can't pretend any ſuch thing—for why, Sir—as they have maſks upon their faces (you take me right) they can know nothing of one another—ſo that 'tis turning women into a pack of looſe fellows company (as I may ſay) in the dark—and you know *no good* can *ever come* of ſuch practices.—To tell you the very truth, Sir—I have a wife, that is ſo polite, as to follow theſe fooliſh faſhions.—Now, Sir, if by your aſſiſtance, my ſight can be reſtored—I ſhall be in hopes of diſcovering what her inducement is, to be ſo fond of theſe *night expeditions*.——Ah! Sir, from the time ſhe elopes, 'till ſhe comes home again, I am rack'd to death with doubts and uncertainties.——

OCULIST.

Sir, if I may take the freedom to adviſe you——I ſhould really think it better for you, to remain as you are—for if I ſhould help you to your ſight, and by this means you ſhould make ſome unfortunate diſcoveries—you may have reaſon to think my giving you aſſiſtance, is doing you an injury.——

WRONGHEAD.

Not at all, Sir—I readily agree with you, that in ſome caſes, ignorance may make a man happier than knowledge.—But when jealouſy is awake—we can never *reſt*, 'till we come at the truth of things, whatever puniſhment, by gratifying our curioſity, we ſuffer afterwards.——

OCULIST.

Sir, will it be taking too great liberty to aſk you, what *real* grounds you have for theſe ſuſpicions.—

WRONGHEAD.

Grounds, Sir—Why have not I told you—my wife has been at one of theſe maſquerades! and then ſhe is ſo *eaſily* prevail'd upon by ſome gentlemen—whoſe company I have too often—to take theſe vagaries—when ſhe may ſee, by my looks, that I don't approve of ſuch doings.——

OCULIST.

But pray what character do theſe gentlemen bear, who give you this diſturbance?—it is poſſible, you may have ſome connections with them—and ſo the civilities they ſhew your wife, may ariſe from the friendſhip between you, and be a compliment to yourſelf.——

WRONGHEAD.

Why, Sir, I can't but ſay, the gentlemen often come to my houſe about buſineſs—and there is nothing in particular, I can lay to their charge.—But the thing is—my wife is ſo lively, and ſo full of ſpirits in their company—eſpecially when ſhe is to go with them to theſe diverſions (as ſhe calls 'em) and whenever we ſpend an evening together, and have

no Company but ourſelves—ſhe looks ſo down—and keeps herſelf ſo reſerv'd, (why, Sir—we hardly ſpeak a word to one another) that I can't help ſuſpecting there *lies* ſomething at the *bottom of this.*

OCULIST.

Sir, I beg pardon for the liberty I have been taking—but it was done with a deſign to ſerve you.—Pray, Sir, favour me—[*looks at his eyes*]—'twill be an eaſy operation.— [*Couches him.*

The SCENE

Repreſents an office of records; Cupid, *aſſiſted by a* Prieſt, *ſearching the rolls.*

WRONGHEAD.

O! Sir, I ſee plainly, by the inſcription in gold capitals—that *that* is *Hymen*'s office there—and I ſuppoſe that is one of his prieſts.—But I ſhould be glad to know what the point is, which they are ſo earneſt in ſearching after.

OCULIST.

'Tis very true, Sir, what you ſee there is *Hymen*'s *office*—who has taken care to have every material circumſtance recorded, that has any tendency to break the harmony of the married ſtate —— and the preſent ſearch is made, to ſettle a long controverted point——Whether more cuckolds are made by the wife's inclination—or the huſband's jealouſy.——

WRONGHEAD.

[*After diſcovering ſome ſurpriſe.*]——But, Sir—Now—Pray, Sir, can you inform me how this point is determin'd?

OCULIST.

Yes, Sir.—Much the greater number ſtands enroll'd upon the huſband's jealouſy—and the reaſon is very obvious—becauſe if a man takes it into his head to ſuſpect his wife, upon every trifling occaſion (as is too commonly the caſe) the great injury he is doing her muſt naturally throw a damp upon her affection, which alone is ſufficient to keep jealouſy awake—— and then, Sir, you know, 'tis putting a wife in *mind* of things, which, if ſhe had been left to herſelf, perhaps ſhe would have *never* thought of.—And, Sir, I muſt tell you plainly, there are many wicked young fellows about town, who—if they knew the huſband was jealous—would be apt to look upon it as a mutiny in the garriſon, to favour the beſieger.

WRONGHEAD.

Let—Let me conſider a little—more cuckolds, made by the huſband's jealouſy, than the wife's inclination!—Why really the thing may be likely enough! —I have taken a wrong ſtep.—My ſight is really mended!—— [*Aſide.*

Sir, you have perform'd a great cure upon me—and I begin to be conſcious to myſelf,

That the chief *ills* we ſuffer, we create
By giving them exiſtence in conceit.——

[*Exit, paying his fees.*

[*As he paſſes by* Andrew—Andrew *ſhakes his head.*]

ANDREW.

I ſhould have been glad to have wiſh'd that ſolemn gentleman joy—but, Sir—I could not do it with a ſafe

a ſafe conſcience—for why, Sir—'tis plain he only wanted his eyes, to be peeping at his horns.——But, who's here!—[*Mr.* Spindle *entering.*]—Well, if I don't believe—this poor old gentleman is come upon the ſame errand.——If your horned cattle come ſo in droves, I ſhall inſiſt upon their producing certificates;—who knows, but they may have the diſtemper among them?—[*Mr.* Spindle *advances*] O good Sir, let me help you—[Andrew *ſupports him*]—Sir, ſhall I entreat the favour of your name?——

SPINDLE.

My name is *Spindle.*

ANDREW.

One of his Majeſty's Juſtices, I preſume!——

SPINDLE.

Yes, Sir, I have the honour to be in the peace.—

ANDREW.

[*Conducting him to the Oculiſt*]—Sir, the worſhipful Juſtice *Spindle.*——

SPINDLE.

Sir, I am come to aſk your opinion—[*holds up his head towards the Oculiſt*]—I believe you will find I have left me a little glimmering of light—but 'tis of no manner of ſervice to me—I can diſtinguiſh nothing but what appears like a cloud of green, and yellow floating before me.—I ſuppoſe you can ſoon tell whether the caſe is curable or not.——

OCULIST.

[*Looking at his eyes*]—Pray, Sir, have not you been couch'd before?——

SPINDLE.

SPINDLE.

I find there is no concealing the truth from ſo diſcerning a gentleman—[*aſide*]—Yes, Sir, I have undergone this operation before.——

OCULIST.

If I may be ſo bold—how long ago, Sir?—It ſeems to have been but lately perform'd.——

SPINDLE.

I can't ſay exactly as to the time—but I remember it was the very next day after I was married.——

OCULIST.

Was your ſight perfectly reſtored?——

SPINDLE.

Yes, Sir, I could ſee preſently, that I had been doing a very wrong thing.——

OCULIST.

But, Sir, by your leave—[*looks at his eyes again*] Why, indeed, Sir, here is an excreſcence growing again upon the horny coat, but, as it is ſuperficial—

SPINDLE.

[*Starting back*] Ah! Sir, I was under an apprehenſion it would prove ſomething of this ſort—but I was in hopes, the thing would not have appeared quite ſo viſible.——

OCULIST.

I begin to gueſs at the caſe—here is certainly another ſpecies of jealouſy.——O! this jealouſy—this jealouſy! how eager to be it's own tormentor!—by catching at the ſlighteſt appearances of things—and ſtarting at every ſound—[*aſide.*]—Upon your appearing ſo ſurpriz'd, Mr. *Spindle*, when I inform'd you of the nature of your diſorder, I am afraid you miſunderſtood

miſunderſtood me.—Why, Sir, the excreſcence which I took notice of, as growing upon the horny coat—is a diſorder of the eye—I am apprehenſive it has given you ſome painful ſenſations.——

SPINDLE.

Why truly, Sir, it has given me *very* painful ſenſations.——

OCULIST.

But, Mr. *Spindle*—as you perſevere—and force me to take rightly, I am afraid, the hints you have given me—I ſhould really think your wife's age ſhould be an advocate for her character—for I dare ſay you was ſo prudent to take a wife ſuitable to your years—

[*Mr.* Spindle *turns round, ſtands in a muſing poſture——ſhakes his head, and ſtamps his cane upon the ground.*]

SPINDLE.

Ay! ay!—this is all, I find, I have to comfort me at laſt!—— [*Aſide.*

ANDREW.

Well—Now I muſt give up the poor old gentleman!—the jury will certainly find the bill!——

OCULIST.

Sir, you don't anſwer me.——

SPINDLE.

Oh!——

OCULIST.

I am afraid, Sir, you did not hear me——

SPINDLE.

Oh!——

Too plain——too plain. [*Aſide.*

OCULIST.

OCULIST.

May I be ſo bold, Sir, to enquire after your age?—

SPINDLE.

Why, Sir, I am very near ſeventy—
Old enough to have more wit. [*Aſide.*

OCULIST.

And pray now, Sir, how old may your ſpouſe be?

SPINDLE.

Ah!—There lies the burden of the ſong—[*Aſide.*]
Oh!——

OCULIST.

Come, Sir, we'll ſuppoſe ſhe is a few years younger than yourſelf.——

SPINDLE.

Too many!—— [*Aſide.*
Sir, you preſs me too much!——Oh!——

OCULIST.

She is more than fifteen, I hope.——

SPINDLE.

Why then, Sir, if I muſt tell you the truth——
I don't believe ſhe reaches yet quite five and twenty.

OCULIST.

Now, Sir, this is fair and honeſt.——

SPINDLE.

Fair enough, I own—I wiſh I could ſay honeſt.—

OCULIST.

Sir, I have troubled you with a great many very impertinent queſtions, but my good deſign, I hope, will excuſe it.——By your leave, Sir—[*looking at his eyes again*]—this excreſcence—as I told you of—I am

of opinion, may be eaſily removed—and it may, I am in hopes, greatly relieve you.——

[*Performs the operation.*

The SCENE

Diſcovers a woman ſitting by a monument, with her face fronting the ſtage, her head reclin'd upon her arm, with her veil lifted up, diſcovering in her countenance great ſerenity and compoſure.——

ANDREW.

An't pleaſe your Worſhip—look there, Sir—look there!—don't you know that gentlewoman?——

SPINDLE.

No, Sir——What of her?

ANDREW.

Why, Sir—'tis *Patience*——Sir.——

SPINDLE.

Patience.—Why, to confeſs the truth—I was apprehenſive all along, that nothing but patience could help me.——

ANDREW.

Patience, Sir—why, what's better than patience.—Come, come—old gentleman—never let your ſpirits ſink.—Why—what—'tis many an old gentleman's misfortune, that loves a tid-bit.

Company in diſtreſs, makes trouble the leſs——.

SPINDLE.

SPINDLE.

Well—'tis ſo—and there is no other remedy——

ANDREW.

[*Running to him*]—Sir—Sir—let me ſupport you —[*puts his arm under him*]—you walk very feebly, Sir.—Let me adviſe you—you muſt know, Sir, I am a piece of a doctor myſelf—I have been ſeveral years, a journeyman in the profeſſion—I have made up many a box of purging pills—Salves to cure green wounds, ſcalds and bruiſes—and many, many a corn, and ague-plaiſter, in my time, Sir.——Pray, Sir, let me preſcribe to you—*a little harts-horn jelly warm'd* when you reach home.——Take my word for it—'twill comfort and ſtrengthen you.——

SPINDLE.

No—by no means, Sir—'tis what my ſtomach will never bear.—Nothing extracted from HORNS can ever be comfortable.—— [*Exit.*

ANDREW *ſings.*

When old men, after girls are dangling,
Let the fools, their lot endure—
Be it cuckoldom or wrangling,
Patience, is the only *cure.*

[Andrew *runs off.*

The Oculiſt walking in a muſing poſture.

[Andrew *returns.*

ANDREW.

A day of great buſineſs, Sir.—Your Worſhip has another patient juſt come in—whom I ſhould have taken for a regular ſort of a young man b[illegible]e grave

old gentleman, that attends him.—But upon knitting my brow, Sir—[*let me recommend it to your Worſhip, a knit of the brow, wonderfully helps a man to ſee clearly into things*] I ſoon diſcovered I was out in my judgment; for, if I underſtand any thing of phyſiognomy, he muſt be a—pickled one, and the good old gentleman is only his conductor. [*Knocking.*

ANDREW *runs and lets in young Mr.* Thoughtleſs *attended by Mr.* Foreſight.

ANDREW.

[*To Mr.* Foreſight]—Sir, I preſume you have no occaſion for the Oculiſt—but I muſt beg the favour to know, who is this young gentleman?—

[*Takes Mr.* Thoughtleſs *by the hand.*

FORESIGHT.

It is Mr. *Thoughtleſs*—he has a very good eſtate—he is juſt come of age—I have had the care of him for ſeveral years—and as I am now diſcharged, I entreated him, as the laſt favour I ſhould aſk of him, to permit me, to conduct him to the Oculiſt—and he has granted it, upon condition, that this ſhould be the laſt advice, I would give him——So, Sir—I ſhall leave him here—and I wiſh your maſter good ſucceſs with him.——

THOUGHTLESS.

Which is the gentleman I am to apply to?—

OCULIST.

Sir, I am the Oculiſt.—But [*calling to Mr.* Foreſight] I hope, Sir, you'll ſtay with us, at leaſt, 'till the operation is over. [Foreſight *returning.*

To

[*To* Thoughtleſs] I would not adviſe you by any means, as yet, to part with your guide—for if I ſhould not ſucceed, it may be dangerous, to truſt you to yourſelf.——

THOUGHTLESS.

No—no—[*calling to Mr* Foreſight]—Mr. *Foreſight*, you remember the conditions!——ſo your ſervant, Sir. [*Exit Mr.* Foreſight.

[*To the Oculiſt*]—No, Sir—no—no more guides for me, I beſeech you—One and twenty gives me a general releaſe, from ſuch officious people—they are only a ſet of ſpies, upon young gentlemen of fortune.—But pray, Sir, is the old gentleman gone?——

OCULIST.

Yes, Sir, he immediately went off upon your orders—but indeed—you ſhould have permitted him to have ſtaid.——

THOUGHTLESS.

No—by no means—I have already had, too much of his company.——

OCULIST.

Indeed, Sir, I can't think, you have rightly conſidered his worth—he ſeem'd to me, to be a man, whoſe looks promis'd, a quick diſcernment into things.—— I'll anſwer for him, he has a ſolid judgment.

THOUGHTLESS.

But his and mine never tallied—he could never be prevail'd upon, to give into my opinion—and I could never enter, into his way of thinking—we never agreed.——To tell you every thing, that he lik'd, and I lik'd, would be only to give you a long detail of contraries—

contraries—and therefore to ſum up the account in brief—he lov'd philoſophy, which I could never reliſh—he regarded character, and I pleaſure—ſo that I hope you'll believe his manner of conducting me, has not been altogether—ſo very agreeable.—If I had not ſometimes, met with better friends in the world, to lend me a hand, I might have been ſtill a ſtranger, to it's gaieties and diverſions.——

OCULIST.

Then, Sir, I find you have watch'd ſome opportunities to put yourſelf under other perſons directions.

THOUGHTLESS.

To tell you the very truth, as often as I could give my guide the ſlip, which I had contrivance enough, frequently to effect—I ſoon met with other people to direct me—and, by their aſſiſtance, I have now that good opinion of the world, that I deſign, ſince I have no body to over-rule me, and my fortune is come into my own hands, to improve my acquaintance.—

OCULIST

I ſuppoſe the old gentleman, you have parted with, had a ſuſpicion of your having a ſcheme of this nature—and therefore I muſt tell you, Sir, before he gave up his charge, he did a very kind part by you, in recommending, and conducting you to me.—Do me the favour, Sir—[*looks at his eyes*]—Why, Sir, here is a bluiſh cloud, behind the pupil—it is the true cataract—and I believe, I can ſafely undertake it, as it ſeems ripe for the operation.——

[*Couches him.*

The

The SCENE

Draws and diſcovers ſeveral artiſts engraving ſtatues *and* monuments—*and a man and woman are ſeen writing.—After a ſmall interval—the trumpets ſound—* Fame *deſcends in a bright cloud, with crowns plac'd before her, made up in ſeveral forms—the Civil, Naval, Mural,* &c. *Generals, Admirals, Stateſmen, and Citizens, entering, go up to* Fame, *and pay their compliments; to whom ſhe preſents the ſeveral crowns before her.——They place them upon their heads—and martial muſick playing—they make a proceſſion acroſs the ſtage.——*

[THOUGHTLESS *ſhewing ſigns of amazement continues ſilent.*]

OCULIST.

Now, Sir, take notice—Pray obſerve how buſily *Fame* is employ'd, in beſtowing her rewards, upon living merit.—In the ſtatues and monuments, behold her, paying her tribute to the dead!—you may conſider them, as ſtill living! going to be conſpicuous in our Forums, and Temples, as venerable and ſacred incitements to *Virtue*—while *Hiſtory* and *Poetry*, the perſons who are writing, are employing their *arts* to place them, in a more exalted ſphere—to enlarge the orbit of their glory, and give it a more extenſive influence.——

[THOUGHTLESS *ſtands bending, with his hands extended and rais'd in ſilent admiration, while the ſcene is remov'd.*]

A NEW

A NEW SCENE

Diſcovers Circe *dreſs'd like an enchantreſs, ſitting at a banquet, with a wand in her hand, ſeveral gay-dreſs'd youths, on each ſide of her, a gold goblet ſtands upon the table—out of which they drink in their turns—and as ſoon as they have finiſh'd it,* Circe *ſtriking her wand—they ſink down, and ſeveral brutes come from behind, and run about the ſtage—among which are a Dog—a Bear—a Baboon—and a Buck.*——

OCULIST.

Sir, you are now ſenſible, I hope, what danger, you have hitherto eſcaped.—That enchantreſs there, is *Circe*, or *Senſual Pleaſure*—and you ſee what changes are the effects, of her intoxicating draughts.—That over-grown Baboon, you ſee capering about there—was a young Gentleman, that has taken the polite tour—and you find, he is practiſing the levities, and giving himſelf the airs, which, inſtead of improving his underſtanding, he has been picking up, in the places he has viſited.——That Dog was of the right ſycophant breed—he got into good keeping, by his cringing—[*the Dog ſits up and begs*]—and if you had any thing to give him, you ſee *he can beg for it.*——That Bear was an heir to a good eſtate, an only child!—robb'd of his education, by the fondneſs of his mother.—You ſee he is ſtill rough and unpoliſh'd.—And that Buck, was one of the Bloods of the Town—bred up by hand, and kept at home.—He was alway

an

an unlucky ſpark from the beginning—[*the Buck runs at* Andrew]—and you find he ſtill retains his miſchievous tricks, by making head, at every thing he comes near.——Now, Sir, if you had happen'd, to have been among them—I can't ſay what ſhape, you might have appear'd in—for this would have depended upon the inclinations, and paſſions you are poſſeſs'd of.——

THOUGHTLESS.

Sir, you have ſo perfectly recover'd me, by ſhewing me, my paſt follies in ſo ſtrong a light—that to think of 'em gives me pain and confuſion.——

Let me reflect no more, where I have been!
But lead me back to that delightful ſcene,
Where deathleſs glory, beams her heavenly ray,
Tho' rugged, and unbeaten, be the way.——

[*Exit*, &c.

ANDREW.

[*Shrugging his ſhoulders*]—Pox take him, that Buck was a miſchievous ſon of a whore.—I wiſh I could have a good cut at one of his haunches.—But now, Sir, won't you be angry?

OCULIST.

What's the matter now?——

ANDREW.

Why, Sir, it is only to tell you, what I would have ſaid, if that laſt ſpark had been my patient——

OCULIST.

Something, very much to the purpoſe, I ſuppoſe.—Come, let us hear it.——

ANDREW.

Why, Sir, don't you remember, that he told your Worſhip he contriv'd ſometimes to give his guide the ſlip.—Now I ſhould have aſk'd him, whether he did not meet with ſome plaguy unlucky falls, by acting ſo indiſcreetly.——

OCULIST.

And why that queſtion in particular?

ANDREW.

To have talk'd learnedly upon the nature of FALLS—for you muſt know, Sir, there are many ſorts of falls—and all of 'em very different in their conſequences.——To give your Worſhip an inſtance—we'll ſuppoſe now, that when he parted with his guide, he FELL, as I may ſay, into QUARRELS.——Why, Sir, by this ſort of FALL, he might have got himſelf run through the body.——2dly, if he FELL into DRINKING—by this ſort of FALL—he might have got—ſeveral very bad FALLS afterwards.——3dly, if he FELL into GAMING—why then, Sir, by this ſort of FALL, it is a thouſand to one, but he had loſt all his money out of his pockets.——And laſtly, if he FELL into WENCHING, your Worſhip knows very well, that, by this ſort of FALL, the bridge of his noſe ſtood, but a middling ſort of a chance of taking a FALL too?——

OCULIST.

Very well, *Andrew*, you have made it out very well.—But go and ſee whether there are any more patients.— [*Exit* Andrew.

Hitherto, I think, I have met with pretty good ſucceſs. [Andrew *returning*.

ANDREW.

Bleſs me! if there is not old Mr. *Contentious*, the Lawyer, juſt come into the lobby.—What buſineſs now can he poſſibly have with either me, or my maſter?—I know 'tis the very man, who formerly, when ſtock run very low with me, diſpatch'd ſome of his emiſſaries, to take great freedoms with this ſhoulder of mine.—Before I venture too near him, let me conſider—[*folding his arms, and reclining his head*] What number of inſcriptions, to the memory of my immortal credit, are now making a figure upon walls and doors.——But, hem! this honourable poſt of mine!—*Maſter of the Ceremonies to the great Oculiſt!* Why truly it has a very creditable ſound!—as much as to ſay—Why now, I think, you may venture to truſt Squire *Andrew* a little longer.——[*Knocking.*] Courage!——I'll e'en go to him.

Enter CONTENTIOUS.

Mr. *Contentious!*—your moſt humble ſervant, Sir.

CONTENTIOUS.

I ſhould be glad to be inform'd, what friend I have ſo near me, who ſeems to know me ſo particularly well.——

ANDREW.

O! dear Sir, who has not heard of ſo famous a gentleman?——But, I preſume, your buſineſs is with the Oculiſt—he is cloſe to you—and I am going to preſent you to him.——Sir—Mr. *Contentious*, a very eminent Country Attorney.——

CONTENTIOUS.

As I am now ſo happy to be in town—and hearing of the great cures, you have done in theſe parts, I thought I would not loſe the opportunity of having your advice.—You muſt know, Sir, my eyes have been very weak for ſeveral years—but now, I am ſo unfortunate, as to be quite dark.—I wiſh, Sir—I hope you'll be ſo good—ah! Sir, ſince I have been in this bad way—I have been ſubject to make *great* miſtakes in buſineſs!—ſome of which had like to have prov'd of very bad conſequence!——

OCULIST.

Shall I beg the favour to hold your head this way, Sir—[*looks at his eyes*]—Why, Sir, I am afraid the caſe is—a Gutta Serena—it is poſſible it may be only a Cataract—but 'till it is prov'd by the operation—there is no perſon of judgment can determine it—[*couches him*]—Well, Sir, the caſe has turn'd out beyond my expectation—I hope you are reliev'd.—

SCENE III. *A Pillory.*

ANDREW.

[*Turning Mr.* Contentious *round towards the front of the ſtage*—O! good Sir, blindneſs is a terrible miſfortune—where this is the caſe, there may be *dark* doings!—and, as you obſerv'd, Sir, they may be of *dangerous* conſequence to an *honeſt* gentleman, of your profeſſion—When one can't diſtinguiſh parchments, how *eaſily* may a man miſtake—one deed for another!—And in the caſe of *witneſſes*, when a man *can't ſee* whom

whom he has to deal with—you know, Sir, he may be eaſily impos'd upon, by ſome people of *very bad* characters.—And ſo—for the reaſons before mention'd and recited—[*leering with an arch turn of his eyes upon Mr.* Contentious]—*the loſs of one's eyes* may hazard the *loſs of one's ears.*——[*turns* Contentious *round towards the ſcene.*]——

CONTENTIOUS.

[*Puffing and blowing*]—What I ſee puts me into a violent heat—a pillory—a pillory—I had always an antipathy to ſuch ſights—it gives me ſuch an exquiſite pain in my neck and wriſts—Oh!—[*looking back*]—a pillory—aye—a pillory—I don't know, but I may have narrowly eſcaped one.——But now, Sir, I thank you—I'll take ſome care how I bring myſelf into ſuch præmunires!——

[*Exit*, &c. *looking back, and ſhaking his head.*

ANDREW.

Sir—Sir—I can't ſay that I much approve of that laſt method of cure!——

OCULIST.

What's your reaſon, *Andrew?*——

ANDREW.

Why!—only—the work was not well done, Sir—that's all, Sir—it was doing things by halves—for after you had given the old gentleman, a view of the premiſſes—upon my word, Sir, you ſhould have admitted him a tenant—it would have given me great ſatisfaction, to have ſeen that building—edifice—outhouſe, *&c.* with all the appurtenances, *&c.* thereunto belonging, let, held, occupy'd, and enjoy'd by that old gentleman—for and during the term of two hours—

from

—from the preſent date hereof, to be fully compleat and ended.——Hah!—hah!—hah!—hah!—hah!

[*Laughing heartily.*

OCULIST.

What, another merry conceit, *Andrew?*——

ANDREW.

[*Continuing laughing—Oh! la!*]—Why, Sir, I was really thinking—that if ever you get another patient, among the hedge-lawyers, that a pillory is a moſt excellent machine, to hold their heads ſteady, while your Worſhip is couching them.—When you have there got *'em ſafe*—I defy the cunningeſt old fox among 'em, to *ſlip collar*—'tis the only way to prevent a lawyer's finding a hole to creep out at.—Not but that I think, my compaſſion would be apt to take place in the end—[*looking ſeriouſly*]—and conſidering the poor man, would not have a hand to help himſelf—I believe I ſhould have contributed my ſhare towards giving him *an elegant deſert—ſome chicken polts*—or ſo—in the ſhell——ſomething in the high gou'ſt—Sir.——

OCULIST.

Yes—yes—a little miſchief, I ſee, would hit your humour.——But go, and ſee whether we have e'er another patient ready.——

[*Exit* Andrew.—

Dr. EYEBRIGHT *walks backwards and forwards in a muſing poſture.*

—— —— —— —— —— divis
Charior eſt homo quam ſibi. —— ——

Enter

Enter ANDREW.

ANDREW.

Sir—Sir—There is a ſtrange fantaſtical old lady juſt come in—her guide had a moſt difficult piece of work, to know how to manage her, as ſhe was hardly able to walk, by reaſon of her age, if ſhe had not been blind in the bargain.——You muſt know, Sir, upon taking the firſt glimpſe of her, I was afraid that there would be ſoon, no ſuch thing as ſpeaking to you—for I took her to be one of the fineſt young ladies in town—but, upon her advancing a little nearer, I could hardly tell what to think of her.—She would have puzzled an antiquarian, to have told whether ſhe is an old piece, or a new coin—for by the help of the colourman, and the girl's dreſs ſhe has about her, ſhe has been contriving (if poſſible) to ſlip thirty years out of the regiſter; and I can't ſay, but I might have been impos'd upon, if old *Time*, like an arch wag, had not ſet her head a ſhaking to diſcover the cheat.——I wiſh with all my heart, ſhe had never heard any thing of your Worſhip's character—for now you muſt be certainly ſlung—or elſe, Sir, you muſt have an excellent hand at hide and ſeek, to find out any eyes in thoſe old ſockets.——

[*Knocking.*

OCULIST.

She is at the door—we muſt not turn her back, whether we ſucceed or not.——

[Andrew *opens the door, and leads her in.*

LADY

LADY WOU'D BE.

Pray, good Sir, are you the Oculiſt?——

ANDREW.

No, my good Lady—but I am conducting you to him.——I muſt beg the favour of your name, and quality.——

LADY WOU'D BE.

I ſhould be obliged to you—if you'll ſpeak a little louder—I have catch'd cold lately—and am a little thick of hearing.——

ANDREW.

[*To the Oculiſt*]—You muſt excuſe my introducing her Ladyſhip in a proper manner.——Indeed, Sir—you ſhould provide yourſelf with a hearing trumpet—or ſo—for the uſe of your patients—you find we may have occaſion for ſuch things.——

OCULIST.

Come—Come, *Andrew*, I know the Lady well enough—'tis Lady *Wou'd Be*—ſhe has made herſelf, the jeſt of the whole town by the airs ſhe gives herſelf—and never conſiders, how ill they become a perſon of her years.—Shall I beg the favour—[*ſpeaking very loudly.*]——

LADY WOU'D BE.

[*Hearing imperfectly*]—Do you aſk me, Sir, how old I am?—Will that be any circumſtance, to prevent your giving me relief?——

OCULIST.

It is out of my power to make your Ladyſhip young again.——

LADY

LADY WOU'D BE.

By this misfortune's happening to me—I am quite excluded from making a party at my own drums—I can be only aſſiſting to other people's diverſions.—Sir, as you are ſo eminent in curing diſorders of the eye—did you ever practiſe upon the hearing?——I ſhould not be wanting in making proper acknowlegments—if you could aſſiſt me in this caſe alſo.—I was alway very fond of an opera, and indeed all muſical performances.——

ANDREW.

O dear Sir, a lucky thought is juſt come into my head.—In this cure, Sir, let me have your orders to carry her to the mill to be new-ground.——

OCULIST.

[To *Andrew*]—'Tis well the Lady does not hear you—let me ſee no more of theſe liberties—my patients muſt not be affronted, ſirrah!——[*To Lady Wou'd Be*]—Madam, my practice has been confin'd to the diſorders of the eye—I have never applied myſelf to caſes of deafneſs—[*leads her to the chair*]—Upon my word—unleſs your Ladyſhip can hold your head a little ſteadier—there will be no venturing to touch your eye with ſafety.——

[LADY WOU'D BE *ſitting and expecting the operation as going to be perform'd.*]

LADY WOU'D BE.

I hope the operation won't be very painful—they ſay you have an exquiſite hand.——

OCULIST.

Here, *Andrew*, if ſhe perſiſts—I think you muſt lend us a hand—[Andrew *holds her head ſteady while the Oculiſt couches her.*]—Now, *Andrew*, do you run and fetch your glaſs—and hold it to the Lady.——[Andrew *returns with the glaſs—holds it before her—mimicking.*]——

LADY WOU'D BE.

O this is extremely kind.—You found, I believe, I wanted it.——Lud! what a ſtrange figure do I make—I beg pardon, Sir—[*pinches up her cap*, &c. *and adjuſts her dreſs.*]——

OCULIST.

Stay—ſtay, good Lady—I am afraid you don't ſee clearly, as yet; I believe ſome of the film, I thought I had removed, ſtill adheres to the pupil—[*takes out a handkerchief, and wipes her eyes.*]——Now, I hope, your Ladyſhip ſees more diſtinctly.—

The SCENE

Draws and diſcovers a ſexton digging a grave——throwing up bones and a ſcull—a bell tolling.

ANDREW.

[*Advancing to Lady* Wou'd Be, *who is looking another way, makes ſigns to her to turn round.*]——I hope ſhe underſtands me—to ſtrain one's lungs may be of bad conſequence.——

LADY

LADY WOU'D BE.

[*Turning round, ſtarts and trembles*]—Oh! let me be ſupported!—or what I ſee will overpower my ſpirits.——[Andrew *runs and ſupports her.*——

[*Turning to the Oculiſt*]——To my ſhame be it ſpoken—that ſtill trail'd on with the gay, and giddy—I have never duly conſidered this laſt—ſerious—affecting ſcene of life—but now, I ſee plainly how ridiculous!—how contrary to character, vanity muſt appear in a perſon of my years—but I hope the proſpect before me will enrich my mind with ſuitable reflections!——

With nerves unbrac'd, when frozen age comes on,
'Tis time with youthful follies to have done.——

[*Exit, &c.*

ANDREW.

This laſt was a very *grave* ſort of a cure—I hope we ſhall all be the better for it.——But, Sir, I think your Honour was a little ſhort, in not putting in for the place of Oculiſt, to that laſt Lady's family.——O'my life, you would have got into a pretty touch of buſineſs there—for I'll anſwer for it—that all her children and grand-children, let 'em be ever ſo many, every ſoul of 'em wants *couching*.

OCULIST

There, *Andrew*, you are probably in the right, and 'tis a powerful reaſon to induce us, to take more care of our conduct, when we come to conſider the force and influence of *a bad example*.

ANDREW.

And ſince you approve of my judgment—I muſt tell you, that your ſhewing that old Lady to herſelf in the looking-glaſs, was a rare contrivance!—— Lud! Sir, how ſhe began pinching up her cap—[*mimicking*]—but how muſt it mortify her Ladyſhip to ſee her head all the while ſhaking like a poplar.—O! Sir, the looking-glaſs was the very thing—and to give you my fair opinion—I can't think there was any neceſſity for you to put yourſelf to the charge of all theſe fine ſcenes to open people's eyes.—Why, Sir, wou'd'nt the common looking-glaſs have done for all your Worſhips patients—for you muſt know, Sir, I have heard, that 'tis the moſt refin'd piece of philoſophy to KNOW ONE'S SELF.—Now, Sir, if a man looks in the glaſs, he can't help knowing, that it is himſelf he ſees there.

OCULIST.

Why, *Andrew*, your obſervation is well enough aim'd—but your ſcheme would never have anſwer'd the purpoſe—the common glaſs is conſulted every day, we ſee nothing in it but our outward features, it does not point out to us the errors of our affections, and the corrupt bias of our paſſions.—To convince you, run and fetch the common looking-glaſs again, and look in it yourſelf—don't you imagine, you ſee a very clever fellow there?

ANDREW.

[*Looking*]—You know, Sir, 'tis not ſo proper to commend one's ſelf, but——[*ſtroaking his chin and bridling*]—'tis a very good glaſs, Sir.

OCULIST.

OCULIST.

'Tis juſt as I imagined—you don't ſee your nonſenſe and wickedneſs there.—Do you ſee a fool?

ANDREW.

[*Looking full at the Oculiſt*]—Now, upon my word, Sir, you have put a hard queſtion to me.——

OCULIST.

Come, come, no more fooling—my hand begins to grow tir'd.—Do you run and call my aſſiſtant—and ſee that you return preſently, and take care of the patients.— [*Exit* Oculiſt.

ANDREW.

Now will I go and find out my old maſter.—All the myſtery is going to be unfolded—here will be ſpecial ſport.——NOW YOU SHALL SEE WHAT YOU SHALL SEE. [*Runs off.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The room as before.*

Enter ANDREW.

ANDREW.

WELL—I have ſeen the patient my old maſter is to try his hand upon, for the firſt time.—Upon my credit, ſhe is a ſweet—blooming—lovely—ſoft—cherry-lipp'd young woman.——

Hah—

Hah—as I begin now to ſuſpect—let me tell you, old maſter of mine, if you have any thoughts, of anointing her eyes with love and idleneſs—I ſay—'twill never do.—To my certain knowledge, maſter is o' t'other ſide of ſeventy; and if he ſhould marry that *young ſkip there*—why—he and I will change coats—that's all—or, hah! hah! hah! I'll conduct him to my t'other maſter *Eyebright*, who will certainly *couch* him—and I'll ſhew him PATIENCE.—I ſay, 'twill *never* do.

Enter Mr. BLUNT.

BLUNT.

What's that you ſay, ſirrah?—What will never do?—[*ſtriking him on the ſhoulder.*]

ANDREW.

Sir, Sir, Sir—I, I, I have ſeen your patient—and I, I, I—am only afraid for your Worſhip, that 'twill be a difficult caſe for *a young beginner*.—Why, Sir, Sir, this is the FIRST patient your Worſhip ever had.

BLUNT.

Go, go, ſirrah—and do your buſineſs handſomely.

[ANDREW *goes out, and returns, leading in Miſs* DOUBTFUL.]

ANDREW.

[*Turning towards her*]—Ah Miſs, what are you come to have your eyes new ſet—blunted with conqueſts!—O Miſs, you have been directed to the beſt hand in *Europe*.—Why, if thoſe little darts were got as dull as the back of a hatchet—my maſter here, with

with a ſingle touch, can make 'em as ſharp as a needle.—Shall I beg the favour of your name ?

MISS DOUBTFUL.

My name is *Doubtful.*

ANDREW.

[*Leading her to the Oculiſt*]—Sir—Miſs *Doubtful.*—

MISS DOUBTFUL.

Sir, my mother died when I was very young—— and I have lately had the misfortune, to loſe the beſt of fathers—who ſending for me a little before his death—and graſping my hand—his eyes overflowing with tenderneſs——" Your future happineſs in life " (ſays he) is now my only concern!—I ſee you are " advancing towards an age, which will ſoon expoſe " you to the importunities of lovers!—and if I ſhould " not live to ſee you happily diſpos'd of—I hope " you will take the counſel of my friends—and not " let your choice of *a partner for life* be govern'd " entirely by outward appearances!—your eyes are " *not* to be *truſted* in ſo *important a concern!*—they " will be apt to *deceive you.*"——And—now, Sir—as the caſe he foretold has ſince happen'd—I begin to be conſcious to myſelf from my own doubts and fears, that his advice was as reaſonable, as it was tender and affectionate.——

Mr. BLUNT.

Indeed, Miſs, I have obſerved, from long experience, that *in young women about your age*—and eſpecially in the *caſe* you mention—the *pupil* of the eye is *ſubject to obſtructions*—ſo that the rays of light are hindered from paſſing in regular directions——

by

by which means *a falſe glare* is thrown upon all objects, and viſion is rendered very imperfect.——

MISS DOUBTFUL.

Sir, I came with a full reſolution to follow your directions—and as I am very ſenſible it would be folly, more than prudence to be ſhy, and reſerved, in ſtating a caſe, which ſo particularly concerns me.—I'll deal very openly and ingenuouſly with you.—— There are *four*—I may ſay *five young gentlemen*, who are watching all opportunities to pay me their compliments—and unleſs you can aſſiſt me—I am afraid I ſhall be apt to make a wrong choice.——

BLUNT.

Miſs, you may depend upon my beſt ſervices!—But before you give any of theſe gentlemen encouragement—if you have not already, I hope you will make ſome enquiry into *their characters!*——

MISS DOUBTFUL.

O Sir—as to their characters—I need not give myſelf any trouble—for I have an *old uncle*, who takes great delight to eaſe me of that burden—he is alway concerning himſelf—about—what is indeed no buſineſs of his!—and by ſome arts he practiſes (I could never diſcover how he comes at his intelligence) he has already heard of *four of the young gentlemen*—and, in his ſatirical ſtrain, he deſires me to take care of *my ſettlement*—for, if I don't *ſecure* ſomething to my own *ſeparate uſes*, he tells me, *my fate is to go a begging!—One is to ſquander away my fortune in a night's time.*—Another is to *keep a miſtreſs* under my noſe—and *the third*—he *abominates*—whenever he mentions

mentions him—he turns up his noſe!—and tells me—*the civet*, the coxcomb carries about him, gives him the headach—and then!—as to his *converſation!*—he lifts up his hands!—and cries—'tis *all froth*——*froth*—the fellow has an antipathy to common ſenſe!—and then he is *a jointed ſcaramouch* dreſs'd up by way of pattern—to ſhew the *every day's new whimſeys* of barbers—taylors—and milliners.——But I don't ſo much regard his ſatire—as he is grown quite antiquated—and has loſt all reliſh for the pleaſures and gaieties of the world.

BLUNT.

But Miſs! you obſerv'd your uncle knows ſomething of *four* of the gentlemen.——Pray! what character does the *fourth* bear in his opinion?

MISS DOUBTFUL.

Why, Sir, as I promis'd to deal fairly—*he* has the good fortune (which I am not a little ſurpriz'd at) to be a favourite of the old gentleman's.——There, ſays he, Niece, is *a man of ſenſe and character.*——My uncle likes him, I ſuppoſe, becauſe he is often talking to him *about trade*—but then he dreſſes plain!—and I know he does not *fancy the public diverſions*—beſides what, if he *calls* himſelf a *merchant!*—a merchant is a *tradeſman*—I like him worſt of all!—for if it ſhould ever be a match—and I ſhould live as other married ladies do (and I ſhould *hate* to be ſingular!)—I *am ſure* I ſhould have ſome grave lectures!—and I *am ſure*—I ſhould not like 'em!——

BLUNT.

But Miſs! here is ſtill a *fifth* lover!—I don't find your uncle knows any thing of him!—This behaviour of his—has too much art and contrivance—I am afraid he has ſome deſign in this cloſe way of

proceeding! —— Indeed, this has not a good appearance.——

MISS DOUBTFUL.

Sir—it is not my intention to conceal the truth—I know he has never apply'd to my uncle—for if he had—I ſhould certainly have heard his character with the reſt—but I never go to any of the publick places but he contrives to meet me—and 'tis his general character among the Ladies—that he is a ſmart—genteel—handſome—well-made man.——

BLUNT.

Well, Miſs—this *is a very important affair*—the *whole happineſs of your life depending*, upon your making a *right choice!*—and that you may ſee clearly how to proceed—we'll now try what we can do to relieve this weakneſs in your eyes!——Shall I beg the favour?—[*looking at her eyes*]—why, indeed, here is a ſuffuſion that ſpreads over part of the pupil, and I am afraid it is quite opaque towards the *right corner!*—but I am confident, I can remove it with great ſafety!— [*Performs the operation.*

****

The SCENE

At the fartheſt part of the ſtage diſcovers a gaming-table, ſurrounded with ſharpers.—A young gentleman is giving up the box—and paying conſiderable ſums to the winners.——

MISS DOUBTFUL.

Well then—'tis ſo!—that muſt be young Mr. *Hazard!*—my uncle was in the right!——If this is the caſe—he had reaſons for telling me—" a night " would compleat my ruin!——

The

The former ſcene cloſes—enter a ſcrivener and his clerk with writings—a gentleman, leading a young girl, meets 'em—they ſit down while the writings are ſealed and ſigned—after which the gentleman preſents 'em to the girl, who goes off with the airs of a kept miſtreſs.——

Yes!—and there!—is Mr. *Brocade*—and I ſuppoſe that is one of his madams, who has been ſo often rung in my ears!—it muſt be *ſuch an impudent creature*—for ſhe has *that boldneſs* in her looks!—and takes *thoſe freedoms!*—I never obſerv'd any thing *like* it, in any of our ſex before!——

BLUNT.

Very right, Miſs!—you begin to ſee things very diſtinctly!—Why, Miſs—this uncle of your's was *a perfect oracle!*—the writings are *a keeping ſettlement*—and if you make your choice there—I am afraid he has foretold your fate!——

Enter a Fop, who goes up to the glaſs, &c. &c.

MISS DOUBTFUL.

And there—I am ſure is Mr. *Self-love.*—my uncle's deſcription of him (now I ſee he has done the man no injuſtice!) makes me quite ſick of him!—Bleſs me! how he admires that perſon of his!—what airs does he give himſelf!—how he dances!—and cringes—and ſmiles—ſurely he is wonderfully taken with his dreſs—how he ſurveys it!—a monkey—ridiculous!——

Mr. Self-love *goes off—and another gentleman enters—as—beſet with* duns—*who offer him* their bills—*he tries to ſhift 'em off—but they apply to him by turns—and follow him round the ſtage.—He takes a writing out of his pocket, which they peruſe—and appear pacified*, &c.——

Well—as I live!—'tis Mr. *Tinſel!*—the handſome—genteel perſon, I told you of!——But pray, Sir—why do thoſe people teize him ſo?—they ſeem to me to be tradeſmen—they have all of 'em papers in their hands—and I ſee he has a writing in *his*.—Pray, Sir, what is the meaning of it?——

BLUNT.

Come, come, Miſs—you begin to ſee things clearly—It is Mr. *Tinſel*—you are quite right—the very gentleman who gave you the meeting at theſe public places!—he has manag'd artfully enough, for his own ends, in not applying to your guardian!—who would have been apt to have diſcover'd his circumſtances!—a point he was conſcious to himſelf would not bear the light!—for I aſſure you—he is not worth a groat—and 'tis very true (as you obſerve) the people with him are tradeſmen—they are LACEMEN—MILLINERS—BARBERS—TAYLORS, *&c.*—they have all feathers upon *this jackdaw* of your's—all that fine dreſs he has on, is more properly their goods than his!—for there is *nothing paid for!*—his money has been hitherto *inviſible!*—and ſuſpecting, I ſuppoſe, that he would ſoon have ſome demands, of this kind, made upon him—you ſee what ſhifts he is put to—to avoid an arreſt—for thoſe writings he has produc'd, are an extract of your papa's will, which he has juſt taken out of the *Commons*—and to ſtop their mouths—he has given them his word and honour—that he is going to be married to *a great fortune*.—Indeed—Miſs—'tis a good thing to foreſee danger, while it is in our power to prevent it—

Mr. Tinſel *and the tradeſmen go off—and the ſcene diſcovers a counting-houſe—a gentleman ſitting at a table, with books, letters,* &c. *before him—a neat—old houſewifely woman enters with a bunch of keys hanging at her girdle, with whom he ſettles accompts.*

MISS DOUBTFUL.

O Sir! there's my uncle's favourite, I am ſure of it—he anſwers his deſcription!—I ſee he is *very* exact in all his affairs!—and there is now coming to him (I ſuppoſe) his old houſe-keeper, with whom he is adjuſting the bills of the week—for every body ſays—he is a great œconomiſt.——

BLUNT.

Now—Miſs!—I wiſh you joy!—I find the operation is ſucceſſfully perform'd.—Now—you ſee thoſe qualifications—that are abſolutely neceſſary to make you happy in your choice of *a partner for life*.—That gentleman's whole conduct, by your own account, has been *reaſonable* and *conſiderate*.—Love, Miſs, is not aſſay'd by compliments, and fine ſpeeches—gaiety and dreſs—but a ſober, and diſcreet character is a certain pledge of laſting fidelity and affection!—you ſee the gentleman is a MAN OF BUSINESS!—the papers and letters that lay before him relate to his merchant's accounts, in which he takes care to be *punctual* with his correſpondents.—And the woman you took notice of, is *Oeconomy!* with whom he is adjuſting his private family affairs.—A province that you know, Miſs, is peculiar to your ſex! and in which I find you can make him *happy* by your acceptance of it.——A gameſter, Miſs!—a fop!—a libertine!—and a fortune-hunter!—are deſpicable characters!—Nay, I muſt tell you, an *eſtate* without ſome *profeſſion*, is attended with inconveniences!—for I believe no perſons in themſelves are happy—neither can they make others ſo—who have nothing to do—and there is good reaſon to be aſſign'd for it!—becauſe—as happineſs is the gift of heaven, it is reſerv'd to be the reward of ſuch as help, and aſſiſt their fellow-creatures—and look upon *their engaging*

in

in buſineſs, as a duty they owe to community.—Let me, therefore, adviſe you to make the gentleman happy in *the relation he is ſeeking*—you may depend upon it that the merit of *his* ſide will ſeek to do juſtice to the perfections on *yours*, that are ſought to reward it.

MISS DOUBTFUL.

Sir, I find myſelf infinitely benefitted, by the kind aſſiſtance you have given me—and from what I have ſeen I am now determin'd to give this gentleman the *preference!*—and amidſt the perplexities that diſtract our thoughts!—and the errors we are expos'd to, by the falſe appearance of things, it gives me inexpreſſible ſatisfaction to find

This *winding maze* to lead us *ſafely through*,
There's *friendly counſel* left to give *the clue.*

[*She goes off.*

ANDREW.

[*Fetching the couching chair, and ſitting down in it*] O! Sir, Sir, Sir, I am *now ſure I have loſt my eyes!*—Pray, Sir, be ſo kind as to lend me your hand!—— *I muſt—I muſt be couch'd myſelf*—for if *ever I ſaw* a man in *my* life!—that laſt gentleman who was writing out his accompts—and paying *the old woman*, was *your* SON—and ſo—*I am ſure*, that I can't ſee—my eyes muſt be out—for how ſhould my young maſter know any thing, of your profeſſing the buſineſs of an Oculiſt?——

BLUNT.

No, no, *Andrew*, you have no occaſion to be couch'd!—you ſee clear enough—for now—to let you into the ſecret (as you have been a faithful ſervant to me) you muſt know—that ever ſince I heard *my ſon* had ſettled his affections upon *that young woman*—I have been wiſhing to ſee her my daughter in law!—*I knew her father well!*—and a worthy gentleman he was!—

was!—and the *uncle* ſhe mentioned is my old, intimate friend and acquaintance—we live now indeed at a diſtance from one another—but we ſtill keep up a correſpondence by letters!—and the young people have both of 'em had a virtuous education—they deſerve each other—barring a few foibles, which are not yet got to be habitual—*ſhe* has an *excellent character!*—and by the ſtricteſt enquiries I could make—I don't find any prior engagement ſtanding in my ſon's way.——The *only objection* ſhe has to him, is, *his not being enter'd* into the *gay world*.—But what of that?—though I could have given him an eſtate, ſufficient to have ſupported him handſomely without buſineſs—yet I had no notion of his being a TRIFLER for life—he'll make a better huſband.—When a man takes to buſineſs, it keeps him from running into follies and exceſſes—and gives him a truer notion of community.—'Tis true—by the circumſtances of her *beauty* and *fortune* the young maid has been expos'd to many worthleſs ſuitors—and therefore all that I had to do—was to ſet THEM in a proper light—and give HER an inſight into *my ſon's merit*—which you ſee, I have now happily effected.—And *this was the reaſon that brought me to town*—for I was advis'd, by my good old friend her uncle, of every ſtep that has been taken—and it was agreed between him and me, that—at this critical juncture—while—like another *Andromeda*—ſhe ſtood in this *dangerous ſituation!*—my ſon ſhould come,

And, like *the god-like Perſeus*, bear away
From *fops*—and *libertines*—*the beauteous prey.*

Enter

Enter Dr. EYEBRIGHT.

Dr. EYEBRIGHT.

Mr. *Blunt*, I hope now I may wiſh you joy!—I hear you have ſucceeded in your ſcheme—and honeſt *Hal*, conſidering, it is the firſt time of your aſſuming this character, I think you have perform'd pretty notably.—But ſtill—there is ONE WORK behind—indeed the hardeſt of all—it is—though I hope, to day, we have help'd many perſons to their ſight, to endeavour now to *make this great audience blind*—blind to the faults in our weak performance.—But happy it is for us—the candour and good-nature, with which it hath been received, have done the work already to our hands—and I am, with the greateſt gratitude for this favour, Gentlemen and Ladies, your moſt obedient humble ſervant.——

HAL.

[*Skipping to the middle of the ſtage, and bowing down to the ground*—And I beg likewiſe, that to all the Gentlemen and Ladies here preſent, the compliments of *Andrew Pickleherring*, Eſq; may be acceptable.—— And if any of you—[*making his bow to the boxes—to the pit—and the galleries*]—want to be couch'd—— I am the maſter of the ceremonies at your ſervice.

Whoever's blind—let him but come to me,
And I'll engage my honour—*he ſhall ſee.*

[*Exeunt.*



F I N I S.

2

THE

TAXES,

A

Dramatick Entertainment.

DETUR DIGNIORI.

Quod commune est, connectit Civitates, quod singulorum dissipat; quare et publicè et privatim utilius est, ut publica magis quam privata curentur.

GROTIUS de Jure, &c.

LONDON:
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MDCCLVII.

[Price One Shilling.]



THE

ARGUMENT.

THE deſign is taken from the Interlude *in* HAMLET, *in which, by the help of a ſet of* Strolling Actors, *are related ſome ſerious* TRUTHS.

The audience is ſuppos'd to conſiſt chiefly of TRUE BRITONS—*to whom the heavy burden of national debt is ſhewn in the* NUMBER *of the* TAXES, *which are introduc'd, and* PERSONATED *to give more ſtrength and life to the relation.*——*A* SCHEME *for redreſs is propoſed by a* WORTHY PATRIOT—*meets with encouragement—great bleſſings expected from it.—Thoughts upon civil government occaſionally interſperſed.—The ſcheme is* ſuſpected *by thoſe, who have the Taxes* mortgag'd *to them, to be levelled againſt ſuch practiſes.—They and their confederates contrive a plot to undermine it, by repreſenting all Patriots as* Jacobites.——*The plot too ſtale and trifling to be regarded—the Patriot Scheme ſucceeds—the True Old Conſtitution is reſtored,* &c.—*the new meaſures put a ſtop to all complaints—and the whole body of the people becomes reconciled to the* ADMINISTRATION.——*Song—and Dance.*——

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BRITANNIA, *habited like* Minerva, *in a warlike Dreſs.*
LORD WORTHY.
Sir JOHN HEARTY,
Alderman TRADEWELL, } *Merchants.*
Sir JONATHAN JOLLY, *a Country Gentleman.*
SAMPSON,
GRIPE,
TRANSFER, } *Stockjobbers.*
Mr. BAYES, *the Manager.*
The TAXES, *properly diſtinguiſhed.*

Mrs. MEAD, *by her Bee-hive, Bonnet, and Capuchin embroidered with Bees*——Mrs. HOP, *by a Pole, with Hops twining round it*——Mr. MALT-TAX, *by a Malt-ſhovel*——Mr. WINDOW-TAX, *by a Patch over one Eye*——Mrs. GIN, *by a Two-Gallon Caſk, &c. &c. &c.*

THE
TAXES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter MALT-TAX, GIN, USQUEBAUGH, CYDER-TAX, MEAD, BEER, ALE, METHEGLIN, PERRY, MUM, SOAP, CANDLES, STARCH, LEATHER, COFFEE, TEA, CHOCOLATE, PAPER, PASTBOARD, CALLICOES, GILT *and* SILVER WIRE, VELLUM, PARCHMENT, SILVER PLATE, WINDOW-TAX, COACH-TAX, LAND-TAX, HOP-TAX, GLASS-TAX, STAIN'D *and* DIED STUFFS, SILK, LINNEN, *&c. &c. &c.*

Preceded by Mr. Salt-Tax *beating a March upon his Box.*

Mr. BAYES. [*Meeting them*]

MRS *Mead*, I am very glad to ſee you——Mrs. *Hop*, this is very obliging——Mr. *Candle-Tax*, you are a man of your word——Gentlemen—I thank you: I ſuppoſe you are all here!—

But!—What—[*pauſing, and holding up his hands*] A good——round——hopeful tribe, upon my honour!—[*as they are ſtill crouding in*]—Nay—nay—if there are ſtill more of you—we ſhall certainly want room——I own I ſhould have conſider'd things a little better!——But who could have thought, I ſhould have been ſo much out in my reckoning—when 'tis matter of fact, that we have frequently had two armies introduced upon this very ſpot—and yet now I can't ſay but what I begin to queſtion, whether or no, they had ſo many men in them.——What!—Still crouding in—Nay then—However let us ſee as many of you as we can, gentlemen,—Too many!—too many, truly!—But I am obliged to you for your giving me this meeting. I thought it neceſſary you ſhould make your appearance here in *propriis perſonis*—[*advancing towards Mr.* Salt-Tax]——If I don't miſtake, I think your name is *Salt-Tax*——

SALT-TAX.

You are perfectly right, ſir,—I came according to your order, and I hope not out of *ſeaſon*.

Mr. BAYES.

No—no—quite *apropòs*——I introduce you firſt out of compliment to the audience, to give ſome *reliſh* to the action: for in this evening's entertainment I would have nothing *inſipid!*—Things of this nature, Mr. *Salt-Tax*, ought to ſhew ſomething of *taſte*——

SALT-TAX.

SALT-TAX.

Ah! Mr. *Bayes*, you know I love a joke, as well as any man living: But [*ſhaking his head*] theſe are but poor times for jeſting—I am confident, you can be no ſtranger to what the moſt induſtrious ſet of men in the kingdom ſuffer, thro' the burdens laid upon my ſhoulders—I muſt ſay—I look'd upon myſelf to have a natural exemption from any *freſh impoſitions*. But—tho' my claim is ſo obvious—you ſee 'tis over-rul'd,—and I can't conceive how to account for't—unleſs it is, becauſe I am ſo remarkably fix'd in the *Country Intereſt*; or rather, becauſe I am look'd upon by the Courtiers——to be tooth and nail an enemy from the very ſoul of me to all *Corruption*.

Mr. BAYES.

Come—come—my good friend, this may turn out a better day than you think for——But as I have a great deal of buſineſs upon my hands, I muſt beg your pardon for the preſent—I ſhould be extremely glad to have a little more converſation with you at another time—But your neighbour there will have reaſon to take it amiſs, unleſs I juſt aſk him how he does. Well—Mr. *Malt-Tax*—This is extremely obliging, to let me ſee you this morning.——I don't know how it is—but I find every body here is complaining of the badneſs of the times!

MALT-TAX.

And not without reaſon!——You know, Maiſter *Bayes*—I am a plain ſpoken man,—and as I have the proverb o' my ſide, *in good liquor there is truth*, you may believe me when I tell you, theſe times are *brewing* no good for us—Nay for that matter, 'tis not myſelf alone (for I don't ſpeak out of ſelf-intereſt) but there are all my relations great ſufferers!—There's my Couſin *Hop* there! poor ſoul, that can't ſtand a high-lone without the help of a ſtick, and conſequently ought to be look'd upon as an object of charity, (O terrible times!) muſt now pay for herſelf by the pound!——Why, Mr. *Bayes*—this is a moſt *bitter tax*—and tho' one of our family has ſtill ſome *ſpirits* left, my relation Mrs. *Gin* yonder, yet——ſhe has a heavy reckoning to pay——But—*Mum!*—is all I ſay——Silence can bring a man into no ſcrapes!——

Mr. BAYES.

What is that your Couſin *Gin* there?—Your ſervant, madam; I aſk pardon for taking theſe freedoms with you—But I hope your caſk is out at preſent, 'twill be highly neceſſary for me to take ſome care of my DRAM-*atis Perſonæ*.

Mrs. GIN.

I aſſure you, Mr. *Bayes*, I have not a drop left—and I begin to be ſo ſenſible of the miſchief I have

I have done in the world, that I believe I ſhall ſoon leave off trade; my conſcience will never let me carry on buſineſs much longer.

Mr. BAYES.

So much the better—'tis a ſad thing to be acceſſary to the deſtruction of ſuch numbers of People—But—[*advancing to Mr.* Cyder-Tax] I muſt beg leave to pay my compliments to my good friend here.——Well——Mr. *Cyder-Tax*, what news have we in our good county of Hereford?

CYDER-TAX.

Why there is a *core* Mr. *Bayes*—there is a *core* that ſticks in every honeſt man's ſtomach.——Theſe home-impoſitions break our backs—They *impair* us—They dry up the *juices of our conſtitution.*——Lay what you will upon our foreign commodities; but let our own manufactures eſcape a reckoning—I could be as patient as any man to take (as the ſaying is) the *rough* with the *ſmooth*—But to let ſuch good ſubjects as we are, meet with nothing but rough uſage, 'tis treating us ill, Mr. *Bayes*, 'tis graffing a crab upon a redſtreak—

Mr. BAYES.

Come, come, never mind what's paſt—I tell you the times are growing better.——But—[*advancing to Mr.* Window-Tax] is not that Mr. *Window-Tax?* I muſt juſt ſpeak to him—What—Jack—is that patch over your eye a policy of thine to ſave a ſhilling—

WINDOW

WINDOW-TAX.

Why, Maiſter *Bayes*, it is but following the practice of the country, if I have ſtopp'd up half my lights—This is quite wrong. To make us pay for God's bleſſings, one ſhould think, cou'd have never enter'd into any man's head, that muſt not have been a great worker in darkneſs; and if it is one of the works of darkneſs, there is no harm, I hope, in calling it a *deviliſh Tax*.—You'll own this is bad enough!—But every demand, it ſeems, that is now made, like a bell, is to take TOLL back-ſtroke and fore-ſtroke—Why, Mr. *Bayes*, the very Glaſs pays as well as the Light!——I have often heard of perſons paying for their peeping—and I think this is making out the proverb with a vengeance!

Mr. BAYES.

Well—Gentlemen I'm glad to find there is ſtill left ſome ſpirit among you. I muſt tell you, 'tis a day of great buſineſs with me, and I can't conveniently ſtay to pay my compliments to every one of you in particular—but I ſhall ſee you again in the evening—and then I hope I ſhall be able to tell you ſome good news, that will well reward you for your waiting——

[*Exit Mr.* Bayes, *with the* Taxes.

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Study.*

Lord WORTHY *alone*—with a roll in his hand.

LORD WORTHY.

I Could no longer hold!—My attempt at court
Has found ſucceſs that e'en exceeded hope!
Our gracious princeſs, with a dumb attention,
Whoſe ſilence gave me confidence of ſpeech,
As melted wax the ſeal, receiv'd my counſels—
For as I ſtood with watchful eye remarking
Th' affections, which my honeſt freedom rais'd,
Pleas'd, I obſerv'd ſurprize and tenderneſs
Catching her looks by turns——Once in her eye
Glow'd red hot anger, which ſoft pity ſoon
Melted to briny drops, that trickled down
Her roſy—dewy cheek!—Another meeting
Secures the wiſh'd-for point!—At ten this morning
I'm promis'd farther hearing!—Thoughts deliver'd
In th' airy garb of ſpeech, make faint impreſſions.
So!——
This roll ſhall go with me!—I'll try to leave it!—
'Tis that in which I've taken care to ſtate

What

What our *poor country* ſuffers—this bulg'd veſſel
That cries for help in ſignals of diſtreſs.

SCENE III. *A Coffee-Houſe.*

HEARTY and TRADEWELL, *reading the papers.*

Enter Sir JONATHAN JOLLY.

HEARTY. [*Riſing.*

BLESS me if here is not Sir *Jonathan Jolly*—Hah! my good friend——How long have you been in town?

SIR JONATHAN.

I arrived yeſterday——I call'd at your houſe, and they told me you was here.——Give me thy hand honeſt *Tradewell*——I am glad to ſee thee with all my heart—

TRADEWELL.

Indeed, this is an unexpected favour.—You wear ſpecial well Sir *Jonathan.*

[*They take their ſeats.*

SIR

Sir JONATHAN.

You know, *Tradewell*, I was never one of thoſe fellows, that ſuffer themſelves to be eaten up by the hyp——About a month ago I had a little touch of the gout or ſo—but that's nothing—I am now got pretty ſtout again.

TRADEWELL.

Well—Have you heard the news?—I can tell you it has rais'd all our ſpirits——There's our princeſs has certainly ſent for Lord *Worthy* to court, who has almoſt loſt his own title in that of The True Briton, and you muſt own, he is a man, Sir *Jonathan*, that is not to be warp'd by any offers!—

Sir JONATHAN.

You know I was always a well-wiſher to my country—and if Lord *Worthy* has taken thoſe ſteps, I hope 'twill anſwer your expectation——But 'till I ſee the event, I ſhall beg leave to reſerve my opinion.——As things have gone for ſome years paſt, who can anſwer for any man's character?——It muſt be a rare honeſty indeed that can ſtand trial now-a-days——When thoſe gentlemen, who in the country go by the name of patriots, once make their appearance at court, I look upon them, as old money call'd in to be new coin'd—Let them go in there with what face they will, you'll ſee them come out again with the court ſtamp—mill'd in the ſame manner—Faith there's no difference.

TRADEWELL.

Come, come, Sir *Jonathan*, you muſt not be ſo incredulous——We muſt give fruits time to ripen—We muſt have a little patience.

Sir JONATHAN.

Let me firſt ſee ſomething good going forward and I'm contented.—But *Jack Hearty*, you are a great ſtranger in our parts—Are we never to crack another bottle together at Fudler's-Hall?—Come, come, leave this idle buſineſs of the town—honeſt folks have little to do here—and go back with me into the country——We'll hunt together this ſeaſon——There's our *Robin* tells me, that laſt ſpring he turn'd out twenty cubs into the woods and the broad leazes.——Prithee, *Jack*, never plague thyſelf any longer with politicks—'tis a curſed dry ſtudy.

HEARTY.

But, my good friend!
'Tis only ſo when we miſtake the ſcience,
And make it little better than the hawker
Of flying rumour——There the error lies—
Reports ſo gather'd alway come too late,
Or fall too ſhort to keep diſtreſs aloof—
Believe me—theſe are not the arts t' inſtruct
The citizen in duty — Theſe require
A deeper ſearch into the ſtate of things;
'Tis to ſet open the machine, and look
Into the inſide work of our connections,

For

For harmony and order—is the ſcience
That nature points out to us, and to bring
The ſubject on a level with our reach,
From our own wond'rous mechaniſm, the leſſon
Of every day's familiarity,
She proves t' our very ſenſes, how each member
Requires it's fellow's help, the leſs honour'd,
Vying in uſe and operation
With thoſe of ſubtler make!——
A caſe, tho' to ſight obvious, yet o'erlook'd
Draws our neglecting it, to one o' th' extremes
Of *Pride*, that lifts it's head too high, or *Murmur*,
That grumbles inward, juſt as the lot falls,
And our condition's lowly or advanc'd—
Varying her key of ſpeech, at other times
To tune her compliments to ſacred ſcience,
To which herſelf gave birth, the fitly-fram'd
Well-order'd edifice diſcovers to us
The model of community! Each part,
From baſe to pinnacle, by contact cloſe,
Supporting and ſupported!

Sir JONATHAN.

Jack Hearty!—I don't deny but what all this ſounds pretty enough—and may do *well* enough too in—ſpeculation—But take my word for't, *Old England* is ſo degenerated! and the general turn of thinking ſo much alter'd, that I am afraid, you may talk of your bodies and your buildings, 'till

your heart aches—and you'll be juſt ſuch gainers, as I ſhould be, were I to enter my broken-winded Flora, for one of the King's Plates!—— The publick good is quite diſtanc'd—ſelf-intereſt is all in all—PLACES, *Jack*, are tempting things—and your *Penſions*, let me tell you, are like hoods upon hawks—your ſtaunch courtiers are kept in the dark—are never permitted to ſee any thing but the quarry they are to fly at—and as ſoon as they have done the work ſet them—the lure is thrown out—they come tamely to your hand, and the hood goes on again——

TRADEWELL.

Indeed——indeed, Sir *Jonathan*, you are too diffident—when our affairs are ſo apparently upon the mending hand——ſtill to diſtruſt is throwing a damp upon the publick joy——

Sir JONATHAN.

Well——well——we ſhall ſoon ſee how things will turn out.——I muſt ſay that for Lord *Worthy*, I never heard he had any taſte for luxury!——He is no gambler—and the world never cenſured him for being avaritious——He has hitherto behaved himſelf with too much honour and generoſity, to raiſe any ſuſpicion that he is purſuing ſelf-intereſted views.——I really take him to be an honeſt, ſenſible, clever fellow, and it muſt be allow'd, there's no one better acquainted with

with our conſtitution; ſo that faith, 'tis poſſible he may do *great things*, if he can fairly come at the ear of the Princeſs.——But what ſay you, gentlemen, to one evening at the Rummer?—— Do you bring with you two or three of my old acquaintance, and I'll engage honeſt *Tom Wiſhwell* to give you the meeting. I am at preſent engag'd at the Cocoa-Tree, [*pulling out his watch*] and I ſee I ſhall but juſt ſave my diſtance——

HEARTY.

What ſay you, *Tradewell*, are you engaged to-morrow in the evening—

TRADEWELL.

No——I'll be with you, without fail——

Sir JONATHAN.

Then—to-morrow night I ſhall ſee you again—the ſooner the better—but don't fail to bring ſome of my old friends with you; we ſhall be the merrier—well, your ſervant.

[*Exit Sir* Jonathan.

HEARTY.

You ſee the old knight is as honeſt as ever—— but you find you could not perfectly bring him over to your way of thinking, that we are going to CHANGE MEASURES, as well as *Hands*—— and I can't ſay but his diffidence has partly made a convert of my opinion.——It is very certain, we are

are at a low ebb——if there was but one ſpark of the old Engliſh honour, rak'd up under the aſhes, poſſible to be lighted up again——there might be ſome hopes.——Ah! *Tradewell!* when we have been ſo long accuſtomed, to have our characters and conſciences treated as ſaleable commodities, where ſhall we find the ſpirit to reſent ſuch uſage.——How would THIS have been taken by our anceſtors?——Can a greater inſult be offer'd?——and yet, you ſee, we have ſome men among us that take it — patiently! — I don't know how it is —— but the offer of a Place or Penſion, is inſtantly to palliate the affront—nay—to make the injury change ſhape with obligation—like the Mountebank's throwing a cuſtard in his Merry Andrew's face, when the fellow turns round with a grin, licks his chops, and makes a leg for the favour.

TRADEWELL.

Believe me, *Hearty*, we have no reaſon to deſpair—my accounts may be depended on!—I have 'em from my *ſtate Barometer* (as I call it) the countenance of our old friend *Wiſhwell*—which I have obſerv'd of late has ſtood at CHEARFUL—I have never known it fail in the courſe of a long acquaintance; you know he keeps up a good intelligence—weighs things well—and is cautious of delivering his opinion, 'till it has been aſſay'd by good authority—To tell you the truth, he has let me into a ſecret, which after I have ſeen him again

again, your ear will probably be no ſtranger to—
I promis'd to call upon him this morning.

HEARTY.

You will oblige me then, if you'll let me ſee you in your return.

TRADEWELL.

You ſhall—I have a little buſineſs your way, and if you are going home I'll certainly call upon you—

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in the Palace.

BRITANNIA *ſitting on a couch, leaning on her arm in a penſive poſture.*

Enter Lord WORTHY.

BRITANNIA.

[*Raiſing herſelf, and advancing towards him.*

MY lord, your ſtay, tho' you are punctual,
Has ſomewhat tried our patience——Ah my good lord
Had not your counſels made ſuch long delays
Redreſs had made more haſte—

WORTHY.

WORTHY.

Moſt gracious liege,
Paſt ſufferings, like the deep ſhades in paintings,
Will give a brighter glow to ripening bleſſings:
Health leaving us awhile, quickens our joy,
When 'tis recover'd to it's cherub bloom:
And wanton plenty meets a louder welcome
After cold barrenneſs has for a time
Lock'd up the womb of the earth,
And mock'd the labourer's toil—
But now the golden ſeaſon's breaking out,
And the diſcouragement, that nipp'd the hands
Of Britain's genius with benumbing froſt,
Begins to melt, and the rich tide of induſtry
Has leave to flow by the kind quick'ning warmth
Of royal favour—

BRITANNIA.

Indeed our ſtate too long
Has groan'd beneath it's burden—but it's ſufferings
Having now reach'd our ear—our princely love,
Like the ſun's rays, ſhould inſtantly be felt,
And chear our people's hopes—THAT LIGHT
of heav'n
Is daily pointing in it's great example
Our path of duty—we ſhou'd SHINE to BLESS.

WORTHY.

WORTHY.

What elſe is glory? till it takes theſe meaſures,
If poſſibly it catches vulgar eyes,
'Tis but a counterfeit, a tinſel luſtre,
That's only priz'd by ignorance of worth;
A will-o-'wiſp, that leads the mind to error,
But neither lights — nor warms —
Whereas true greatneſs, ſeeks to ſerve mankind,
Stoops to the earth—and beams on diſtant objects—
It's ſphere is meaſur'd by the help it gives;
In it's effects ſtill preſent, and refulgent
In ev'ry being, that's nouriſh'd by it's heat!

BRITANNIA.

And therefore, my good lord, with open heart
(The Bondſman of our tongue) when we aſſur'd you
At our laſt meeting, of our ready zeal
Inſtant to probe the wound, and ſeek the cure
Of our diſorders—There's one general point,
We can't recede from—We'll have no transfer books
For grievances!—The ſcheme to gain our liking,
Muſt ſeek the good of all—There's none ſhall ſuffer,
But thoſe who well deſerve it—Widows, and orphans,
Debarr'd their right, would like a blaſt from heaven,
Cut off our budding hopes—Juſtice firſt anſwer'd,
Shall warrant our proceedings—it ſhan't concern us,

'Mongſt men of narrow ſouls, if murmur's tongue
Treats us too freely ——

[*Lord* Worthy *upon his knee, offering the roll to* Britannia, *which ſhe accepts of.*

WORTHY.

The roll here given your highneſs —
Speaks your own thoughts — it ſeeks with tenderneſs
T' apply the ſalve, nor has it thoughts t' offend
Juſtice, or honour; nor ſeeks it to releaſe
The tribute, due to maintenance of greatneſs.
'Tis not to leſſen, but encreaſe dependents;
To make each member of the government,
In peace it's advocate, in war it's ſoldier —
'Tis to diſmantle falſhood, to ſhew truth
In it's pure ſpotleſs garment habited —
Diſtinguiſh loyalty, from venal ſervices —
And ſpread a general joy, by placing worth
In honour's ſeat, that's grown almoſt a ſtranger
By being kept at diſtance, undermin'd
By pale-fac'd envy's ſculking artifice,
Working like moles in th' earth, daubing the paſture
On which they feed with dirty eminencies —

BRITANNIA.

My lord, we're ſatisfy'd—and will peruſe
The roll with cloſe attention — in the mean time
We would have ſwift-wing'd hope diſpatch'd, to promiſe Some

Some general bleſſing—to try how things will bear—
'Tis this ſhould pave the way—for oppoſition
Now grown unpopular will fall it's creſt,
When freedom's ray is riſing —
And like a bird of darkneſs,
Will rather ſeek to ſculk, and hide itſelf
From the fair light, that blinds it —

WORTHY.

This alſo was my care — an air ſerene
Now ſmooths the clouded brow—My appearance here
Has open'd wonder's eye, and given a tongue
To long-dejected hope, which ſmiling now
Is variouſly employ'd in drawing ſchemes
Of future greatneſs; yet with chaſte diſtruſt,
Checking it's high preſumption, humbly leaves,
The plan, that calls our honour, from the darkneſs,
In which it long has ſlept, with fuller confidence,
To your own waking care, and watchful foreſight,
Waiting with gay impatience it's ſucceſs.

BRITANNIA.

Enough, my lord, from this your plan left with us
Of our NEW BUILDING, truſting to your wiſdom,
We ſhall with all diſpatch, erect our ſtate,
A rival, to the greatneſs it enjoy'd
In former ages — Our love ſhall not defer it;
We'll take it now t' our thoughts — but as reflection

Is beſt alone; we would be left awhile ——
Should doubts ariſe we ſhall require your counſels.

WORTHY.

May heaven aſſiſt you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Parlour.*

HEARTY *Writing.— Enter* TRADEWELL.

HEARTY.

This is kind — have you ſeen *Wiſhwell?*

TRADEWELL.

I have —

HEARTY.

And well — what news? —

TRADEWELL.

He tells me 'tis confirm'd — that this good lord
Has been again moſt graciouſly received,
Keeps ſtedfaſt to his plan, and cloſe purſues
His honeſt purpoſe — and the general joy
Proclaims ſucceſs — no buſineſs elſe is talk'd of.
Our gracious Princeſs and this worthy lord
Alone engroſs all converſation:

Meet

Meet whom you will in publick, with ſweet accent,
Denoting inward joy, the ſpeech ſtill turns
On royal goodneſs, and on patriot love —
One, taking you by th' hand, " Our debts, ſays he,
" Whoſe overflowings long have laid us waſte,
" Now pent within their channels, ſhall no longer
" Licence perfidious powers to take advantage!"
With hope erect (the happy change of things
Rend'ring all ranks familiar) another tells you,
Unaſk'd, without the leave of an acquaintance,
" Our britiſh lyon has too long been paſſive,
" To leap o'er ſticks, and ſhow ridiculous feats,
" At the inſulting orders of thoſe ſtates,
" Which in the days of our great anceſtors
" Stood trembling at his roar!" ——

HEARTY.

But, my good friend!
Tho' theſe reports, like a reviving cordial,
Have rais'd me up, all circumſtances weigh'd
Is not our caſe too deſperate? —— Let me aſk you,
It is not with deſign to throw a damp
Upon the publick joy ——
But with ſuch debts, almoſt to bankruptcy,
Sunk as we are, pray how are we to raiſe
Th' immenſe ſupplies our injured honour calls for?
Staggering, with bending joints, beneath our burdens,
How ſhall our ſhoulders bear a heavier load?

TRADEWELL.

TRADEWELL.

Save us from being given up as pledges
To griping uſurers —— we've love and duty
(Still verdant underneath oppreſſion's weight)
That never have forſook us ——we have theſe
Still left with us! ——
To yield the loan, for honour and protection,
Chearful as ever! —— The ſtream t'our capitol
Conveying our collections is not ſought
To be diverted, but the point that's wanted,
Is how to cleanſe the channel of it's filth,
Root out the matted weeds that ſtop it's current
With their foul feedings—to clear it of it's banks
Of mud and rubbiſh, which now top the brink,
And ſtop the labouring oar! ——

HEARTY.

I ſee your purpoſe! — O! could this be practis'd,
Our purſe would gladly meet the calls of ſtate,
And in our riſing joys paſt miſeries
Would all be ſoon forgot ——

TRADEWELL.

You judge quite right ——
Supplies would in no ſort be term'd a grievance,
If thoſe who are entruſted with their uſes
Obſerve the rule that nature gives them,

To

To teach juſt application! — her full ſprings
Flow down her hills unfore'd, trilling their way
To the next ſtream, which ſwelling with the loan,
To the full-fed river hollows out its courſe;
Between whoſe ſhelving banks, they ſail to th' ocean,
Our watry bulwark, and from thence exhal'd
By heat's attractive ray, are drawn towards heaven
To fill the clouds with fatneſs, watching occaſion
In their deſcent t' enrich our fields and paſtures.

HEARTY.

Nature, 'tis true, has given us noble rules
For civil life, were we diſpos'd to follow 'em.

TRADEWELL.

This is lord *Worthy*'s purpoſe. —

HEARTY.

May it proſper ——

To generous views kind heaven will grant ſucceſs,
'Tis it's own work, which it delights to bleſs.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Mr. BAYES *alone, walking in a muſing poſture.*

Mr. BAYES.

LET me conſider —— a plot —— why really it would be wond'rous odd to have a play without one — yes, yes — a plot will he highly neceſſary — we muſt have a plot! — and I'll take care there ſhall be one, ſuch as it is, but I'll not be concerned in it myſelf: I am one in the country intereſt, and the redreſs of grievances ſhall meet with no interruptions from any plot of my hatching — and yet there ſhall be a plot, becauſe 'twill ſhew ſome people in a true light, and can do us no hurt — for there's Lord *Worthy* has ſo diſtinguiſh'd and eſtabliſh'd a character, that he has nothing to fear, let them play what tricks they will — and there's our Princeſs too, has too much goodneſs and ſpirit to be drawn aſide, when ſhe is once let into the true ſtate of things —— ſo let 'em plot it as they will, 'twill all come to nothing! However by

by letting 'em have ſome hopes, and then preſently cutting them ſhort off again, as *their* diſappointment will be greater, ſo thoſe who wiſh well to the ſtate, will be the more rejoiced —wretches, who have liv'd ſo long upon the ſpoil of their country ought to be ſet in a true light—I know they are now at their wit's end, and have ſchemes of all ſorts, upon the anvil—Lord *Worthy*'s appearing at court, is a riddle they can't find out—and they are ſo divided in their opinions, how they are to manage it under theſe difficulties, that it ſets 'em a quarrelling among themſelves—One urges this—and another that—Like ſailors without a compaſs, they know not were they are, nor how to ſteer,—quite out of their reckoning—I know ſome of our greateſt ſtock-jobbers, are now in a room, by themſelves at *Jonathan*'s — I'll e'en ſend them old *Politick* — I have hinted to him already, that if he happens to call there, he may hear of ſome buſineſs—This *Politick*, you muſt know, was born and bred a plotmonger—the place has been in his family, ever ſince the conqueſt — it deſcends from father to ſon, like that of the *Dimmocks*, our famous champions, upon coronation days; 'tis true —he is a crafty old fox—but then he makes no great diſpatch — He is one that takes time to think! — So that our buſineſs will be concluded, while he ſits hammering, and conſequently our carrying our point, when they leaſt think of it, will be ſo much the more excellent——He is always plying here about 'change time, I'll e'en go find him out, and ſend him —— [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Jonathan's *Coffee-Houſe.*

SAMPSON, GRIPE, *and* TRANSFER, *in a room by themſelves.*

SAMPSON.

HEre's nothing but bad news!—I find 'tis true,
This man has been at court—our faithful ſpy
Met him in his return, and he reports,
His chearful looks declar'd his ſcheme's ſucceſs—
What he's contriving there, 'tis time muſt ſhew—
But 'tis agreed, our Princeſs aſks his counſels,
Admits him to her cloſet——He's already
The peoples idol — as he paſſes by them
'Tis through a ſhower of bleſſings! — yet 'tis ſaid,
His looks retain that plain, and humble caſt,
As would perſuade the love that follows him,
(Which is his every act's interpreter,)
The zeal that ſeeks their good, would ſpare their praiſes.

GRIPE.

GRIPE.

I hear he 's got a ſcheme to — mend the times!
That is to ſay, to make 'em worſe for us —
He's a weak man to think on't — 'Tis a work,
I hope, beyond his ſkill — but — if you ſay
The people's voice has join'd him—a general outcry
May do ſome hurt ——

TRANSFER.

And that's the caſe at preſent ——
The town, grown frantick, with this ſcheme of his,
Treats us, indeed, but ſcurvily — have you heard
Th 'opprobrious names they give us? We 're compar'd
To flies, that baſk, and fatten on corruption —
We 're call'd the ſponges, that have drank too deep
The dews, that ſhould have water'd larger ſpots.
Nay, what is worſe, (the foul-mouth'd ſcandal, riſing
Still to a higher pitch) we' re call'd, the feeders
Of bloated bribery, ſellers of ſtate poiſon,
Which, lurking in the blood, the nerves unbraces
Of gallant reſolution ——

GRIPE.

Why, Mr. *Transfer*, this will bear an action —
And Mr. *Sampſon*, won't you join with me
To ſue ſuch folks for ſlander? ——

SAMPSON.

Mr. *Gripe*,
We'll wave it for the preſent — Our buſineſs now
Takes a more general ſcope — we firſt muſt ſearch
What this ſcheme is, before we are prepar'd
To countermine it — therefore, let us each
Diſperſe ourſelves, and lye in rumour's way —
Th' intelligence we meet with, will determine
What we have more to do. ——

GRIPE.

Yes, yes; come, let us be going. ——

[*As they are going, they are met by Old Mr.* Politick, *who returns with them and they ſeat themſelves.* ——

OLD POLITICK.

Your ſervant, gentlemen.

GRIPE.

O! Mr. *Politick*, your humble ſervant — you are the very man I was thinking of — I know it would be doing great injuſtice to your good intelligence, to ſuppoſe you are a ſtranger to theſe reports — that Lord *Worthy* — is — attempting — ſomething — at court —— ſo I ſha'nt trouble you with that piece of news — but, to come to the point — why ſir — we have ſome reaſon to be apprehenſive,

apprehenſive, that here is a ſcheme going forward, to break in, (it ſeems) upon our buſineſs — come — come — we look upon you, as one of us — we have let you into all our ſecrets — and you muſt own, you have been a conſiderable gainer — But now, as you are an able and wiſe man, 'tis your turn to do us a piece of ſervice — you muſt give us your advice. ——

POLITICK.

What, gentlemen, I conceive you are afraid this Lord *Worthy* is going to ſink your markets — phoo — phoo — phoo — what can he attempt againſt ſuch money'd gentlemen as you are — I know there are ſome weak people, who dream of more influence than they have, and think themſelves qualify'd to do great things — But let me tell you, to preſcribe alterations in the preſent meaſures, at leaſt, to do it with ſucceſs, requires a better judgment than Lord *Worthy*'s furniſh'd with — there may be as wiſe heads in the world as his — But pray, have you learn'd any thing certain of what regulations he is driving at?—

SAMPSON.

No, Mr. *Politick*, he keeps his counſels lock'd up in the Princeſſes cloſet, their conferences together, are cloſe and private; only, if we may credit the beſt accounts we can meet with, there's ſome black weather, riſing from that quarter, that threatens us with a ſtorm.

POLITICK.

POLITICK.

I hear, indeed, that Lord *Worthy* has been graciouſly receiv'd by the Princeſs; I muſt ſay, this has not a good look — and, 'tis generally reported, that he is greatly beloved by the people — This is likewiſe a very bad circumſtance! — He is a man, they ſay, that has no regard for his intereſt -- the good of his country, and that of his fellow citizens, as he proudly calls the people, is the only object, he pretends, that puts him upon taking theſe meaſures — and, you know, there's no rightly managing a man of ſuch principles — But, let me conſider — a place! — could not we contrive to get a place for him? — No — a place would have no good effect upon him — But let me think — a new title — no — no — an offer of this kind would be thrown away upon him; becauſe, 'tis his conſtant declaration, that there is no honour, but in an honourable action — ſo I am afraid we muſt let him alone — there is, I ſay, no good to be done with one of his character. ——

GRIPE.

So I find at laſt, his good character is to ruin us—but what— if he is ſo ſhallow, as not to mind his own intereſt, I do ſay he has no buſineſs to interfere with ours — let me tell you, Mr. *Politick*, whatever he may pretend to be — we are certainly much better friends to the government, than he is, or can be — This leads me to a thought — I aſk

— I aſk pardon, for preſuming to give directions to ſo wiſe a man as you are — But, ſuppoſe now, you was to write a pamphlet, in which you was to repreſent us, as the props, or, I think it would ſound better, if you call'd us the PILLARS of the ſtate. ——

POLITICK.

I thank you, Mr. *Gripe*, for that excellent hint, the thought may be work'd up to carry a good argument — and I'll take care to dreſs it in a proper light. ——

TRANSFER.

But, Mr. *Politick*, whatever is proper to be done, muſt not be delay'd — this Lord *Worthy*, by all report, has a plaguy long head of his own, and this good character you have given him, may be apt to fix him in our Princeſſes good graces — this is what we muſt prevent — if poſſible — and if ſomething is not inſtantly done, it may be too late to ſeek a remedy — Come — come — come — you muſt exert yourſelf — you muſt remember 'tis now or never. ——

POLITICK.

Well, well, the buſineſs ſhall be done — I muſt ſay that for myſelf, I have met with as difficult jobs as this, which I have rubb'd through, before now; and ſo to make ſhort of it, you ſhall ſoon ſee me play him ſuch a trick! — that, if I have any

any judgment, muſt ſecure the game for you.—— Let me ſee —— as we are all friends, I'll let you into the ſecret — I'll now go this inſtant, and take care that it ſhall be publiſh'd, through city, town, and country, — that this Lord *Worthy* is an enemy to the government, an errant Jacobite.

GRIPE.

Right! — quite right! Mr. *Politick!* — a Jacobite! — an excellent contrivance! — He is endeavouring to make the times better! hah! hah! hah! — make the times better — we know what he means by better times.— a Jacobite! an excellent thought! —— However, though we know he is perfectly innocent of the charge — yet this, Mr. *Politick*, you underſtand me, will be a ſufficient handle for us, to ſpread ſuch reports of him — an excellent thought!——Beſides, a fellow that is for breaking in upon our meaſures, muſt neceſſarily be a friend to the Pretender. —— Well well, don't let us loſe time—— pray, Mr. *Politick*, be expeditious—— a Jacobite! hah! hah! hah! an excellent plot!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

SCENE III.

An appartment in the palace.

BRITANNIA *walking, with a roll in her hand.*

Enter Lord WORTHY.

BRITANNIA.

YOU ſee, my lord, this roll has kept us company
E'er ſince we parted, and we take it kindly
This freedom us'd with us — But, e'er we treat
On other ſubjects, it firſt concerns us
To clear ourſelves ——

WORTHY.

My liege, my honeſt breaſt ne'er harbour'd thought,
To charge you with one grievance — grace and luſtre
Have ſtill ſhone round you, and if thoſe had reach'd us,
Complaint had ſtill been dumb — Our conſtitution,
Has never boaſted yet a tenderer guardian.

BRITANNIA.

Indeed, my lord, we would not ſeek to govern,
The ſtates join'd with us in our happy ſyſtem,

But as the ſun the planets — we would attract,
So as to let them feel our warmth, and fill
Their orbs opaque with luſtre — but aim not,
By ſtretch of lawleſs power, to over-rule
Their force centrifugal, which the ſame hand
That fill'd us with our glory, lent to them;
Whereby they may preſerve a healthful diſtance,
And quality their courſe with temperate coolneſs!
This league in operations, theirs and ours,
Gives order mutual aſpect — Let 'em both
Be weigh'd, each 'gainſt the other to a grain,
And keep the ballance even to a hair.

WORTHY

Spoke like yourſelf—when monarchy ſtands rein'd,
Far better ſo than abſolute — for power
Warp'd from it's lender's purpoſe, is a ſtorm,
That, raging from the eaſt, indeed proclaims
It's ſtrength, by ſcorching up our fields;
By ſcattering deſtruction, wrecks, and death,
But render'd ſenſible by warmth and light.
Power rules in love — and, not an atom loſt,
Beholds each bleſſing given, reflected back,
From every object gilded with it's ray:
True mark of royal greatneſs, mutual ardor,
Given and receiv'd —— Beſt plan of government:
Beſt — becauſe plan'd by nature — where our ſtates,

Without

Without abatement of their rights, are rul'd
By a well-temper'd mixture — happy compound
Of freedom and dependence — giving proof,
By bending in their curves to princely love,
Of being true liege ſubjects — but without
Delivering up one inch of liberty.

BRITANNIA.

Take it — 'tis yours! — your powers, as ours, are
ſacred —
The order of our ſtate then keeps due courſe,
When they both act in concert! ——

But now, my lord, to prove we 've not been idle,
[*Waving the roll.*
This we' ve perus'd—which, with becoming freedom,
Glowing with loyal zeal, and patriot warmth,
Kindly informs us, how our grace and favour,
Have been witheld, from ſhedding on our people
Their benign influence —— With finite powers,
We cannot ſee men's thoughts! — if, by profeſſions,
Our ear has been impos'd on, 'tis a weakneſs,
Our uprightneſs of heart, may well attone for —
But — now! — complaint has reach'd us — to redreſs,
Our care has wings! — and therefore, in our choice
Of MEN, who, in our burthens, and our honours,
Have dividend with us, left our miſtaking

The fullneſs of abilities, ſhould throw
Suſpicion on our love — only to HONOUR,
That bears the mark, of having ſtood THE TEST,
We'll yield our confidence — To THIS! to THIS,
We'll give the half-way meeting — nay we'll ſeek it
In it's retirement! — and, where'er we find it,
Preventing application, we'll aſſign it
Our offices of higheſt truſt; that ſo
The ray of delegated power, may ſhine
Enlivening as our own — to preſerve which,
Free from all ſpots, we'll learn ourſelves to doubt
Profeſſion unaſſay'd — THEY ſhall not mix
Their beam with ours, with whom fair character,
A feather in the ſcale, kicks up in air,
While baſe ſelf-intereſt (in the worth they ſet on't)
Weighs to the ground — who with the ſhew of duty,
(The juggling maſk of civil hypocrites!)
Seek but to ſerve themſelves — our love ſhall be
More on the watch — nor will we hug to our breaſt
Such hollow-hearted zeal, to th' excluſion
Of our more faithful ſubjects — but we'll ſeek
T'erect our building on a BROADER BASE.

[Britannia *refers to the roll at the cloſe of every paragraph.*

And this will be the means, my lord, to cure
Party's hot-raging fever ——

Which

Which in it's frantick fits attempts to unravel,
The cable of the ſtate, for ſeparate drawings,
Weak'ning the very purpoſe of it's make,
Whoſe union gives ſtrength to every thread ——
[*Pauſing, and referring again to the roll.*

As to the loan that's lent us, we'll conſider
The honeſt toil that gives it, and the ends
For which 'tis given! — and (both theſe weigh'd together)
The one ſhall teach us THRIFT—the other JUSTICE.
In our Exchequer lodg'd, 'tis ſtill the lender's!
'Tis truſted with us, as the ſeed that's ſown,
To yield 'em back their harveſt ——
But to take
Somewhat from off the burthen ——
As we deſign to practiſe for the future,
Aiding frugality, the publick calls
We'll draw to narrower compaſs — the defence
Of Britiſh liberties, (too rich a jewel
To truſt with mercenaries!) we'll aſſign
To our MILITIA — whoſe native ardor
Will give an edge to valor, keener far
Than ſordid hire can ſet, with the link'd motives
Of ALTARS! CIVIL and RELIGIOUS Rites!
Of PROPERTY and FREEDOM uninſpir'd! ——
This guard of love (truſting our cauſe to heaven!)

Will

Will give us leave t' unmoor our gallant navy,
To guard our colonies, and ſend our veterans
To gather laurels in our Weſtern World! ——

And, not to give to murmur an occaſion,
To think, we pluck in waſte the ripen'd fruits,
Of painful induſtry, we purpoſe freely,
Of our own grace to ſink the gatherer's toll;
PENSIONS, and needleſs PLACES, and the SUMS
We've paid for foreign aids, of which, the profits
We'll take as part of the too great ſupplies
Our preſent danger calls for ——

But when victorious peace (crown'd with her wreath
Of braided bays and olive — ſeated between
Plenty and Honour!—with fell Treachery, bound
Behind her chariot wheels, crouching in fear —)
Returns in her triumphal chariot home,
Our SAVINGS ſhall redeem our property,
From ſharp-fang'd mortgages — and debt's decreaſe,
Shall make each year, ſtill happier than the laſt ——

And, as we hope, ſome means will ſoon be thought of,
That, what full-gorg'd collection elſe devours
May reach us with leſs burthen — to turn each
Occurrence to advantage, thoſe in the' exciſe,
Who've follow'd trade, we'll turn back to their work,

And

And ſo prevent the cry of wanting hands,
And ſave our bread from foreign harpies claws.
As for the reſt — we'll take 'em to our navy —

And now our hand is in, my lord, we'll teach
Our dilatory laws to mend their pace;
Nor ſhall the love of fees prolong the cure
Of heart-ſick poverty! [*Referring to the roll.*
Thoſe other grievances,
That find not preſent help, thro' our love's zeal,
That haſtens to redreſs the ills fore-nam'd,
Our care ſhall watch occaſion, in their turns,
To remedy.

And theſe our reſolutions,
With all convenient ſpeed, we would have publiſh'd:
No matter if they are out-run by rumour,
It will be ſtill the better — we ſhould like it,
To have the common joy engag'd for us —
And, good my lord, give it encouragement —
Let it exert itſelf in ev'ry ſhape:
It's good effects will keep down the diſguſt,
(Which elſe may ſhew it's teeth) of thoſe who fatten
On our diſtractions, like THOSE CRUEL WRETCHES,
Who, on our coaſts, enrich themſelves by WRECKS;
Whoſe thirſt of curſed gold, makes nature ſavage,
To keep back help, and dries up pity's tears! —

WORTHY.

WORTHY.

Expreſſion's loſt, to tell the joy it gives me,
Commands ſo full of Goodneſs to obey! ——

O! was our union but at home ſincere,
We've nothing from our foreign foes to fear!—
And learn from hence, who regal ſceptres ſway,
'Tis love alone to glory leads the way;
The ſureſt maxim, to be TRULY GREAT,
Is firſt to eaſe the burthens of THE STATE.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Mr. BAYES *with the Taxes. Mr.* Salt-Tax, *as before, beating a march upon his box.*

Mr. BAYES.

WELL, gentlemen, my buſineſs with you now, is to reward you for your long attendance, with the good news, that Lord *Worthy* has ſtood your friend, and prov'd himſelf to be a true lover of his country. But however, I muſt tell you, that ſome of our wiſe ſtock-jobbers, had cook'd

up a ſort of a plot, to get this good lord repreſented as a Jacobite —— but — this was generally look'd upon, to be ſuch a *ſtale*, and *worn-out piece of contrivance*, that it gain'd no credit — but, not to keep you any longer in ſuſpence, I can aſſure you, that all our affairs are greatly mended —— the method of paying our duties, is to be put upon an eaſier footing — and the ſalaries we have for ſo many years paid to collectors, is to be apply'd to better purpoſes — ſo that I can now, with great joy, congratulate you upon your happy deliverance from ink-bottles dangling at button-holes, and gauging walking-ſticks, from this day forward —— There are all your good friends — the exciſemen — except the tradeſmen among them (and they are to be ſent back to their ſhops again) are all going to be metamorphos'd into honeſt tars — and there is ſuch ſpinning going forward, for jackets and trowſes—all hands are employ'd— they work double tides —a trip to ſea, will ſoon take off the odium that now lies upon their characters; and as ſoon as they have learned to tie their ſilk handkerchiefs, and cock their narrow-brim'd hats with an air, they may hope to reconcile themſelves again to their countrymen —— And now, gentlemen, and ladies, you'll give me great pleaſure, to tell me, you think my play ends tolerably well —— all I can ſay, in the behalf of it, is — that my deſign was honeſt —— and, unleſs you have ſome exciſemen, ſome jews, or ſtock-jobbers, amongſt you, I don't doubt but you will

give us your approbation — [*Sir* Jonathan Jolly, *croſſing the ſtage*] —This is quite lucky, Sir *Jonathan*, ſhall I preſume, to beg the favour of you, upon this happy occaſion, to give us the ſong, you was ſo obliging to entertain us with, the other night——I know you are too good-humour'd, to put us off with an excuſe, as your voice is too good to want one—— [*Turning to the audience*] The ſong is rather — too grave — but conſider, gentlemen! — we can't be too ſerious in the cauſe of Liberty!

THE SONG,

Sir Jonathan *ſings.*

Let the French *hop and ſing, and a cage reliſh beſt,*
Like birds, who their freedom have loſt from the neſt,
But Britons, *deſerving a much better fate,*
Should they chance to be catch'd by the lime-twigs of ſtate,
Are birds that have fled, and ſweet liberty known,
Whoſe ſongs are no more, when their freedom is gone!
So Judah's *ſweet harps on the willows were hung,*
In a land of oppreſſion, untun'd, and unſtrung,
To aſk of the captives a ſong was in vain,
Till liberty ſtrung them, and tun'd them again.

Mr. BAYES.

By this ſong I intended to pleaſe the graver part of my audience, who enter deeply into things, and make ſober reflections —— but, as I would willingly

lingly pleaſe all this good company — I ſhall conclude with a dance — Here! Mr. *Salt-Tax*, I find your Box is in pretty good tune —— Mr. *Window-Tax*, Mr. *Window-Tax*,—Oh!—I ſee you are here —well—now, *Jack*, I believe you may take off your patch, and releaſe your eye from darkneſs — and, ſweet Mrs. *Mead*, ſhall I beg the favour of you, to honour my good friend here, with being his partner — you two ſhall lead up —— and, Mr. *Malt-Tax*, where are you? — Ho! very well — here Mrs. *Hop*, come, you two are old acquaintance! I believe you may now venture to throw away your crutch — you two ſhall be the next couple — and here, Mr. *Candle-Tax*, and Mrs. *Gin* — Madam! I am extremely obliged to you, that you did not repleniſh your caſk, for, in winding up the bottom, if any of my actors had kill'd themſelves, with your pernicious liquor, as my play is not a tragedy, it would have been quite out of character —you two ſhall ſtand third —well, Mr. *Salt-Tax*, I believe we are now ready—if you pleaſe to ſtrike up, and jig it away.

THE DANCE.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

ERRATUM. Pag. 23. l. 7. for *ray* read *power*.



3

THE
MORAL QUACK.
A
DRAMATIC SATIRE.

Fervet AVARITIA, *miſeroque* CUPIDINE *Pectus?*
Sunt Verba *et* Voces, *quibus hunc* lenire *Dolorem*
Poſſis, et magnam morbi deponere *Partem*
LAUDIS *amore tumes? ſunt* certa Piacula, *quæ Te*
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare Libello.
INVIDUS—IRACUNDUS—INERS—VINOSUS—AMATOR.
Nemo adeo ferus *eſt, ut non miteſcere poſſit,*
Si modo CULTURÆ *patientem commodat Aurem.*

HOR.

LONDON:
Printed for W. OWEN, at *Homer's-Head*, near *Temple-Bar.*
MDCCLVII.
[Price One Shilling.]



THE

ACTORS NAMES.

Dr. MORAL, *the Quack.*

Sir AMOROUS FLUTTER,
Sir JEREMY TIPPLER,
Mr. CANKERWORTH,
Mr. SAVEALL,
Mr. ATALL,
Mr. CHOLERICK,
Mr. SAUNTER DOLITTLE,
Mr. TRIFLE DOLITTLE,
Mr. VAIN,

} PATIENTS.

SCENE, *Weſtminſter.*

THE

ARGUMENT.

IN this Satire Foppery—Luſt—Drunkenneſs—Envy—Covetouſneſs—Ambition——Anger—Idleneſs—and Pride—are expos'd and cenſur'd——and comico-ſerious Remedies preſcrib'd for the Cure of Them.

THE

MORAL QUACK.

SCENE. *A ſtage with a ſtep-ladder fixed to it, patients attending—Dr.* Moral *with a thin black ſilk cap on, edged with a border of grey hair.*

GENTLEMEN,

FROM the manner of my appearance, if you take me for a phyſician—you are partly in the right.——But then I muſt inform you, I only *undertake the Diſorders of the mind*—and as I am a perfect ſtranger in theſe parts, 'twill be expected, I ſuppoſe, that I ſhould give you ſome account of my family, and character.—You muſt know then, I am *the ſeventh ſon of a philoſopher.*——The firſt, who gave riſe to our family, was that famous old gentleman, who, by continually *crying* for the vices and follies of the age he lived in, acquired the name of *The Philoſopher of the woeful Countenance.*—He had *only one ſon*—and as he was obſerved, by a particular elongation of the muſcles of his face, to be likely to take after his father.——It was contrived, by ſome of the relations, who could not bear to think of having any more howling

in the family, to get him married to the daughter of One of the ſame profeſſion—but of a quite different turn, who had an uncommon flow of ſpirits, and was *everlaſtingly laughing*.——I can't ſay, but my anceſtors, for the firſt and ſecond generation, by this odd union, became ſubject to violent *Hyſtericks*.—— But theſe fits, in time, gradually abating, the two extremes are now become ſo happily tempered together, in the preſent branch—that, by taking in a mixture of *the grave and humorous* in all our preſcriptions, we flatter ourſelves we have hitherto given general ſatisfaction.——

But, gentlemen, though ſo well recommended, to your favour, upon the account of my family, I muſt nevertheleſs fall ſhort of the ſhare, I could wiſh to have in your regard, by my not being able to boaſt of *an eſtate*—the common meaſure by which people of weak judgments, take the ſize of a man's underſtanding.——I muſt ingenuouſly confeſs to you, I have none—riches had alway the leaſt of our regard —my deſign (however it may ſurprize you) is to enrich *you*—or rather to put you into a way how you may enrich yourſelves, by curing thoſe diſorders in your affections, which now keep you poor and wretched, and render you worthleſs in the eye of community—ſo—you need not be taking out your purſes, I don't come to drain your pockets—all that I require, is only your *attention* and *compliance*—and to convince you that I am not degenerated from the virtue of my anceſtors.——Whoever wants my advice, let him come and welcome—he can have nothing ſo cheap—I take no money.

But

But leſt, according to the preſent currency of opinion, you ſhould think *that worth nothing which coſts nothing*—and through a miſtake of this kind, by ſlighting my preſcriptions, ſhould deprive yourſelves of the benefit of them—it lays me under the diſagreeable neceſſity of boaſting (though 'tis with ſtrict truth) that I have in my time—performed as great and as wonderful cures, as ever were taken in hand by the moſt eminent of the faculty.——

Gentlemen, I have now by me the *famous* STYPTIC *for ambition*, which in an inſtant puts a ſtop to any blood that is aſpiring.——It was with indefatigable pains I recovered this valuable ſecret.——You muſt know it was diſcovered above two thouſand years ago, by ſome of the old *Romans*, when they were under *their conſular ſtate*—but was entirely loſt in *the reigns of the Cæſars*.——

Then—there is my *moſt efficacious* ALTERATIVE—which only taken but a few months, will make a *miſer generous*—a *lawyer honeſt*—and a *courtier ſincere*.——

I have not yet mentioned, my ſuper-incomparable, hyper-excellent COSMETICK, which ſoon removes all crabbedneſs of countenance, and leaves ſuch a delicate ſmoothneſs upon the ſkin, as is hardly to be parallell'd.——Gentlemen, I once tried it upon the face of a ſour fanatick—and I'll give you my word and honour, in only three nights uſing, it ſo ſoftened the rigor of his muſcles, and gave him ſuch a different complexion, that upon his appearing at the *next meeting*, for the honeſty and openneſs of his countenance, he was looked upon as a reprobate, and expelled the congregation.——

But it would be doing injuſtice to the world—not to inform you of the aſtoniſhing and almoſt incredible virtues of my never-failing WORM-POWDER.——Gentlemen, I gave but one ounce of it to an old uſurer—he took the doſe over night, and the very next morning—it brought away a *worm* from him, that for ſeveral years together—had been *preying* upon *his conſcience*—a worm, gentlemen, full *five and twenty foot long*—and it is a cure I greatly value myſelf upon, as by this means, beſides relieving the poor man, I did an infinite piece of ſervice to the public—for you muſt know upon this, he inſtantly left off buſineſs, and to make ſome attonement for his ſins, erected an alms-houſe—for *five and twenty decayed merchants*, according to the number of the feet, in the length of the Anguilla he had voided.——

But I defy the world to match my celebrated CEPHALICK SNUFF—it *ſettles the head*, and *comforts the brain*—and in it's operations excells every thing of that kind, that ever was before given in practiſe.——About three weeks ago—I gave a ſmall box of it to one of the moſt noted *Bucks* in the town—and, to the great aſtoniſhment of all that knew him, by only taking that ſmall quantity, it *cleared* his head of ſome thouſands of maggots, of very odd complexions—extremely irregular ſhapes—and venemous qualities—and I am under no doubt, but I ſhall ſoon make a perfect cure of him.——

But—talking—gentlemen—is all this while an interruption of buſineſs—beſides, boaſting is not ſo agreeable to my profeſſion—ſo that now, I ſhould be glad to be giving you ſome proofs of my ſkill and judgment.

judgment. But, for the ſake of diſpatch, I don't think it will be improper, to read you over a liſt of diſorders, in the cure of which, I have been generally ſucceſsful.——

Ev'n while you *fear to uſe* your *preſent ſtore*,
Yet glows your boſom with *a luſt of more?*
The power of words and ſoothing ſounds appeaſe
The raging pain, and leſſen the diſeaſe.——
Is *Fame* your paſſion! wiſdom's powerful charm
If thrice read over ſhall it's force diſarm.
The ſlave to *Envy*—*Anger*—*Wine*—and *Love*—
The *wretch of ſloth* it's excellence ſhall prove.
Fierceneſs itſelf ſhall *hear* it's rage away,
When liſt'ning calmly to th' inſtructive lay.——
E'en in our flight from vice ſome virtue lies,
And, freed from folly, we to wiſdom riſe!——

FRANCIS's HOR:

And now, gentlemen, I am impatient to be opening my packets—but I need not inform you, that a philoſopher's goods take up no room.——You know well enough how they are carried, and what they conſiſt of.——*Good advice!*——But before I begin I muſt beg you will indulge me with the liberty of taking down, in my pocket-book, the names of my ſeveral patients, and the parts where they live.—— My chief end in this, is to know—where I may call upon them—to enquire—how my preſcriptions agree with them.——

[*Sir* Amorous Flutter *advancing*.

Sir

Sir AMOROUS FLUTTER.

I muſt go and hear what this old gentleman has to ſay to the World.——

Dr. MORAL.

[*Taking out his ſpectacles and his pocket-book*]—Sir, I love to go by an old rule—which I hope you'll comply with.—Shall I beg the favour of your name.

Sir AMOROUS.

Sir *Amorous Flutter*, Sir.——

Dr. MORAL.

Sir *Amorous Flutter*—[*writing*]—very well, Sir—of what place?——

Sir AMOROUS.

Of *Love Lane*.——

Dr. MORAL.

[*Writing*]—Well, Sir—now I ſhould be glad to hear your caſe. But, I believe, I can ſave you the trouble—I ſee already—it lies chiefly in the *head!*—indeed!—[*making ſome pauſe, and looking earneſtly at his dreſs*]—I am afraid the SEIZURE has been general!—Why, Sir—it ſeems to have affected—every part of you—from *head* to *foot!*—I am perſuaded—all this might have been prevented, if it had been taken in time—and you could have been prevailed upon to have uſed a little Exerciſe.——

Sir AMOROUS.

Exerciſe!——There you are quite out.—Hah—hah—hah—exerciſe.—Why, where would you have ſent me!—how would you have employed me—why, old gentleman, I am but juſt arriv'd from my travels.

Dr.

Dr. MORAL.

Truly, Sir *Amorous*, I ſuſpected this to be the caſe as ſoon as you appeared—I thought *I could be confident*, that your diſorder was *no diſtemper* of *this climate*—you catch'd it abroad—*a bad* circumſtance—[*ſhaking his head*]—'Tis a great neglect our governors are guilty of, to permit ſuch fine gentlemen, as venture to go to ſuch contagious parts of the world, to return to us again, 'till they have performed quarentine.——

Sir AMOROUS.

[*Dancing about and then turning*]—Why—what—Doctor, do you think, I have brought over the plague to you?——

Dr. MORAL.

The plague, Sir—ſomething full as bad!—or rather worſe—a looſeneſs of morals—that ſpreads as faſt and ruins more——But enough—as I *now* take myſelf to be perfect maſter of the caſe—we'll think of what courſe is to be taken for the cure!—[*pauſing*]—Well, Sir *Amorous*—I believe, I have it!——I am apprehenſive of ſome dangerous conſequences from THIS DRESS of yours—I am confident it has produced all this diſorder!——There are ſome *old Caſes* I have read, that confirm me in this opinion.——You muſt know, Sir, that only the putting on a particular ſort of *a ſhirt*, drove the great *Hercules* out of his ſenſes—ſo that in one of his frantic fits, (intending no more, I ſuppoſe, than to be making a *flaming Figure* in his dreſs) he ran into the fire and burnt himſelf to death.——But, in the parts where you have been travelling, there's no doubt but you have

have often heard of the famous ITALIAN POISONED GLOVES.——Believe me, Sir, there are ſome ſorts of *dreſſes* very prejudicial to the conſtitution—and therefore out of great tenderneſs I muſt adviſe you to leave off that.——Pray, let me look at it!——[*turning about his* French *peruke*]——what do you call it, Sir—*that you have got upon your head here!*—and I'll ſend you my barber to make you another covering—which you need not fear any danger from.——And as—to *all this idle lace!*—*fringe!*—and *foppery!*—pray, Sir, let me *prevail* upon you to lay it all aſide—and put on an honeſt—plain *Engliſh Dreſs*—you'll ſoon find your *head* the better for it.——Indeed, Sir, CHANGE OF HABITS is the very beſt courſe of *alteratives* I can poſſibly preſcribe to you.——

Sir AMOROUS.

No—no—Remember, old gentleman, you firſt talked of exerciſe! and now I find you are for keeping me cloſe confined as long as I live—for if I was to put on *ſuch a dreſs*, as you preſcribe—ENGLISH!—*heavy—dead*——[dancing about]—*without fancy—taſte—ſet—air—faſhion*—I muſt go and hide myſelf, I ſhould be abſolutely aſhamed to be ſeen in any *public place*—or meet any one ſoul—male or female, of all my acquaintance.——

Dr. MORAL.

Why, Sir *Amorous*, this is one of the good effects I am in hopes will ariſe from it—that—'twill keep you from running into ſuch company, as you *ought* to be *aſhamed* of—and put a ſtop to the licentious liberties you are taking.—But—I ſee no manner of reaſon,

reaſon, why you ſhould be ſo averſe to an *Engliſh* dreſs!——Let me tell you, Sir, 'tis a *very good* habit to be ſeen in, in *places of buſineſs*—and provided you firſt take care to qualify yourſelf in other reſpects, 'twill do very well for your appearance upon the *Change*.——

Sir AMOROUS.

Hah—hah—ah—[*capering*]—the *Change*—hah—hah—hah—excellent!—what would you have me turn *Jew*, and bribe the news-writers to inſert foreign lies to raiſe and ſink the price of ſtocks! or would you make an *uſurer* of me—and put me on a doublet to hang two hands breadth below my knees, with ſeven dozen of ſmall buttons, and long pockets—— or, Doctor, would you metamorphoſe me into a *pawn-broker*, to receive ſtolen goods, help wives to cheat their huſbands, and get fat like moths upon old cloaths——[*viewing himſelf and capering*]—— faith; a clever fellow for trade!——

Dr. MORAL.

No, Sir, I am not adviſing you to engage in any ſuch deteſtable practices. But, I think, 'tis the duty of every man to be of *ſome profeſſion*—my principal intention, in what I propoſe is to wean you from this levity of behaviour, by bringing you acquainted with proper objects of thought and reflection.——

Sir AMOROUS.

But tell me ſeriouſly, old gentleman, how do you like *this lace?* Don't you think it admirably fancy'd?

Dr. MORAL.

Not in the leaſt.—I tell you 'tis *this* that does *all the miſchief*.—Why you are ſo wholly taken up with it, that you forget what ſpecies you are of.——This fool's coat of yours is ſo different from that which is worn by men of buſineſs, that it keeps you in an *unthinking ſtate*—from *conſidering* that you are a member of *the community*, and *bound* by the *ſtricteſt ties of intereſt* and obligation, to communicate ſome nouriſhment and aſſiſtance to THE BODY of which you are a part.

Sir AMOROUS.

Faith, Doctor, if I was to appear as you would have me, I ſhould make but a poor philoſopher—I ſhould not be able to KNOW MYSELF.——And now, dear Doctor, let me intreat you to finiſh all the good counſel you have been giving me, by adviſing me to MARRY!—and *ſettle in the world!*—'Twill be all of a piece with the ENGLISH dreſs you have been ſo earneſtly recommending—[*capering*]—*unfaſhionable!* to the laſt degree!—and giving the coup de grace to the fine gentleman.——

Dr. MORAL.

Why really, Sir *Amorous*, I was conſidering—whether or no ſuch a ſcheme would not be adviſeable—But upon reflection I don't think marriage would be ſo proper for a gentleman, who admires nothing but himſelf.——Beſides, I am afraid it would be rather too hazardous at preſent.——But, if you have any thoughts of entering into that ſtate, I would not, upon any account, have you chuſe a lady of your own taſte—for that would be the abſolute ruin of you both.—

both.—Indeed, I am of opinion, it will be better to defer it for ſome time—for, before we can be happy in marriage, we ſhould firſt learn to think reaſonably of things.——So, if you pleaſe, we'll ſtay a little, and ſee what good Effects, the advice I have given you may be attended with—but, in the mean time, let me give you a caution, that unleſs you take great care of yourſelf you may ſoon come to want advice of another kind—and if that ſhould be the caſe—you may ſave yourſelf the trouble of applying to me—for 'tis what I never ſtudied.——I can't ſay but I am acquainted with a very eminent phyſician in town, who may poſſibly patch you up again—and I *may* have the humanity, to recommend *you* to him—if you'll venture yourſelf near him—but he's a great virtuoſo, and is *now compleating a collection of* BUTTERFLIES.——

Sir AMOROUS.

That laſt ſtroke is rather too cutting—ſome of your reflections I like well enough.—Well, Doctor, if you'll call upon me—I ſhall be glad to ſee you—we'll talk over this affair a little more ſeriouſly.——

There's a great deal of truth and reaſon in what he ſays.—— [*aſide.*

Dr. MORAL.

Yes, Sir *Amorous*, I ſhall ſoon wait upon you—and as you ſeem now, to give me ſome hopes of ſucceſs, I ſhall do it with the greater pleaſure!—

[*Exit Sir* Amorous.

Dr. MORAL.

But—who's here—one of your ſix bottle gentlemen!—if I don't miſtake, it is Sir *Jeremy Tippler*—the very ſame.——

Sir JEREMY.

[*Advancing*]—What, Doctor, muſt you have me in your liſt too? Well, well, you ſhan't ſay that I break in upon old cuſtoms—my name is *Tippler*, and I live in *Conduit-ſtreet*—and I hope, old gentleman [*clapping his hands upon his belly*] you don't take *me* for one of your BUTTERFLIES.——But faith, Sir, you look ſo plaguy cunning, and have got ſuch a ſhrewd gueſs with you—and this jolly countenance of mine, is ſo apt to tell tales, that I ſuppoſe you can as readily hit off my caſe, as you did that of your laſt patient.——

Dr. MORAL.

Yes, yes, by that glow in your cheeks—and your thermometers ſtanding ſo high, Sir *Jeremy*, one may eaſily gueſs, you have lately been making pretty warm work of it.——

Sir JEREMY.

Why then, old gentleman, my thermometer goes right—it makes out the old ſaying, *in good wine there is truth*—I won't pretend to deny it.—Laſt night—we did a good deal of buſineſs.——

Dr. MORAL.

Buſineſs indeed!—you mean, by laſt night's exploit you diſqualified yourſelf for any buſineſs to day.

Sir

Sir JEREMY.

No—no—no—we are to meet again in the evening.

Dr. MORAL.

So ſoon!——May I aſk you what time you broke up?——

Sir JEREMY.

Hah! Doctor!—you know very well—*beati non numerant*—beſides you muſt know, Sir, 'tis one of the ſtanding rules of our club, that if a gentleman looks at his watch, during his ſtay in the company, he forfeits a gallon of claret; and I ſhould not have been able to have anſwered your queſtion, if a young member (who was not righly ſeaſoned, Doctor) had not happened laſt night to tranſgreſs in that very article, by telling us—'twas *paſt one*.——

Dr. MORAL.

Then—after this—I find you kept your ſitting.

Sir JEREMY.

And with very good reaſon too—for I muſt tell you, one of the company, that ſhall be nameleſs, gave a pretty turn to it.—What—ſuppoſe, ſays he, the clock has ſtruck one—what then!—what's ONE among ſo many!—(there now was a *true* jeſt for you! I was never fond of your *dry jokes!*) ſo we kept our ſeats.——Beſides, you know, there were the four flaſks of claret, the forfeiture! to be called in.

Dr. MORAL.

Very well—but come—you muſt tell me fairly—was not you ſeiz'd with one of your old fits—before you left the company! for I am certain, from your complexion, that you muſt be ſubject to *violent diſorders* of this kind.——

Sir

Sir JEREMY.

Fits! Doctor——no—no—ſuch things only belong to women and children!——

Dr. MORAL.

Whatever you may think, Sir *Jeremy*, I am too well acquainted with your caſe to recede from my firſt opinion—for what other name can I ſo properly give to a diſorder, that begins with a ſort of *frenzy*—and when that has ſpent itſelf, deprives you of the *uſe* of your limbs, takes away your *ſpeech* and *reaſon*, and leaves you for a while little better than a *dead perſon*.

Sir JEREMY.

Well—well—gentlemen of your faculty muſt have liberty to ſpeak their ſentiments.——I have heard, indeed, that the world is making great improvements in ſcience—and, I ſuppoſe, THESE FITS you are talking of, are terms uſed in your new ſyſtem.

Dr. MORAL.

As to the terms, I give you my word, I am not out in my judgment.——But now let us conſider, Sir *Jeremy*, what will be the beſt method to relieve you.——*I think I have a noſtrum* that has generally ſucceeded.——Yes, yes, as I find you are going upon your *old buſineſs* in the evening—let me adviſe you, Sir *Jeremy*, to take an excellent painter with you, and to give him orders to begin your picture, as ſoon as you are got—*heartily in for't*—and let an amanuenſis be ready to take minutes of all your behaviour—of every thing you ſay, and every thing you do.——Keep theſe things by you—and at times, when you are grave and ſerious, give 'em a peruſal—and, if you

you have any ſenſe or reflection left, I'll anſwer for it—you'll ſoon mend upon it.

Sir JEREMY.

Upon honour, Doctor, there is good humour in the thought; I'll take your advice with all my heart—there's *Hogarth*—faith, he's a clever fellow—he'll take me off to the very life.—But do you know of e'er a tavern that wants a new ſign—for I ſuppoſe that merry cur will ſet me aſtride a tun with bunches of grapes upon my head—and pray, Doctor, do me the favour to be my amanuenſis yourſelf.—But really you have given me very good advice—and I hope it won't be wholly thrown away upon me.— [*Exit Sir* Jeremy.

††

Dr. MORAL.

But what patient have we here!—thin and pale as a ghoſt!—his eyes, I ſee, are ſunk into his head!—and a knit-brow darkens and hangs over the paſſage to 'em.——But we ſhall ſoon hear what is the matter with him.—[*Mr.* Cankerworth *advancing*]—I hope, Sir, as the reſt of my patients have indulg'd me with that favour—you'll be ſo good as to let me know your name!——

CANKERWORTH.

Cankerworth.——

Dr. MORAL.

[*Writing*]—Of what part of the town, Sir?——

CANKERWORTH.

Why, Sir, I can't ſay I am ſettled any where at preſent—peoples ill manners—and want of proper reſpect—have often forc'd me to change my lodgings—but at preſent you may hear of me, at *an old maiden*

maiden gentlewoman's—ſomewhere—in *Fleet-ſtreet*—I believe within two or three doors of *the Devil*.——

Dr. MORAL.

[*Writing*]—Well—Mr. *Cankerworth*, I am really ſorry to ſee you look ſo extremely ill—but—come—you muſt fairly let me know all your complaints!—

CANKERWORTH.

I am very ſubject to be *hot* and *dry*!—there is ſomething that preys upon my ſpirits—and I am almoſt rack'd to death, with perpetual gnawings in my bowels!—ſo that I have little ſleep—and no appetite.

Dr. MORAL.

Give me leave to aſk you, Mr. *Cankerworth*, pray what have you been doing to get yourſelf into this bad way?——

CANKERWORTH.

You'll come nearer to the point, doctor, if you aſk me rather what other people are doing.——

Dr. MORAL.

Really, Mr. *Cankerworth*, I muſt beg you to explain yourſelf.——

CANKERWORTH.

Why, don't you ſee that KNAVES, FOOLS, and COXCOMBS, are the only perſons that live in ſplendor in the world, and run away with the fortunes, honours, and characters due to their betters?——

Dr. MORAL.

I don't ſay but *Fortune* is oftentimes too partial in beſtowing her favours—and ſhews little regard to merit—But how you come to be ſo ſenſibly affected upon this account is, indeed, very remarkable.——

And

And yet I can't ſay, but in the courſe of my reading——I have met with inſtances of ſtrange events, where there has appeared to be no manner of connexion with the cauſes from whence they were produc'd—as in the caſe of *Prince Meleager*—whoſe life (as we are informed) depended upon the *burning of a billet-ſtick.*——I hope this is not *your* caſe: but, by your ſpeaking ſo freely of fortunes and characters—I begin to ſuſpect—that ſome people are making a *blaze* in the world—that *waſtes* and *conſumes* you.——

CANKERWORTH.

You have hit off the caſe—right, Doctor—'tis the character given by flatterers to perſons of no worth—a brand's end blown up by the breath of ſycophants ſmoaking—ſuffocating—it is this that gives me the *Hectick* I have upon me—this *burning in my bowels:* and unleſs you can extinguiſh it—I don't know, but in time it may be *the death of me.*——

Dr. MORAL.

Now, Sir—you have let me fully into your caſe—'tis very plain your diſorder is an AXIOPHOBIA, that is, Mr. *Cankerworth*, you have the ſame abhorrence of worth, as a mad dog has of water—you are periſhing through the want of it—and can't be prevailed upon to taſte it.——

CANKERWORTH.

No—no—Doctor—now I ſee you can be out in your judgment, as well as other people—there's no danger of any man's catching that diſorder now o'days—for as to *real worth*—where is it to be met with?—I know there are pretenders to it—but I believe I

have made as many trials of their works as moſt men living—let 'em be brought to the *Teſt—the Teſt*, Doctor, and you'll find no ſolid worth in them!—at leaſt, whatever opinion other people may have of 'em, they weigh abundantly too light for *my* approbation.——

Dr. MORAL.

You ſay you have been making trials of worth—may I be ſo bold, to aſk you, what profeſſion you are of?——

CANKERWORTH.

A CRITIC, Sir—I am one of the perſons concerned in writing the CRITICAL REVIEW.——

Dr. MORAL.

Hah!—now—I underſtand what ſort of trials you have been making—but, I am ſorry to ſay it, the world univerſally condemn'd them as ſhewing *too great cruelty* and *too little judgment*.——You know, you made but a blundering piece of work of it—but I ſhall ſay no more of it now—as all that is at an end, Sir.——

CANKERWORTH.

What do you mean?——

Dr. MORAL.

Why—I have been credibly informed, that all that ſet of gentlemen are dead.——

CANKERWORTH.

Dead, Sir!——

Dr. MORAL.

Dead, I aſſure you—indeed.—You tell me you was one of 'em yourſelf—but then, Sir—you muſt be the *only* perſon left—you had a narrow eſcape.——

Why—

Why, Mr. *Cankerworth*, it is generally reported that PRIDE and ENVY had long ago reduced them to a ſtate, little better, than that of walking ſkeletons—ſo that I don't find they could have laſted long, if they had not haſtened their own deaths.——

CANKERWORTH.

You hear ſtrange things.—But pray let me know how they haſtened their own deaths?——

Dr. MORAL.

Why you know yourſelf, you were all upon a ſcheme of extracting POISON out of LAURELS—if you had let 'em reſt quietly upon the brow, that had a right to wear them, they would have done you no injury *there*—but now, by ſad miſmanagement, as you underſtood nothing of the buſineſs you engaged in—you contrived, it ſeems, by ſome means or other, to poiſon yourſelves with your own experiments—and I am ſorry to ſay it.—But, if *you* have been dabbling in this ſort of work—I am afraid it will be a loſt caſe.

CANKERWORTH.

By your being ſo earneſt—I believe you think you can perſuade me, that I am got into a dangerous way.

Dr. MORAL.

I'll give you my word and honour, Mr. *Cankerworth*, that I take *yours* to be as dangerous a caſe, as ever I met with in all my practice.—I ſhould be very glad to aſſiſt you.—But, as there are ſo many things to be conſider'd (for 'tis certainly a complication!) I am thinking in the firſt place, whether or no—to get you a *ſtomach*, a courſe of *Bitters* would not be proper.—No—no—*Bitters* will be of no ſervice to you—your blood is *too imbitter'd* already—we ſhall want *Sweetners*

—and as you are ſo waſted, to give you ſome fleſh, there is *viper-broth*, I know, is an excellent ſtrengthener to recover a worn-out conſtitution—but, upon ſecond thoughts, I would not recommend it, as you have thoſe qualities in your conſtitution, which have too great an affinity with the nature of that venemous creature, to permit it's having the ſame effect upon *yours*, as it has upon other bodies—I would rather prefer your taking, what I ſaw lately advertiſed—AN INFUSION TO CORRECT SOUR PORTER—your diſorder ſeems to me to be ſomething—of that kind.——You may take about the ſame quantity they put to a hogſhead, and let it be repeated——I am perſuaded 'twill be of great ſervice to you.——

CANKERWORTH.

Doctor—Doctor——

Dr. MORAL.

O! I had like to have forgot—you informed me you was a critic, and in what manner you have been engaged, and therefore, as in taking theſe medicines it would be adviſeable for you to keep yourſelf a little quiet; indeed you muſt ſubmit to be *interdicted* the uſe of *pen*, *ink* and *paper*, for the year enſuing.——

CANKERWORTH.

No—doctor—if I muſt ſurrender the fortreſs, pray let me march out with the honours of war.——

Dr. MORAL.

Well—Mr. *Cankerworth*, if I ſhould indulge you with your *ſtand-diſh* I muſt inſiſt that you will never again attack TRUE WORTH—but endeavour to *acquire* it yourſelf, and you'll ſoon learn not to *envy* it in others.——

CANKER-

CANKERWORTH.

Well—doctor—I'll conſider of it. [*Exit.*

Dr. MORAL.

[*Mr.* Saveall *advancing*]—Gentlemen—ſhall I beg the favour of you to make way for that thin ſpare gentleman, who is making his advances towards us—by his looks he ſeems to be one of thoſe who have ravenous appetites, but no digeſtion—he is *rich*—and he is *poor*.——I ſee already by the furrows, that care has been ploughing in his face, too evident marks of the miſery he undergoes—and, what is the worſt circumſtance of all, I am afraid he is ignorant of what diſtemper he has upon him, and has an averſion to the cure—[Saveall *coming near*]—will you be ſo good, as to let me know your name, Sir.——

SAVEALL.

Saveall.——

Dr. MORAL.

And your place of abode, Sir.——

SAVEALL.

Thrift-ſtreet, Soho.——

Dr. MORAL.

[*Writing*]—very well—and now, Mr. *Saveall*, I muſt firſt let you know that I take no money—ſo you muſt not ſcruple to let me fully into your caſe.——But here is the miſery of it—people are very apt to neglect themſelves—for I obſerve already you have ſuffered this diſorder to run ſo long upon you——[*taking hold of his thread-bare coat*]—that I ſee you are got into a very BAD HABIT OF BODY.——

SAVE-

SAVEALL.

No—no—doctor—pretty well—pretty well—— as times go.

Dr. MORAL.

And I am afraid you have no ſtomach—or you have ſunk yourſelf by living *too ſparingly*.——Moderation is a good thing—but extremes ſhould be avoided.——'Tis no good ſign when the appetite is gone!——

SAVEALL.

You don't apprehend any danger, I hope! for, as I have taken a world of pains to make life a little comfortable, I muſt ſay, I ſhould be glad to enjoy it a little longer.

Dr. MORAL.

The poor man's head's gone.—— [*aſide.*
Enjoy life.—What!—you enjoy life!—the thing is impoſſible, with ſuch a complication of diſorders, as you have upon you.——Pray—let me feel your pulſe.—[*The doctor, as he holds his hand, often ſhakes his head, and* Saveall *ſtarts and looks frighted.*]—— Very poor!—very poor indeed!—Why, Mr. *Saveall*, here is no CIRCULATION!——

SAVEALL.

Lud—lud—*what* no circulation.——

Dr. MORAL.

And very coſtive!—I am confident.——Nothing paſſes—every thing is lock'd up!——

SAVEALL.

But, doctor!—do you really think I am got into a bad way?——Why—now I don't perceive it myſelf.——

Dr.

Dr. MORAL.

There lies the danger.——
His head is certainly gone.—— [*aſide.*
But, Mr. *Saveall*, if you are able to recollect, I ſhould be glad to know what *advice* you have had, though 'tis certain, whatever regimen you have been under, you have found no benefit from it.——

SAVEALL.

Advice, doctor—lud—lud—doctor—ſo expenſive as that is now a days, it can't be afforded.—— No——no——I have had no advice——it was always my principal concern, to take ſuch care of myſelf, as to have nothing to do with the doctors—for why, Sir—if I was to be ſick, and an apothecary was to cure me, the ſight of his curſed long bill would kill me afterwards.——

Dr. MORAL.

Why—ſeriouſly ſpeaking—upon recollection, I don't know after all, but you may be perfectly in the right, in not applying to doctors and apothecaries—for I really begin to be of opinion that the cure of your diſorder is rather the buſineſs—of a *cunning man*.

SAVEALL.

A cunning man!—why ſo, doctor?——

Dr. MORAL.

Becauſe—as I take it, Mr. *Saveall*, you are certainly BEWITCH'D.

SAVEALL.

Bewitch'd!——

Dr.

Dr. MORAL.

Certainly bewitch'd—I am confident 'tis ſo.—Do you never feel any crooked pins, at certain ſeaſons, working through your fleſh; for I am very certain you muſt be often under great anxieties of mind.——But come—if you'll follow my advice, I won't deſpair—I'll ſend you to-morrow *a box of ſcales and weights*—and if you make a right uſe of 'em, I am pretty certain, they will have all the effects of a CHARM—and may ſet every thing to rights again.——

SAVEALL.

I thank you moſt heartily—good doctor, I thank you—but I have a box of that ſort of my own.——Lud, doctor—'tis the beſt contrivance that ever was invented!—there is nothing now a days to be done in buſineſs without one—we have ſo much *light* money ſtirring.——

Dr. MORAL.

I am not talking of money, Mr. *Saveall*, I am only contriving how to get you *diſpoſſeſs'd*.——The weights I ſhall ſend you—(pray obſerve me!)—are mark'd with GOOD NAME—JUSTICE—CHARITY—PUBLIC SPIRIT, and the like—for, as you'll have an abſolute occaſion for theſe things, to act as COUNTER-CHARMS, to break the force of the enchantment—'tis to ſhew you what you may venture to give for them, otherwiſe their price may ſurprize you.——I muſt inſiſt upon your getting them.——Indeed they are exceſſively dear—but the value ſtamp'd upon the weights, will be your direction.—

SAVEALL.

SAVEALL.

No—no—doctor—I know very well what's money's worth better than that comes to.—*A good name*, hah, hah, hah—*publick ſpirit*, hah, hah, hah, and ſo forth.—Theſe are but *words*—and *words* are but *air*.—Before I part with my money, I ſhall expect for it ſomething a little more ſubſtantial—a valuable conſideration.

Dr. MORAL.

Why, Mr. *Saveall*, what is more valuable than character?

SAVEALL.

Money, Sir—for money is every thing!—and conſequently includes character (if that is of any great ſignification).——But—I don't find a man's intereſt is much mended by his character.——

Dr. MORAL.

This wretch, I believe, is for trying the patience of a philoſopher! What is to be done with him!—[*aſide*.

SAVEALL.

No—no—I ſhan't let out my money upon words—before I diſpoſe of it, I ſhall expect a little better ſecurity.——

Dr. MORAL.

Before you diſpoſe of it!—diſpoſe of what, Sir—your money—why ſurely you are in a dream!—*you* diſpoſe of money!—you have got none.

SAVEALL.

None—doctor——.

Dr. MORAL.

None, Sir—you have not a ſhilling in the world—not a ſingle ſhilling.——

SAVEALL.

Not a ſhilling!—make out that, if you can—you'll have a hard matter to compaſs it—hah—hah—hah—not a ſingle ſhilling—I am not ſo reduc'd as that comes to.——But I know the world better, than to part with my money for trifles.——

Dr. MORAL.

Why now 'tis a ſtrange thing, Mr. *Saveall*, that you will ſtill perſiſt that this money is *yours!*—when the contrary is ſo evident.—Indeed 'tis neither yours, nor any one's elſe—there's the misfortune—'tis loſt to the world!—'tis bury'd—why, Sir, your treaſury (if I may ſo ſay) is another King *Henry* the Seventh's Chapel, where *your* KINGS and *your* QUEENS are taking their *long ſleep* together.——Well—well—you have now convinced me that all gentle operations will be thrown away upon you—reaſoning the caſe with you, I ſee, is of little ſervice—ſo that before we can do any thing towards a cure, I am afraid, we ſhall be obliged to lay an *embargo* upon *three* of your *ſenſes!*—indeed you muſt ſubmit to have your eyes hoodwink'd, and we muſt get your ears cloſe ſtopt! (I have a preparation of wax and roſin, which I keep for that purpoſe)—and I'll ſend you a pint of my ſtupifying water, to dip your fingers in, 'tis to deaden your ſenſe of feeling—for, 'till we can get this diſorder a little under—if you ſhould *touch*—or *ſee*—or *hear* the chink of a ſingle piece—'tis all over!—I can give you no manner of hopes!——Now—the ſooner you put yourſelf under this regimen the better—there's no time to be loſt.——

SAVEALL.

SAVEALL.

No—no—doctor—I like this preſcription worſe than t'other—if I muſt follow your advice, I had much rather have the box and weights!——

Dr. MORAL.

Well, then you ſhall have them to-morrow, I have got the direction where I am to ſend 'em—*Thrift-ſtreet, Soho!* [*Exit* Saveall.

Dr. MORAL.

Well now, gentlemen, if any other perſon wants my advice, you ſee I'm again at leiſure.——Hoh! here is one advancing towards us—in a trimm'd ſuit! with a pompous bag, full ſpread, upon his ſhoulders!—by his livery I take him to be TIME's ſerving man, one that cares for no one but himſelf.——See how he comes ſmiling and cringing, with a poſture-maſter face that can writh itſelf into all ſhapes, ſo that there will be no poſſibility of forming any judgment of his diſorder by his looks—nor making any thing out from what he ſays—but we muſt do the beſt we can—[*Mr.* Atall *advancing*]—Sir—may I venture to beg your name?——

ATALL.

My name, Sir, is *Atall*, of *Craven-ſtreet*.

Dr. MORAL.

[*Writing*]—That I may not be wanting in paying my due reſpects, I hope, you will be ſo good, as to let me know what title I am to give you—I think, I have heard of a gentleman of your name, having a poſt under the government—pray, Sir, are you the gentleman?——

ATALL.

No, Sir—but I have—ſome expectations—of—ſoon having that honour done me—Sir—I am—not yet—in poſſeſſion.——

Dr. MORAL.

This accounts, Mr. *Atall*, for ſomething I have obſerved in your looks; your diſappointment, I fear, affects your ſpirits too much.——Pray, how do you reſt at nights?——

ATALL.

I cant' ſay extraordinary well—I often ſtart and wake—and have ſtrange confuſed dreams! of being placed upon the top round of a ladder, or flung headlong from a precipice—which are attended with cold ſweats, and leave a tremor in every part of me.

Dr. MORAL.

[*Advancing, and looking earneſtly at him*]—I hope, Mr. *Atall*, there is nothing *ſits heavy upon your conſcience.*——

ATALL.

No, Sir—nothing at all.——It would be uſing my friends very ill, if, while they are endeavouring to ſerve *me*, I ſhould have any ſcruples, or make any boggle in returning the obligation—if—as to *ſome points*, one *a little exceeds bounds*—you know *gratitude* will attone for it.——No—no—Sir—my conſcience gives me no manner of diſturbance—I am very eaſy as to that article.——

Dr. MORAL.

How is your digeſtion?——

ATALL.

ATALL.

I can't boaſt of it—I have a continual purging upon me, ſo that nothing ſtays long—all goes as faſt as it comes.——

Dr. MORAL.

And by theſe *Diarrheas* draining off the nouriſhment, as nature muſt be left in a greater want of recruits than ordinary—I am afraid you have too great a ſtomach, 'tis a caſe common in *Atrophes*.—Pray, how is your appetite?

ATALL.

You are now coming cloſe to the point—I can't ſay—I am *ever*—what *you may call ſatisfied.*

Dr. MORAL.

You muſt know, Mr. *Atall*, in the courſe of my practice, I have obſerved there *are* people in the world, who, like ſome of our married women, are conſtantly LONGING for every thing *they* ſee or *hear of* —and in this caſe (to ſhew you what ſtrong impreſſions will do!) the mark is not transferred, but is left ſomewhere or other upon the very perſon that LONGS. I myſelf have taken notice of ſome men mark'd with a *key*—others with a *cockade*—a *ſtar*—or a *red*—*green* —or *blue ſtreak* from the ſhoulder, croſſways over the ſtomach.——Pray, Mr. *Atall*, did you ever take ſuch notice of yourſelf, as to know whether you have any thing of this kind about you?——

ATALL.

No, Sir—I don't recollect.——

Dr. MORAL.

I aſk pardon, Mr. *Atall*—indeed it was putting an unneceſſary queſtion to you, as I remember now you told

told me you was diſappointed, and in this caſe I know very well the mark is not viſible.——But then here is the misfortune—theſe diſappointments are generally attended with very remarkable Effects—that is—they are apt to give ſuch a malevolent turn to the blood, that if you afterwards meet with one, mark'd with the ſame things you have been longing for yourſelf—I am confident it muſt give you an antipathy to the very ſight of his perſon.——And to let you into the dangerous conſequences of ſuch antipathies—they are apt to cauſe violent pains in the head—leave a ſickneſs at the ſtomach—give a wildneſs to the looks—diſturb the repoſe—and put the ſpirits into ſuch violent agitations, as muſt greatly impair, and, in time deſtroy the whole animal ſyſtem.—Indeed, Mr. *Atall*, I ſhould be very glad to ſerve you—let me conſider, why—I am of opinion—that nothing is ſo likely to relieve you, as your retiring into the country——the town is a very bad air for you.——

ATALL.

No—no—doctor—I aſk your pardon, I can't poſſibly think of leaving town yet—I am to wait upon ſeveral of the higheſt quality to-morrow—and I would not miſs the miniſter's levee for the world.

Dr. MORAL.

Why—now, Mr. *Atall*—here is the misfortune—our diſorders are generally craving after that which nouriſhes 'em—but, in order to cure 'em—we muſt act upon contrary principles.——I tell you, very ſincerely, you are got into a bad air—and if you ſtay here much longer, you'll ruin your conſtitution.——

Indeed,

Indeed, I muſt inſiſt upon your trying what the country will do for you—and when you are ſettled there—I'd have you put yourſelf into a courſe of Teas, made of HEART'S EASE, THRIFT, and HONESTY.—Theſe herbs are very ſcarce about town—but you'll meet with them in any pleaſant village—the farther from town the better.——Well—I wiſh you a good journey—and, if you follow my advice, you'll ſoon do well again.

ATALL.

I muſt ſay, doctor, I really think my frequent diſappointments have affected me too much—I believe, I ſhall ſeriouſly think of the advice you have given me.—— [*Exit.*

Dr. MORAL.

But here comes one—with a fierceneſs in his eyes—and from what I obſerved of his gait, and the toſs of his head, I am afraid he has too much of the element of fire in his microcoſm—but we ſhall ſoon hear his caſe.——

[*Mr.* Cholerick *coming forward*]—Sir, as my other patients have been ſo obliging—I hope you'll favour me with your name.

CHOLERICK.

My name is *Cholerick.*——

Dr. MORAL.

[*Writing*] Very well—and now—Mr. *Cholerick*, as I propoſe, in a few days, to call upon you, and enquire how my preſcriptions agree with you, I ſhall

ſhall be glad to know where I may hear of you in town.——

CHOLERICK.

I live upon *Garlick-Hill*—I don't ſcruple to *tell* any man MY NAME, and *where* I am to *be* MET WITH.—But, as for your preſcriptions——

Dr. MORAL.

I aſſure you, Sir, if you will let me into your caſe, you are heartily welcome to the beſt advice I can give you.——

CHOLERICK.

As I have no great occaſion for it, I think it would be rather giving you too much trouble—you have already work enough upon your hands—let me tell you, Sir, there are few people in the world, but want to be taught *Better Manners*.—Faith, you have undertaken a difficult jobb—I ſpeak by experience—for I have ſometimes engaged in that buſineſs myſelf—and, to be free with you, old gentleman, I muſt ſay that I take my method to be rather better than yours.

Dr. MORAL.

Then, Sir, to communicate it, will be extremely generous.——I ſhould be glad to be put in a way, whereby I may be more ſerviceable to mankind.

CHOLERICK.

Doctor, when I ſay a *better* method, I mean a more expeditious one.——Your reaſoning the caſe with people takes up too much time—I am for going the *ſhorteſt* way to work with 'em.——

Dr MORAL.

As how, Sir?——

CHO-

CHOLERICK.

Why, doctor, when I meet with a fellow that deſerves to be *diſciplin'd*, I don't love to make many words—but inſtantly demand SATISFACTION——— [*clapping his hand upon his ſword*].

Dr. MORAL.

Mr. *Cholerick*—I beg you'll hear me with patience. —When firſt I offer'd you my advice, I had a ſhrewd ſuſpicion there was occaſion for it—and now you have convinc'd me, I was not out in my judgment.

CHOLERICK.

No great occaſion, I hope, doctor.———

Dr. MORAL.

I won't flatter you, Sir—if I have any judgment, I take you to be in a very bad way.———

CHOLERICK.

Sir, I muſt deſire you to explain your meaning.

Dr. MORAL.

That I am very ready to do—I love to be open and ſincere—and I aſſure you, Mr. *Cholerick*, I never heard a gentleman talk of *ſatisfaction* with the *air* you have pronounc'd it, but it was a conſtant rule with me, to judge that ſuch a one was ſubject to *feveriſh diſorders*, and apt to be troubled with *ſudden heats* and *fluſhings of blood*, which, unleſs taken in time, have often proved of dangerous conſequence, and ended in a———VIOLENT DEATH.———But, if you'll follow my advice, I hope we ſhall ſoon get the better of theſe diſorders.———

CHOLERICK.

What are you about now, doctor?———

Dr. MORAL.

I am conſidering—what will be the beſt method to be taken in your caſe.—Now, Sir, you muſt know, there are two very *old preſcriptions*, that were formerly in great repute—the method was, to hold a quarter of a pint of ſpring-water in the mouth—or—by way of charm, to repeat the Greek Alphabet, juſt before theſe *fluſhings* made their appearance; and, indeed, I have known both of them frequently put by a FIT—but, as neither of theſe is ſtrong enough to prevent a relapſe, I am rather for putting you into a courſe, which, we may depend upon, will effect an *abſolute* cure.——Do you ever uſe the Cold Bath?

CHOLERICK.

What do you mean by that, Sir?——

Dr. MORAL.

We muſt endeavour to keep you under a cool regimen.——When I talk of your bathing, I would not have you uſe the common Cold Bath, becauſe, upon your coming out of it, it will be apt to give your blood a *freſh glow*, which we muſt endeavour to prevent—but, upon mature conſideration, I am perſuaded, any of our common TANNERS PITS will be the beſt baths you can apply to.——

CHOLERICK.

S'blood—what do you mean, by that, Sir.——

Dr. MORAL.

I would firſt have you try what the *Lime-pits* will do for you—for this being a preparation commonly uſed, in taking off the *ſhag* from the *hide*, I am in great hopes, by a ſimilar way of acting, that it will be a means to correct that *roughneſs* which is *ſpread over* your conſtitution.

CHO-

CHOLERICK.

Doctor—doctor—I can never put up this.——Let me tell you, Sir—ſuch liberties——

Dr. MORAL.

After this, I would adviſe you to uſe the *Bark-pits* I aſſure you, Sir, we have nothing ſo excellent, as the *Infuſion* of the *Bark of Oak* to take off theſe heats and fluſhings.——

CHOLERICK.

Do you dare me, Sir—am I to be made a jeſt of —your age has hitherto protected you—but take care!

Dr. MORAL.

I ſhall endeavour to do ſo—'tis my buſineſs, Sir, to *take care* of all my patients.—And now pray, Mr. *Cholerick*, let me intreat you, not to put your ſpirits into ſuch a hurry—I grant you, you may poſſibly think, the courſe I have been preſcribing is rather too ſevere!—but when the fever fit runs ſo high, as to ſet a man's head o'rambling, and talking of murdering his fellow-creature, and at the ſame time giving the term of *Satisfaction* to his brutiſh fierceneſs, —you can't conceive but the method of cure muſt be very extraordinary.——

CHOLERICK.

What the d—l, do you perſiſt, Sir?——

Dr. MORAL.

If I do—'tis only for your advantage—and if you was a little cooler, you would think ſo yourſelf.—But indeed you are ſo very touchy, that there is no ſuch thing as holding a converſation ſafely with you—— 'tis like playing at *ſnap-dragons*—one can get nothing from you, without ſnatching it out of ſpirits in a

blaze—without running the hazard of burning one's fingers for it.——Indeed, at preſent, I ought to excuſe it—for I am confident, now THE FIT is upon you, you can be no judge of any thing that paſſes.

CHOLERICK.

Why do you think ſo—S'blood do *you* ſay—I have no judgment, Sir.——

Dr. MORAL.

None at all at preſent—of what is either *ſaid* or *done*—for how is the thing poſſible—when I am confident you can neither SEE, nor HEAR.——

CHOLERICK.

Sir, I can both ſee and hear, Sir, that you are a very ſcurrilous fellow, Sir—and if you go on at this rate, Sir—let me tell you, Sir—my *honour*, Sir——

Dr. MORAL.

What, Mr. *Cholerick*, are you got into this vulgar error, that has miſled ſo many gentlemen, of birth, and fortune!——HONOUR!—you quite miſtake the point.—But now Sir—ſince you talk of honour—you muſt know, Sir, that hypocriſy has a large wardrobe—wherein ſhe keeps a variety of habits made after the faſhion of *virtues*, and, by the help of theſe dreſſes, I am afraid, that *Rage* and *Pride* have often paſſed upon the world, for the character you have mentioned.——But, believe me, Sir, we have no manner of pretence to *Honour*, if at the ſame time we are void of humanity—and we never ſhew this more than when we bear with the weakneſs, and allow for the infirmities of our fellow-creatures.——

CHO-

CHOLERICK.

That ſpeech may do well enough for the mouth of a coward—but Sir, I am above ſubmitting to any ſuch condeſcenſions.——

Dr. MORAL.

Indeed, at preſent, I don't expect to hear of any thing ſo reaſonable from you—for—from all your behaviour—you muſt give me leave—to think, you are *beſides yourſelf*.

CHOLERICK.

What the d—l, do you think I'm mad.——

Dr. MORAL.

Mad, Sir, to the laſt degree—I don't ſay you are incurable—for I am ſtill in hopes of your recovery—but we muſt not, upon any account, truſt you to go with a *Sword* into company—and a KEEPER will be abſolutely neceſſary.——

CHOLERICK.

S'blood, doctor—[*drawing his ſword*]—what——have you no ſword on!—but that ſhan't *ſave* you—I inſiſt upon your *meeting* me to-morrow, and name your *place* and your *weapon*.——

Dr. MORAL.

[*Not regarding him*]—and as you are apt to to be ſo heated, you ſhould *keep yourſelf* very *low*—and *drink* but *little*—and ſince I find your *tongue* is ſo very *foul*, I'll ſend you a *Gargle*.——As to what elſe is proper to be done—I'll call upon you ſoon, and leave the directions with your *Keeper*.——

CHOLERICK.

Keeper!—— [*Mr.* Cholerick *ſtruts off*.

Dr. MORAL.

What has my cholerick patient left me!—well—I ſhall ſoon call upon him—when his paſſion ſubſides, he'll think of what has been ſaid—I don't deſpair of him.——

But here's a patient—hem!—he makes a ſtrange appearance, I am really at a loſs what to think of him.—[*Mr.* Dolittle *yawning*]—Hoh, now—I know his meaning by his gaping—that is—his ſetting open his mouth as wide as he can ſtretch it, is as much as to ſay, the leſs he has to do, the better—and by his hands being joined together acroſs his ſtomach—'tis plain they have entered into a ſolemn league againſt all manner of buſineſs.——

[*As Mr.* Saunter Dolittle *advances, Mr.* Trifle Dolittle *comes to him, and takes him under the arm.*]

TRIFLE DOLITTLE.

Hah! couſin *Saunter*, what, have *you* been attending this old fellow here?—do you know what ſcheme he is upon?—come, let us go and hear him.

SAUNTER DOLITTLE.

With all my heart, couſin *Trifle*, I have *nothing to do* at preſent.——

Dr. MORAL.

So—now he is join'd by a companion.——But here they come arm in arm.——Gentlemen, your ſervant—ſhall I beg the favour of your name——[to *Saunter Dolittle.*]

SAUNTER DOLITTLE.

Saunter Dolittle.——

MORAL.

Dr. MORAL.

[*Writing*]—*Saunter Dolittle*—very well.——Pray, Sir, will you oblige me with yours? [to *Trifle Dolittle*.

TRIFLE DOLITTLE.

Trifle Dolittle; we are both of the ſame family!—

Dr. MORAL.

Bleſs me! I might have ſaved you the trouble, if I had recollected myſelf—I aſk pardon—I am ſurpriz'd that two ſuch remarkable gentlemen ſhould ſlip my memory.——Why—at the court end of the town, one can't ſtir out towards the evening, without meeting a chariot, or poſt-chaiſe, or ſomething of that kind, belonging to your family, in every ſtreet! —Yes—now I remember your arms—the *Creſt* is a *Snail*—and the *Coat*, *nine Bats volant*.——Truly a *very ſuitable Coat* to diſplay your day and night expeditions.——But—gentlemen, time is precious—and as I preſume you are come for my advice, I ſhould be glad to hear a ſtate of your caſes.——Sir, if I remember right—you are Mr. *Saunter Dolittle*.—May I be ſo bold to aſk—are you of any profeſſion?——

SAUNTER DOLITTLE.

No, doctor—I have a fortune of my own, ſo that I have no occaſion to do any thing for myſelf—and I have no notion of working for other people!——

Dr. MORAL.

But, Mr. *Saunter!*—when there is ſuch an amiable character to be gain'd, by being a worthy member of ſociety, by keeping ourſelves within the circle of community, and filling out our orbits with light and glory.—I am confident, it can never be your choice to decline that honour, unleſs you are diſabled by—loſing the uſe of your limbs—or by ſome defect in your underſtanding.——

SAUNTER DOLITTLE.

Loſt the uſe of my limbs——

Dr. MORAL.

You *know*, Sir, 'tis a *family diſorder*—you have all of you a STIFFNESS in your joints, and a weakneſs upon the muſcles.—Do you ever ſweat, Mr. *Saunter?*—— Why, Sir, if a plentiful perſpiration is poſſible to be procur'd—we muſt keep you under this regimen, till the uſe of your limbs is reſtor'd.——

SAUNTER DOLITTLE.

No—no—doctor—I don't remember, that I *ever* took a ſweat in my life!—I can never ſubmit to ſuch a *violent* operation—my ſtomach won't bear it—you could not have thought of another preſcription I have ſuch an utter averſion to!——

Dr. MORAL.

And therefore nothing ſo proper—for, by the rule of contraries—it is the *only antidote* to be given in your caſe.——

TRIFLE DOLITTLE.

'Tis quite right, doctor, you have hit off the point excellently well.—Indeed, couſin *Saunter*, you *muſt* follow the old gentleman's advice—a ſweat—hah—hah—hah—give him a good doſe, he's hard to ſweat.—Well ſaid, old gentleman—but, I ſuppoſe, you'll excuſe *me* from undergoing that operation.

Dr. MORAL.

Sir, I wiſh, with all my heart, there was no occaſion; but I'm afraid, by your ſitting up ſo late, and expoſing yourſelf to the midnight damps, you are ſubject to night ſweats! which are extremely dangerous!

gerous! and ſo a good breathing in the morning—will be highly proper.——You muſt know, gentlemen, I am not for confining you to your *beds*, or for having you keep your *chambers*—the moſt wholſome perſpirations are procured from *Exerciſe*.——Indeed, *as to your caſe*, Mr. *Trifle*, I won't pretend to ſay, you have *loſt your Limbs*—but I apprehend the caſe is much the ſame, if you don't know *how* to *uſe 'em*.

TRIFLE DOLITTLE.

No—there you are out, old gentleman; few perſons are more active than myſelf; for what with *Operas*, *Maſquerades*, *Vauxhall*, *Drums and Rackets*, and what with *dreſſing* for the public diverſions——I have not a moment to be idle—no, doctor, I am always in motion—I have every day a thouſand engagements upon my hands.——

Dr. MORAL.

Too many, by your own confeſſion, to let you mind any thing of conſequence; indeed, by this laſt ſpeech of yours, I am afraid your head is a little rambling—and I'm almoſt afraid—that a *ſweat* won't be ſtrong enough for the purpoſe—we ſhall certainly have occaſion for a *Bliſter*.——

TRIFLE DOLITTLE.

This is the devil of a doctor. [*aſide.*

Dr. MORAL.

Yes, gentlemen, it will be abſolutely neceſſary.—The *bliſter* can't be diſpens'd with—take notice, it is to be applied to the *crown of the head*—what I ſhall ſend you, is the moſt valuable among the arcana of medicines—it is a *collection* of the *ſtings of Bees*—with their *points prominent*—and it is to be *dreſſed* with a

Cataplaſm of Honey and the *Oil of Ants*—I aſſure you it has wonderful virtues—acts by analogy—and never fails to communicate, that *public Spirit*, *Induſtry*, and *Policy*, which are ſo eminent among the inſects of which it is compoſed.——

TRIFLE DOLITTLE.

But all you can ſay—ſhall never perſuade me to ſubmit to a bliſter.——

SAUNTER DOLITTLE.

A ſweat and a bliſter are too violent—much too violent operations.——

Dr. MORAL.

Why—gentlemen—there is another excellent preſcription, and I can never ſufficiently admire that *public Spirit*, which ſhewed itſelf in the manner of it's publication.——Indeed, I have often wiſhed, that all ſuch *Noſtrums* as are infallible cures for the reigning diſeaſes of the age, were engrav'd upon braſs plates, and fix'd up at all places of public reſort.——I mention this, becauſe it was *this way* the excellent preſcription, I am talking of, was communicated to us. You'll find it upon the Dial at the *Temple*; and, if you'll follow the directions, I'll anſwer for it, it will be of great ſervice to you both—if you ſhould not happen to go that way ſoon, it will be no great burden upon your memories—it is—Mr. *Saunter Dolittle* and Mr. *Triſle Dolittle.*——it is—GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS.——

Dr. MORAL.

But now—who comes next?—oh! you are very obliging!—I ſee, here is another patient!—upon my word,

word, he has a ſtately gait—and carries his head high—he ſeems to be conſcious to himſelf he is a perſon of ſome conſequence—[*Mr.* Vain *advancing*]—Sir—ſhall I beg the favour of your name?——

VAIN.

Vain—Sir.——

Dr. MORAL.

[*Writing*]—and pray, of what place?——

VAIN.

Of *Blowbladder-ſtreet*.——

Dr. MORAL.

[*Writing*]—Well—Mr. *Vain*, you know my profeſſion—and if you have any occaſion for my advice—you are welcome to the beſt I can give you.——

VAIN.

O good, ſweet Sir, I am extremely oblig'd to you—but at preſent I have no favour to beg of that kind—the reaſon of my interrupting you, is to hope you'll give me the pleaſure of taking a dinner with me to-day,——I have heard you with great attention, and approve of your deſign—we have long wanted ſomething of this nature!——Indeed, Sir, you muſt give me leave to wait on you to *Blowbladder-ſtreet*—I can ſhew you a houſe elegantly furniſh'd, I fancy you'll like it—there's *Tom Courtly*, *Jack Oily*, *Bob Supple*, and *Phil. Officious*, will be part of the company.——

Dr. MORAL.

You ſee, I am upon buſineſs—I ſhould be very glad to be excuſed—the gentlemen you mention are all ſtrangers to me—I have not the leaſt acquaintance with any of 'em.——

VAIN.

O, doctor, you'll find their converſation very entertaining—'tis true—they are gentlemen of ſmall fortunes—but what of that?—*you know, doctor, every man is not born to an eſtate!*—but I'll give you my word, they are extremely well bred—and have incomparable parts.——Doctor—if you love *Poetry*, I can ſhew you ſome very polite compliments they have paid me.—There is *Jack Oily* dedicates to me every thing he publiſhes—he has a neat turn for Dedications.—You muſt know, Sir, I write ſometimes myſelf—but not often—it gives my friends too great a mortification—I remember a little extempore Ode I penned t'other day, put *Poor Bob Supple* into a moſt violent paſſion—it made him lift up his eyes—and clinch his hands!—he could not bear it!—cruel beyond meaſure! (ſays he)——Why—Mr. *Vain*, your bright genius gives no quarter!—ſo over-match'd!—intolerable!—But come, doctor—if you'll give me leave to wait on you, I ſhall leave, what with great juſtice I might ſay more of myſelf, to the friends I have been ſpeaking of—who will be rejoic'd to give you the meeting.——

Dr. MORAL.

You know, Mr. *Vain*, as ſoon as you approach'd me, I offer'd you my advice; for I really ſaw there would be occaſion for it. I can't tell what you may think of *yourſelf*, but, in my opinion, you are in a very dangerous way.——

VAIN.

A dangerous way, Sir!——

Dr.

Dr. MORAL.

Yes, Sir—extremely ſo!—you have *now* fully *let me* into your *caſe*.——

VAIN.

My caſe! I don't underſtand you—my caſe!——

Dr. MORAL.

Yes, Mr. *Vain*, and if I have any judgment—here are *ſtrong Symptoms* of your being POISON'D!—

VAIN.

O lud! doctor! who could be guilty of ſuch a villainous act!——

Dr. MORAL.

Your friends, your SUPPLES—and your OILY'S—and the reſt of 'em—the hopeful company you have been recommending to me, Sir—for, of all the poiſons we know, there is nothing carries ſo ſtrong an infection, as the *Breath of* SYCOPHANTS!——Why, Mr. *Vain*, it inſtantly ſhews itſelf, in VIOLENT TUMOURS breaking out upon any perſon that goes too near it—[*looking at Mr.* Vain, *and pauſing*]—Why—I ſee, Sir, you begin to SWELL already!

VAIN.

Swell, Sir.——

Dr. MORAL.

Why, are you not ſenſible of it yourſelf? Don't you find it riſing at your cheſt—*as you move*—'tis *very viſible!*—'tis plainly got into your neck and breaſt.—Do me the favour to let me ſee you walk—[*Mr.* Vain *ſtruts*]—Yes, Mr. *Vain*, the ſwelling is in thoſe parts! I am confident, ſtooping muſt be very painful to you.

VAIN.

O, Sir—now I begin to be a little eaſier—'tis plain—you have miſtaken the caſe!—'tis only my way of walking—a STATELY GAIT!——

Dr MORAL.

I would not have you flatter yourſelf too much—what you ſay gives me no reaſon to recede from my firſt opinion—but I'm afraid you are apt to *think better* of yourſelf, than your caſe will admit of.—— Indeed, at preſent, I am not at all ſurpriz'd to find you inſenſible of your danger—becauſe THE HEAD is *alway—greatly* diſordered, upon the breaking out of *theſe Tumours!*——I would have you try what a *Poultice* will do—made of the *bruis'd Leaves of the Humble Plant*, and let it be applied to the parts affected—'tis the beſt thing I can think of—and if we can be ſo fortunate, as to get the better of *theſe Swellings*—I am in hopes it will bring you to your right ſenſes!——

VAIN.

Bring me to my right ſenſes!——

Dr. MORAL.

Why, Mr. *Vain*—can any man, that is proud, be ſaid to be rightly ſenſible! Proud!—what ſo deteſtable!—proud!—of what, Sir?—what is there that a man has to be proud of?—Proud of your perſon—a thing—that muſt be ſoon *Worms Meat!*—Proud of your judgment—that's to be proud of nothing! for, if you *had any*, *that* would be *the Remedy!* Proud of your *dreſs—foreign* to the purpoſe! for this is to be proud of the works of *your Barber*, *Tailor*, and *Milliner*.—Proud of an eſtate or title—mere weakneſs!——Why, Mr. *Vain*, did you never hear of gentlemen—born to both—and begg'd for fools?—'tis a common caſe, though too many rich fools eſcape.——

VAIN.

VAIN.

What is all this to the purpoſe, doctor?—you have now convinc'd me, you are quite beſides the mark, Sir—I have no pride belonging to me.

Dr. MORAL.

Give me leave to know, Sir—I am a man of years and experience!——Oh!—I am afraid, I omitted telling you—that we can expect no good from the *Poultice*—unleſs you inſtantly rid your houſe of theſe *Paraſites*—for, if you ſtill ſuffer 'em to come near you, you'll be apt to be infected again—and *the Tumours* will return.——

VAIN.

Ah! doctor! if I follow your advice—I am afraid my friends won't much approve of it—I told you, if you remember, they are gentlemen of no fortunes!

Dr. MORAL.

You may make ſome proviſion for 'em another way—I have no objections to your being generous, unleſs it is at the expence of your own character—or—if they'll change their behaviour.——But, as they treat you at preſent, if you perſiſt in calling them your friends—I muſt deſpair of you!—for, to be very ſerious with you, if they *have not* given you *ſome Poiſon*—they have been adminiſtring ſomething, that has actually impair'd your underſtanding—ſo that you dream of having parts and capacities—*that you are a gentleman* that makes *a great figure* in life, when there's no manner of foundation for it.——*True Worth* acts upon very different principles—it *deteſts* the *company* you are fond of—*declines* what you are *ſeeking*—*contents* itſelf with a *ſilent Satisfaction*, is pleaſed in doing good—

good—and expects no return, but what must neceſſarily be viſible in the happineſs it beſtows.——

So to the Sun the ſpreading Vine diſplays
Her glowing treaſures, purpled by his rays;
Pleas'd with the good his genial warmth has done,
He ſees the rip'ning cluſters, and ſhines on.

VAIN.

Well, doctor, your advice, for what I know, may be very good; and I find, by ſome inſtinct I have in me, that *we ſhall all of us very ſoon come to ourſelves again*—and therefore, as I know you would be greatly mortified yourſelf by the diſcouragement of this great audience, to be forced immediately to leave off Practice—(and the town ſo full of patients!)—I think it would be quite right in you (at leaſt for the preſent) not to make an abſolute cure of me,

'Till firſt I to this GENEROUS AUDIENCE ſue
To let me ſtill BE VAIN——a night or two;
And if *ſo great a Favour* granted is!——
Allow me, DOCTOR, to be PROUD of THIS!

[*Exeunt.*

F I N I S.

4

THE TRYAL OF THE Time-Killers.

A COMEDY OF FIVE ACTS.

— — — We are such Stuff
As Dreams are made on—and our little Life
Is rounded with a Sleep.

SHAKESPEARE'S TEMPEST.

LONDON:
Printed for W. OWEN, at *Homer's-Head*, near *Temple-Bar*.
MDCCLVII.
[Price One Shilling and Six-Pence.]

PROLOGUE.

The SCENE

The ſun riſing and birds ſinging in a grove, &c.

ENTER

The Hours——twelve Virgins dreſſed in light-grey——wing'd—and holding hour-glaſſes in their hands, one of whom advancing to the front of the ſtage (the reſt falling back into a ſemicircle) ſings.——

The SONG.

I.

RIch-ſtor'd with *bleſſings* for the *wiſe*
See! ſee! *the Hours!*—a virgin train
From mortals who our gifts deſpiſe,
We ſtretch our wings for flight again.

II.

Who treats us well, is doubly bleſt;
We gild his works with gladſome light,
We *ſooth* his cares in *downy reſt*,
And ſhed the ſilent calm of night.

III.

Hence then, ye Triflers!—hence away!
Hence RIOT with *Diſgrace* that *lives*,
And Luſt that prowls at night for prey,
And LUXURY diſeaſe that gives!——

IV.

SLOTH, waſting half the day in ſleeping;
CONCEIT, with *mincing* ſtep that goes;
EXCESS, paſt midnight Revels keeping;
And PRIDE, of worth that nothing knows.

V.

But *Virgin-Innocence* may ſtay,
And *Induſtry* with plenty bleſt,
That leaves her couch at early day,
And early ſeeks refreſhing reſt!

VI.

And *graceful Science* need not go,
Nor *Art* that does *Life's Comforts* ſeek,
Which to her *honeſt Toil* does owe
The *Crimſon Health* that paints her cheek!

VII.

Deceiv'd no more by outward ſhow!
Would man but let his reaſon weigh,
What heav'n intended to beſtow,
In it's choice gifts of night and day!

VIII.

Each bleſſing with a bounteous hand
Rich *Plenty* from her horn ſhould pour
In number equal to the ſand
That meaſures out the fleeting hour!—

IX.

And *Fame* with *heav'n-born Love* attending,
Fame, that with Immortals lives,
With her verdant wreath deſcending
Shall crown the joys that plenty gives!—

CHORUS. *The laſt Stanza repeated.*

EPILOGUE.

The SCENE

A dark blue ſky—the ſtars appear, and the moon riſes.

ENTER

The Hours, in night-dreſſes of dark blue, embroidered with ſtars, wing'd and holding hour-glaſſes (as in the Prologue) &c.——

The SONG.

SEE, mortals, ſee, with rapid flight
The Hours return'd with *blue-ey'd Night*—
Take—take the opiate ſhe prepares,
Sovereign remedy for cares!

CHORUS.

Take, take the opiate Night prepares,
Sovereign remedy for cares.

'Till morning darts her ſaffron ray,
And wakes the lark to ſing in day,
Her ſacred rites in ſilence keep,
Huſh'd! huſh'd be *Toil* in downy ſleep;
Let none but fancy (oft awake)
Yet ſo as not the charm to break,
Within the curtains ſoftly ſteal,
And with DEATH'S IMAGE hold her tale.——

CHORUS.

Take, take the opiate Night prepares,
Sovereign remedy for cares!

EPILOGUE.

Take it, take it, while we rove
To the enamell'd field or grove,
To ſtore with ſweets the *Violet blue*,
Bleach *Lady-ſmocks* with ſilver dew——
From Nature's jewel-office ſent
While our airy courſe is bent,
To hang the lucid-pearly drop
Upon the Honeyſuckle's top!
With liquid gems the Hawthorn trim,
Fill golden king-cups to the brim,
Or acorn-goblets (richly wrought)
With Fairie Nectar cooling draught!
By midnight maſkers quaff'd, as ſoon
As their circled dance is done.

CHORUS.

Take, take the opiate Night prepares,
Sovereign remedy for cares.——



THE

THE

ARGUMENT.

IN this ſatire the preſent faſhionable ways of miſ-ſpending Time, are conſidered and cenſured——and Offenders puniſhed.——

THE

ACTORS NAMES.

Judge, Jury, *&c.*

Serjeant Goodman, *Councel againſt the Priſoners.*

Serjeant Sly, *Councel for the Priſoners.*

Triſle Maggot, *Eſq*;
Methuſalem Ruſt, *Eſq*;
William Lillyface, *Eſq*;
Sir Barnaby Bumper, *Knt. and Bart.*
Seignior Concertini,
Seignior Violoncello,
Lady Jane Whirlabout,
Lady Cecilia Melody,
Lady Eleanor Autumn,
} CONSPIRATORS.

Mr. Fetter, *the Jailor*,

Mrs. Fetter, *Wife to the Jailor*,

Kitty, *the Jailor's Daughter*,

Lucy, *the Maid*,

Witneſſes, *&c.*

The SCENE, *Weſtminſter.*

THE TRYAL OF THE TIME-KILLERS.

ACT I. SCENE I. *A Jail.*

[*Enter Mr.* FETTER, *with the Kalendar of the Priſoners to be try'd.*]

Mr. FETTER.

I HAVE here a paper ſent me by Mr. Sheriff to let me know, what priſoners I am to bring to the court to-day—let me ſee——*Trifle Maggot*, *Methuſalem Ruſt*, *William Lillyface*, Eſqrs.—and—hah!—here is my good old friend Sir *Barnaby Bumper*—with his honeſt—glow-worm face that a man may ſee in the dark—and here are *the two ſallow-fac'd*—long-nos'd *Italians*—but I muſt not ſtay now to comment upon their characters—we *muſt* make haſte—the court will be

ſitting in about an hour—and then here are ſome ladies!—I muſt ſend up my wife to call 'em.—Here, wife—wife!——

Enter Mrs. FETTER.

Mrs. *Fetter.* O dear huſband! what ſhall we do with all theſe ſtrange people—I vow my head is quite addled with 'em already—I have loſt my hearing.

Mr. *Fetter.* If their *noiſe* makes you *deaf*—*deafneſs* is the cure—a rare antidote for *noiſe*.——But ſee here—I have orders to bring Lady *Whirlabout*—and Lady *Autumn*—to the court immediately.—Do you call 'em—tell 'em—if they are not dreſſed already—(as I have given 'em notice of their going) they muſt not ſtay now, to trim themſelves out, as they do at other times. [*Exit Mrs.* Fetter.

And here is Lady *Melody*, who has taken ſuch a fancy to *Kitty*, becauſe the girl can ſing half a dozen ballads—I'll e'en ſend her up to ſerenade her Ladyſhip—we ſhall never get ready.—Here *Kitty*, *Kitty*.

Enter KITTY.

What! I ſuppoſe you made rare hours of it laſt night with this new acquaintance of yours!——

Kitty. Indeed, papa—there was ſuch good company—ſuch charming ladies—and they were all ſo *finely* dreſs'd!—I could not go to bed ſooner.——And then there was *Billy Lillyface*—[*Mr.* Fetter *ſtamps and frowns*]—indeed, papa, he is quite a civil gentleman:

Mr. *Fetter.* Heyday! Huſſy, is it already come to this?——*Billy Lillyface*, indeed!——

Kitty. Why la', papa—all the ladies call him ſo—and he talks ſo prettily—and looks ſo good humoured—

moured—he is never above ſpeaking to one.—But, O' pray, papa, ſhan't I have ſuch a cap as Lady *Melody* wears?——Indeed! I look ſo queer in this thing here——

Mr. *Fetter.* Huſſy, don't you ſee I am full of buſineſs at preſent.——Do you run this inſtant to Lady *Melody*'s chamber—and if you find her in bed—tell her ſhe muſt riſe this moment—and, if ſhe does not get ready ſoon—I muſt come and take her along with me dreſſed or undreſſed—the court won't like to wait. [*Exit* Kitty.

So here's likely to be *rare* doings—the girl has had but three days acquaintance with theſe ladies—ſhe'll be *utterly* ruin'd, if ſhe keeps *ſuch company* any longer.——

SCENE II. *A Lobby.*

Enter Mr. LILLYFACE *meeting* KITTY.

LILLYFACE.

NOW am I certain of good fortune to-day—ſince it has begun with ſo lucky an omen, as the firſt perſon I have ſeen is dear Miſs *Kitty.*

Kitty. If I could have thought your ſeeing me, would have brought you ſuch good luck—poſſibly I might have come on purpoſe—but not knowing there was ſo much virtue in my preſence, as you have diſcovered, I confeſs, I came by accident—my papa ſent me to call Lady *Melody*, and I was coming down from her chamber when you met me.——

Lillyface. Charming innocence [*kiſſes her*] but now, as you and I have met ſo luckily—we won't talk of Lady *Melody*—we'll think of a prettier topic.

Kitty. As you are going to your tryal, Sir, I ſuppoſe, you would rather chuſe to be thinking of your *liberty*.——

Lillyface. No, dear *Kitty*, your eyes have effectually put a ſtop to *that*.

Kitty. Why now, Mr. *Lillyface*, I don't underſtand what you mean——I am not ſo cruel as you make me.

Lillyface. You are not indeed the perſon appointed by the laws to keep me here—but now—'tis through your means, I muſt make a longer ſtay than I intended.

Kitty. My means!—whoever told you ſo—did me great injuſtice.——

Lillyface. Why, you dear little rogue you—your eyes told me ſo—and my heart believed every word they ſaid.

Kitty. I know no reaſon why my eyes ſhould tell you ſuch a fib then; for my heart ſtood more your friend—and ever ſince you came here, I have been wiſhing for your diſcharge.——

Lillyface. Your wiſhes come too late—as to my ever ſeeing liberty again, 'tis now paſt hope!—— indeed, I begin to be very eaſy about it, for though I don't quite ſo well reliſh the confinement your father keeps me under, it is my greateſt happineſs, to be his *daughter's priſoner*.——

Kitty. La! Mr. *Lillyface*, how you talk! how are you my priſoner?——

Lillyface.

Lillyface. You dear hypocrite!—I know you underſtand me!——then, in plain terms, my heart is your's, and you are more cruel than your papa—he may ſoon releaſe me—but this heart muſt ſtay behind—under your confinement.——

Kitty. If I had the charge of keeping the priſoner, you are ſpeaking of, cloſe confin'd—I am afraid I ſhould have a harder taſk, than my papa has with all his people—I could never watch it cloſe enough to *keep it* from *rambling*.

Lillyface. Nothing ſo eaſy!—it is but keeping it next to *your*'s, and giving it a warm reception.

Kitty. But then *my* heart, in effect, muſt be a priſoner too —and what a pretty life would that lead —if, to take away your's, it muſt loſe it's *own* liberty.

Lillyface. Suppoſe then—like fellow-priſoners, they were to endeavour to make their eſcape together —what think you, deareſt *Kitty*, of that propoſal?

Kitty. Why, I think, the priſoners would ſoon part company—that is, your heart would ſoon run away from mine.——

Lillyface. No, not 'till death parted them—they ſhould alway keep cloſe together—'till they grew into one—never more to be divided.——

Kitty. How ſhall I be ſure of that?——

Lillyface. Why, you ſhall agree to leave this place with me—and I'll get you the fineſt *lodgings* in town—you ſhall wear your gold watch—and ſparkle with your diamond ear-rings—you ſhall have your laces—your vandykes—your ſacks—and your ſhades—you ſhall have every thing in the pink of the mode—and I'll come every day and ſee you—our hearts ſhall live and die together.—— *Kitty.*

Kitty. Huſh!—here is my mamma coming.—

Lillyface. It was only your imagination—but, leſt we ſhould be interrupted, let us retire into the next room———[*leads her in.*]

SCENE III. *Lady* Melody's *Apartment.*

LADY MELODY, *Riſing.*

HOW I came here——and why a priſoner, I know not!—neither can I conceive, indeed, what this *new law* has to do with perſons of *quality*—and to be confin'd!—in *ſuch* a place!—was ever inſult like it!—and now to be diſturb'd at theſe *early* hours with *ſuch* a ſummons, as I have had delivered me.—Grant me patience!—there's *no ſuch* thing—'tis a *name* without a being—[*throws herſelf into a chair, and takes out her ſmelling-bottle*]—and where are theſe ladies—I ſuppoſe *Billy* has not unpinned his papers, or *he* would have called upon me.——O! I am dying for want of company!——Heyday! my pulſe forgets to beat—and my limbs to do their office——I wiſh that bell there would ring of it's own accord. ——O! here they come.——

Enter Lady NELLY AUTUMN.

Lady *Autumn.* A good morning to your Ladyſhip. —Well—'tis certain, Lady *Melody*, our tryal comes on to-day, I never thought they would have carry'd things to *theſe* lengths.—But I muſt tell you, my dear, that Serjeant *Sly* and Mr. *Quibble* called upon me in the evening—and I gave 'em *full inſtructions*—I inſiſted, that *our Cauſe* is the cauſe of every *perſon in high life*, and

and I hop'd they would conſider, how greatly their characters would be advanc'd, in carrying the point.——Upon my word, Lady *Melody*, you are a ſtrange giddy creature to leave *all* the *buſineſs* to me—but 'tis well there is *ſomebody* has a *head* to undertake it.

Enter Lady WHIRLABOUT.

Lady *Whirlabout*—[*Holding up her hands*]—Hah! hah! hah!—I ſee I have not diſturb'd your Ladyſhip—but can I believe my eyes!—I proteſt out of bed—and dreſſed too ſo early!—why, by my watch, 'tis hardly nine.——What ſtrange events muſt this prodigy preſage.

Enter Mr. LILLYFACE.

Lillyface. O ladies!—I find we are to have abominable doings—for I vow, Mr. *Quid*, the Sollicitor's Clerk told me yeſterday, that the *Jury* is to be compoſed of *filthy Tradeſmen.*——

Lady *Whirlabout.* No ſurely, Mr. *Lillyface*, they dare not take ſuch an unprecedented ſtep as this—this would be *breaking in* upon the privilege of *People of Honour.*——

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Here is an old gentleman below, who deſires to be admitted to your Ladyſhips.——

Lady *Whirlabout.* Do you know, child, who the gentleman is?

Lucy. No—indeed, my Lady, I never ſaw the gentleman before—but, by the weather-beaten appearance he makes—I verily believe 'tis the *old Gentleman* that has given your Ladyſhips all this trouble.

Lady *Melody.* If 'tis *that* fellow—I can't bear the ſight of him!——

Lady

Lady *Autumn.* O ſave me—ſave me, Mr. *Lillyface.*

Lillyface. [*Retiring behind the Ladies*]—I ſuppoſe 'tis no good deſign that brings *him* hither—I am not *prepared*—I have not my *Sword* on.——

Lady *Whirlabout.* Why, Ladies, I can't conceive there is any reaſon for this behaviour—if it is Mr. *Time*—I ſuppoſe he is come to beg all our pardons—and to put a ſtop to the proſecution.——Go child, and deſire him to walk up.——[*As* Lucy *is going, Mr.* Quibble *enters.*]

Lillyface. I proteſt 'tis Mr. *Quibble*—I knew it could not be Mr. *Time*—I was confident, he *had* not the *Courage* to give me the meeting.

Quibble. I was unwilling to go to the court, Ladies, 'till I had firſt called in upon you, to aſk you, whether you have any farther inſtructions.——

Lady *Melody.* O! Mr. *Quibble*—there's *your Clerk* has told Mr. *Lillyface*, that we are to have a *Jury of Tradeſmen*—ſurely—*you* have been ſadly negligent in the *chief* point—you ſhould have managed with diſcretion—and now—*we* are *all* of us to be the ſufferers.

Quibble. Don't condemn me, Ladies, before you *hear* me—you can't judge ſo ill of me, as to think—*ſuch* a thing *ſhould* have taken place, if it *could* have been prevented.——Indeed, I don't approve of it—but there is *a Clauſe in the very* Act—which ſays expreſsly, that the jury, ſhall be compos'd of *ſuch* men as *follow* ſome *buſineſs* or *profeſſion.*——

Lady *Melody.* Say no more, Mr. *Quibble*—'tis all over with us—if the *Verdict* is to be given by A Jury of Creatures.——

Quibble.

Quibble. Why, Ladies, notwithſtanding—I can't conceive any *great harm* can come of this proceeding—all *Tradeſmen* I ſhould think, are under the *influence* of people of fortune—I don't know, indeed, where bills are *long ſtanding*—and ſuch as have offer'd 'em, have been *pretty roughly* treated—how *this* may *alter* the caſe!——

Lady *Autumn.* Alter the caſe!—why let the *worſt* come that *can* happen—I aſſure you, nothing ſhall ever deter me from acting like other people of quality—why'—tis not *the faſhion* to *call in Bills* now-a-days—let *Tradeſmen wait*—I am never at home to ſee ſuch *vulgar company*—if *their* favour is only to be procured, by diſcharging our debts, let 'em *do* their worſt—I am ſure—I ſhall ſuffer leſs from their reſentment, than from the diſgrace I ſhould bring upon myſelf, in not complying with the mode.

Lillyface. Mr. *Quibble*, I hope you received my letter.——

Quibble. Yes, Sir—and I ſhall obey your directions—your letter, Sir, put me at firſt to a little nonplus, to find out the contents of it.——You'll pardon me—but indeed I was forced to call in a kinſwoman's aſſiſtance to decypher it.—She obſerv'd your Honour *ſpells* juſt as ſhe does.——

Lillyface. O dear Sir, to tell me I write as ladies do, is paying me the higheſt compliment!——

Quibble. I think, Sir, you gave me inſtructions (we puzzled it out at laſt) to make exceptions to one *Monſieur le Frizzet*, a *French Barber*, if he ſhould happen to be called over upon the jury.——I hope I am not miſtaken as to the name.——

Lillyface. You are very right—that's the name of the ſorry fellow—the dog never waited, above *three hours* in a morning, to *pin* up my *papers*, and ſet out my *curls*—and at the year's end—he brought me in a moſt *unconſcionable* bill—and upon my telling him he was an unmannerly puppy—he grew ſo impertinent—that it put me into a *violent* paſſion—and with *theſe hands* I puſhed the rude ſaucy fellow down ſtairs without paying him.

Lady *Autumn.* Upon my honour, I think, Mr. *Lillyface* has taken a very judicious ſtep—and we have all of us been guilty of a *great* overſight, in not giving in a liſt, of thoſe particular tradeſmen we deal with, *to be excepted*—I am afraid, Mr. *Quibble*, 'tis now too late to think of it.

Quibble. Why, ladies—to ſhew you, I did every thing in my power, to ſerve you, I was *myſelf* a little apprehenſive, that *ſome ſorts* of tradeſmen would not do quite *ſo well* upon the jury—and ſo for the ſake of my clients—I think I have taken *ſuch* care—that I am in hopes we ſhall have no *Lacemen*, *Silk-Mercers*, *Habit-makers*, *Perfumers*, *Toyſhop-men*, *Wax-Chandlers*, and *Barbers.*——(I could not tell as to the point of payment, how the caſe might ſtand between people of theſe profeſſions, and your Ladyſhips) and ſo—in their place—the liſt to be given in, conſiſts of *Stationers*, *Woollen-Drapers*, *Sailcloth-makers*, *Ship-Wrights*, and ſo forth.

Lady *Melody.* But I hope Serjeant *Sly* will exert himſelf.——

Quibble. You need not fear it—I have ſupplied him, pretty handſomely with the MEANS to *ſet* his

Oratory

Oratory a flowing—it is doing *nothing*—if we go to *ſtarve the Cauſe*—*Gold* in a Counſel's hand undergoes a ſort of *tranſmigration* —it turns into *Voice* and *Eloquence*, and communicates to his pleadings *Sound* and *Weight*.——

But, ladies, I had almoſt forgot, to pay you the gentlemens compliments—I had but juſt left 'em, when I did myſelf the honour of calling upon you—I believe they are ready to wait on you.——Your ſervant, ladies, I muſt attend the counſel.——

Enter Mr. Fetter *with* Methuſalem Ruſt, *Mr.* Rattle Maggot, *Sir* Barnaby Bumper, *Seignior* Concertini *and Seignior* Violoncello, *who go to the Ladies and compliment 'em in dumb ſhew.*

Mr. *Fetter.* Come—come—orders muſt be obey'd!—it may fare harder with you, if you ſtay too long, and put the court out of humour.——

[*Exeunt with the Jailor, the gentlemen leading the ladies.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Court ſet—Judge, Councel, Clerk, Jury, &c.

JUDGE.

GEntlemen of the jury, this COURT is held by a *ſpecial commiſſion* for the tryal of an idle, looſe and dangerous ſet of people, in purſuance of *the late ſtatute* in this caſe made and provided—wherein

it is enacted, **That all perſons, of what ſex, rank, or quality ſoever, who, from and after the 10th day of *March* laſt paſt, ſhall contrive, or do—or ſeduce others to contrive or do any thing to the hurt, maim, prejudice—loſs of reputation, life or limb, of one TIMOTHY TIME of the city of *London*, Watch and Clock-maker, ſhall be ſubjected and liable, according to the nature of the offence, to ſuffer ſuch fines, pains, penalties, and impriſonments, as in the ſaid ſtatute before mention'd are recited and ſet forth.**

And, gentlemen, I am likewiſe to obſerve to you, that the ſtatute farther empowers us, **to enquire into, finally determine, and award judgment in all other matters and caſes, relating to any injury or injuries charg'd or chargeable upon the priſoners, or any one, or more of them, at—or before—or ſince the time of their commitment.**

And now, gentlemen, I am perſuaded, when you come to have the injuries laid before you, which the community has ſuffered by the *follies*, *luxuries*, and *riots* of this ſet of people—you will permit no conſiderations ariſing from the rank or quality of the offender, to warp or influence that *juſt verdict* which the public is now waiting for, in your determinations—and as we are likely to have ſo much buſineſs to day.——I muſt entreat you, *gentlemen of the counſel*, to be as conciſe in your pleadings as you can conſiſtently with your due regard to the merits of the cauſe.——Crier! make proclamation.

Crier. Oyez—Oyez—Oyez—all manner of perſons who have any thing to ſay in the cauſe between our

our Sovereign Lord the King and the priſoners at the bar.——Draw near—and give your attendance.

Clerk of the Arraigns. You, TRIFLE MAGGOT, of *Covent-Garden*, Eſq; METHUSALEM RUST, of *Old Fiſh-ſtreet*, Eſq; WILLIAM LILLYFACE, of *Hanover-ſquare*, Eſq; Lady JANE WHIRLABOUT, of *Leiceſter-fields*; Lady CECILIA MELODY; Seignior VIOLONCELLO; Seignior CONCERTINI, of *Groſvenor-ſquare*; Lady ELEANOR AUTUMN, of St. *George's-ſquare*, in the liberty of *Weſtminſter* and county of *Middleſex*.——And you, Sir BARNABY BUMPER, of *Portſoken-ward* in the city of *London*, Knt. and Bart. hold up your hands [*Sir* Barnaby's *hand ſhakes*] you ſtand here indicted for that you, and each of you, being perſons of evil minds and diſpoſitions, on the 18th day of *October* laſt paſt, and at divers times before and after, confederating with divers others perſons, of evil fame, did unlawfully conſpire, combine, and agree one *Timothy Time*, of the city of *London*, watch and clock-maker, wilfully—feloniouſly—and of malice aforethought to kill and murder—and in purſuance of ſuch unlawful conſpiracy, combination, and agreement, did, at divers times as aforeſaid—and at divers places, to wit, in the cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter* aforeſaid, certain riotous, routous, and unlawful meetings hold—and by divers ways and means—and with divers offenſive and dangerous weapons—to wit—with ſticks, ropes, ſciſſars, ſtrings, feather-beds, and other inſtruments, ſeveral attempts did make, theſe your wicked, barbarous, and bloody deſigns fully to complete and execute.——Anſwer to your names.—

Clerk

Clerk of the Arraigns. How ſay you, *Trifle Maggot?*

Maggot. Not guilty.

C. of the Ar. How ſay you, *Methuſalem Ruſt?*

Ruſt. Not guilty.

C. of the Ar. How ſay you, *William Lillyface?*

Lillyface. Not guilty.

C. of the Ar. How ſay you, Lady *Jane Whirlabout?*

Lady *Whirlabout.* Not guilty.

C. of the Ar. How ſay you, Lady *Cecilia Melody?*

Lady *Melody.* Not guilty, upon my honour.

C. of the Ar. How ſay you, Seignior *Concertini?*

Concertini. My Lord, I be but very little vile in *England*, ſo no underſtand what I came here for.

Judge. You are to plead to the indictment—you ſtand charged with—being in a confederacy to kill one Mr. *Time*, a gentleman of great worth and character.——

Concertini. No—no—no—I no bravo, my goot Lord—I want to kill no gentleman—no guilty.

C. of the Ar. How ſay you, Seignior *Violoncello?*

Violoncello. Not guilty, upon my honour—I be hired to kill nobody—I came to play to *Engliſh* Lauds and *Engliſh* Ladies—de *English* are all goot—ver rich—dey give to us *Italians* too much monee to make us tink of killing dem.——

C. of the Ar. And how ſay you, Lady *Eleanor Autumn?*

Lady *Autumn.* Not guilty, upon my honour.

C. of the Ar. And how ſay you, Sir *Barnaby Bumper*, guilty, or not guilty?

Sir *Barnaby.* Not guilty.

Serjeant

Serjeant *Goodman.* You may let Mr. *Maggot* remain at the bar—the reſt of the priſoners may retire for the preſent—[Maggot *continues at the bar*]—— My Lord, the priſoner is charged with being a principal promoter of this conſpiracy—and to ſhew that he was coolly and deliberately fixed, and determined, to carry it into full effect, we ſhall firſt prove, that to remove all obſtacles out of his way, which he was apprehenſive might prevent, or retard, the execution of his infamous project, he has, in a moſt violent and outragious manner, aſſaulted one of the honeſt men, which the proſecutor, upon Account of the frequent inſults offered him, by this ſet of people, was obliged to hire, to *keep watch* at nights, for the ſecurity of his perſon.—Crier! call *William Nightſhade.*

Crier. William Nightſhade—William Nightſhade, &c.—[*he appears*].

Serjeant *Goodman.* Pray, honeſt friend, look at the priſoner at the bar—do you know him?

Nightſhade. Yes, an't pleaſe your Worſhip—I think I have ſome reaſon to know that gentleman again.——

Serjeant *Goodman.* Indeed, I think ſo too—as I find he has uſed you very ill.——But come, you muſt inform the court in what manner you was aſſaulted by him, you muſt not omit any circumſtance.

Nightſhade. Why then—bleſs your Worſhip—[*pulling off his cap, and ſhewing his head covered with plaiſters*]—you may ſee here the marks of his Honour's mad frolicks.

Serjeant *Sly.* I ſuppoſe, my Lord, thoſe marks are only a proof that the fellow ſaid, or did ſomething to provoke the priſoner! *Night-*

Nightshade. I assure your Worship—'tis no such thing—I was never the man that ever designed to give offence—no—no—'tis *no such thing*—as I was minding my business—and the gentleman there was passing by—I only told him civilly, *Past three o'clock and a cloudy morning!*—[*singing*]—when, heyday! says he, (there he stands, let 'en deny it if he can) and coming up to me—what have we here?—— A HUMAN CLOCK!—a very odd kind of REPEATER upon my soul!—one of the hours 'egad strolling about, in a masquerading habit!——Past three!—come—come—quickly—how many minutes!—— Hoh! hoh! I see you want a minute-hand to your dial-plate!—with that up goes my gentleman's cane! and truly he play'd THE SECONDS pretty handsomely. —Well—in the scuffle—off goes this fur-cap of mine (the worse luck for me!) for now an odd thought coming across his Worship's head—I suppose by this time, says he again, 'tis pretty near upon the STROKE of FOUR—come, friend—I'll assist you—I'll strike, and you shall count—reckon—reckon—you son of a whore!—there's ONE!—there's Two—so he gave me four more knocks, before he took his leave of me—and I was under a terrible apprehension—his Honour would have staid to have play'd *the Chimes*—but it was very fortunate for *me*—he happened not to think of it.——

Serjeant *Sly.* My Lord, though the prisoner's behaviour, in this instance, has not been altogether so regular—as I could have wish'd—yet—I humbly conceive the case may admit of *a little softning*—we must consider the *prisoner* as a *young gentleman* of

birth

birth and *fortune!*—and as education now runs—as the taſte of the age is at preſent, it will be unreaſonable to *expect any ſerious regard for character*—beſides, my Lord, it is really a queſtion, whether or no, his *committing this Riot* in the ſtreets—his *aſſaulting* Mr. *Nightſhade* in his office, won't be looked upon by the world as an *act of bravery*—as a *proof* of his being a young *promiſing Gentleman* of *life* and *ſpirit!*—as the *blazonry* of *wit* and *humour*—when things go by very different names, from what they did formerly, I think the point ſhould be decided by *our new* and *improved ideas*—and if this is allowed, I muſt obſerve to your Lordſhip, that the priſoner has acted with GREAT CONSISTENCY—becauſe, if he had acted otherwiſe, he muſt neceſſarily have *hazarded* his *being reputed*, a young gentleman of *family!*

Serjeant *Goodman.* I can't apprehend, my Lord, what my brother can mean by propoſing his *ſoftners*—I don't find they are intended to be applied to Mr. *Nightſhade*'s broken head, which we have ſeen covered with *Plaiſters!*—where we muſt own there would be *great occaſion* for 'em.——No, my Lord, I find it is his intention (when he obſerves the caſe may admit of a little ſoftning) to introduce BIRTH and FORTUNE as advocates for actions, that are a diſgrace to 'em—and yet I can't ſay but the obſervations my brother has been making, are ſhameful truths! indeed, it is too evident that riots and enormities *now a days*, frequently ſhield themſelves under the appellation of gallantries—and that QUALITY gives a ſanction to many unruly proceedings.—But, my Lord, if we allow the currency of theſe wrong

denominations, we may as well admit of *falſe weights* and a *baſe coinage*—they are crimes of like evil conſequence to the community, and therefore it is my opinion, there ſhould be no difference in the manner of their puniſhments.——

But, my Lord, we muſt farther intreat your patience—we have a farther charge againſt the priſoner—we ſhall prove that he has been ſtirring and active in aiding and abetting this conſpiracy, that he has kept up a conſtant correſpondence with the other parties concerned in it—and that he has made ſeveral journeys, and has been at great expences to countenance and promote it.——Cryer, call *Jeremy Jehu.*

Cryer. *Jeremy Jehu—Jeremy Jehu*—[*he appears*].

Serjeant *Sly.* You Sir—what is it you know of the priſoner? What buſineſs do you follow?

Jehu. I let out poſtchaiſes and phaetons to all parts of the kingdom.——

Serjeant *Goodman.* Very well, honeſt friend—pray look at the priſoner—has not he frequently dealt with you for carriages?——

Jehu. Yes, Sir—Maſter there, has had *many* a phaeton of me.——

Serjeant *Goodman.* Well—then, I ſuppoſe, you can tell us, where he goes—and perhaps can let us know, what company he generally takes with him?

Jehu. Why, Sir—as ſoon as the diverſions are over—Maſter ſets out with the reſt of the people of faſhion, and 'tis ſometimes to *one place*, and ſometimes to *another—that* happens, juſt as the whim takes 'em—but when the fine gentry begin to hurry out of town, *he* can't ſtay behind—he loves to be one among them.——

Serjeant

Serjeant *Goodman.* When did you ſee him laſt?

Jehu. As well as I remember, it was about a month ago—for hearing Maſter was come to town again, I made bold to call upon him at his lodgings—and brought him his bills—for I have never yet ſeen a farthing of his money, though he has dealt with me ever ſince the death of his father, which is ſomething more than five years ago—I wanted to pay for ſome freſh cattle, I had juſt bought in.

Serjeant *Goodman.* Well—did the priſoner anſwer your demands?——

Jehu. Ah! dear Sir—[*ſhrugging and ſhaking his head*]—as ſoon as ever I ſaw Maſter, I preſently gueſſed how the caſe would be!—there's never any money ſtirring, when Maſter calls me *Jerry*, ſpeaks civilly to me, and begins talking about his own affairs.——

Serjeant *Goodman.* I find then you had ſome converſation with him; do you remember what was the ſubject of it?——

Jehu. As ſoon as Maſter ſaw, who 'twas that wanted to ſpeak with him, *Jerry*, ſays he, is it *you?*—Well—you ſee I am returned from the Wells!—and I hope, ſays I, your Honour has found benefit by *drinking the Waters!*—upon which Maſter fell a laughing—the *Waters!* you ſilly cur, ſays he! do you think people of faſhion go to the Wells to *drink Water!*——

Serjeant *Goodman.* You have already informed us, that the priſoner was very *free* and *open* in his converſation with you—and now—as he confeſſed he did not take this journey to the Wells, for the ſake of

the Waters.——Pray, did he give you any hint, as to what buſineſs he had at theſe places?——

Jehu. Yes, Sir—for after Maſter had made the joke I told you of, about drinking the Waters——no—no—*Jerry*, ſays he, you don't take the caſe in a right light—the truth is, as ſoon as the diverſions are over, people of faſhion don't know what to do with themſelves, and then—there's TIME grows ſo troubleſome and impertinent—'egad he is alway giving the gentlemen the *hip*, and the ladies the *vapours*—ſo that we go to theſe public places to conſult together, *how to get rid of him.*——

Serjeant *Sly*. *To get rid of him!*—well—[*ſpeaking peevishly*]—and now—what uſe are we to make of this expreſſion? I hope here is no deſign, by a forc'd and tortur'd interpretation, to bring in the priſoner guilty, whether he is in fact ſo, or not!——I aver, my Lord, the words admit of a very innocent conſtruction, and import no more, as I humbly conceive, than a fair and ingenuous declaration, that the priſoner was determined to decline having any farther converſation with him—at leaſt, the words will bear this meaning, and the law gives us the benefit of the moſt favourable interpretation.——Indeed, I can't think that Mr. *Time* is by any means a *fit acquaintance* for ſuch *young people*—for, unleſs there is an *agreement* in our *way of thinking*—an *equality of years*—and a *ſimilitude of manners*—here can be no *freedoms* uſed!—no *Exchanges* of *intereſting Truſts!*—and all *intimacy* ceaſes!——Now, Mr. *Time* being a gentleman greatly *advanced* in years, it is natural to imagine, (as 'tis the common infirmity of old age) that by

by being ſo much *older*, he is apt to look upon himſelf as *wiſer* and *better* than younger people—and *privileged* upon this account to take greater *liberties* than are becoming him—and if this is the caſe, what gentleman of *any* ſpirit, would chuſe to keep company with a *peevish moroſe old fellow*, who, he was certain, would be alway cenſuring his conduct!—— In ſhort, my Lord, I allow the manner of the priſoner's expreſſing himſelf, diſcovers ſome *coolneſs*, and I think we have had very good reaſons aſſigned, for his ſhewing this behaviour to the proſecutor—but I aver here is nothing appears, which gives us any authority to conclude, that he was therefore going to make *an attempt upon his life*.——

Serjeant *Goodman*. I wiſh this may prove to be the caſe with all my heart, but perhaps we ſhall ſoon hear, how we are to determine it, from what the witneſs has farther to deliver.

Serjeant *Sly*. My Lord, I beg leave to take notice, that this fellow has informed us, his bill was not paid him by the priſoner—ſo that I am afraid he is come hither, to vent his *reſentment*—here are *ſome grounds* to think ſo—for, as I conceive, the account he has given, does not by any means hang well together.——

You—Mr. *Jehu*—(pray obſerve me!)—you ſay the priſoner complained to you of Mr. *Time*'s being *troubleſome* and *impertinent*.——Now, my Lord, I can't ſee what could poſſibly induce the priſoner, to bring *his* name ſo *abruptly* into the converſation, eſpecially as nothing paſſed before, which led to that ſubject.——

Jehu.

Jebu. But, Sir—*I* ſaw the reaſon plain enough—and 'twas no more than I expected—for I don't remember that I ever called upon Maſter, for a little money, but he alway began complaining of that SAME TIME—telling me, 'twas all *owing to him* that he could *not pay me.*——

Serjeant *Sly.* I don't underſtand you—pray explain yourſelf.——

Jebu. Why then, Sir—he aſſured me, that that OLD ROGUE (thoſe were his very words) had procur'd a curſed *Grant from the Crown*, to keep him out of his eſtate, 'till he was *one and twenty*—and *that* was the reaſon in ſhort, he had no money to ſpare.

Serjeant *Sly.* Sir—I would have you take care what you ſay.——My Lord, we can prove the priſoner is of age.——

Jebu. Yes, Sir, I know that very well—Maſter has been his own man about three months—and ſo when he began upon the old complaint (ſeeing preſently what he was driving at) I took the liberty to tell him, if formerly the old gentleman had not uſed him ſo handſomely as he ſhould have done, *all that* was *now paſt* and *gone*—for that, I knew very well Mr. *Time* and he, had had nothing to ſay to one another, ever ſince his laſt birth-day—and therefore if he would either pay me the *whole* or *part* of the money, it would be doing me a great kindneſs.

Serjeant *Goodman.* Very well, honeſt friend, and now pray let us hear, what anſwer the priſoner gave you.——

Jebu. Why then, Sir—(I ſhall never forget how he look'd, he ſtood with his arms ſo;—and his head upon

upon his ſhoulder)—[*mimicking*]—Why!—that's very true, *Jerry*, ſays he, I am at laſt got out of his clutches—but when the old dog has uſed me ſo ill—(five long years!—conſider, *Jerry!*—in the *prime* of life!)—Do you think, I can ſhew ſuch a meanneſs of ſpirit (now 'tis in my power) not to ſeek to be revenged of him—and upon my venturing to aſk him, what he intended to do——To do!—ſays he—why, what all the faſhionable world are doing—to KILL him, you ſon of a whore!—'tis now-a-days all the *taſte*—and then—(pretending to look gravely)—but our *meetings* upon *this affair*, ſays he, have of late been ſo *bloody expenſive*, that I muſt deſire you, to *have patience* with me a little longer!

Serjeant *Goodman*. Conſidering what the evidence has related—I hope there's no occaſion to give the court any farther trouble—and therefore I ſhall only take notice, that all the *pretended* injuries, which induced the priſoner, to embark in this conſpiracy, prove to be no more than the proſecutor's endeavours to keep him *within bounds*, to give him proofs of his friendſhip, by ſhewing himſelf to be no friend to his follies and extravagancies—a charge, I muſt obſerve, which the proſecutor was empowered to take upon him by a *known*, *excellent*, and *eſtabliſhed law*.—— Place Mr. *Methuſalem Ruſt* at the bar!—[*he appears*] —My Lord, we ſhall prove that the priſoner at the bar has made ſeveral purchaſes of ſcarce and valuable goods, the property of Mr. *Time*, and feloniouſly taken out of his collections, knowing the ſame to be ſtolen—and we ſhall farther prove, that ſuch purchaſes were made with a cruel and malicious intention

all

all means of ſupport from him, the ſaid Mr. *Time*, to keep and with-hold, and him ſo reduced to leave by famine to be waſted and conſumed.——Cryer! call *Peter Pendulum*——

Cryer. *Peter Pendulum*—*Peter Pendulum*, &c.—[*he appears*]——

Serjeant *Goodman.* Mr. *Pendulum!* I am inform'd, that you have been ſeveral years *Foreman* to Mr. *Time* and *Keeper of his Muſæum*——Pray, have not you frequently miſſed ſeveral ſcarce and valuable goods out of his collections? Did you never hear of the priſoner's purchaſing them! or at leaſt have not you lately diſcovered ſome of 'em to be in the priſoner's poſſeſſion?——

Pendulum. Yes, Sir—it is very true, we have miſſed ſeveral things out of our *Muſæum*—and upon a violent ſuſpicion that Mr. *Methuſalem Ruſt*, of *Old Fish-ſtreet*, knew ſomething of the matter, we procured a warrant to ſearch the houſe of the ſaid *Methuſalem*—and we have brought an *Inventory* of the good we found in his poſſeſſion.——

Serjeant *Goodman.* Pray, let it be handed up this way—with your leave, my Lord——[*reads*]——

An inventory of ſcarce and valuable goods found in the poſſeſſion of *Methuſalem Ruſt*, Eſq; at his houſe in *Old Fish-ſtreet*, by virtue of a ſearch-warrant, procured from Juſtice *Hoodwink* of *Bow-ſtreet*—and depoſed to be the property of *Timothy Time*, Eſq; by *Peter Pendulum*, Foreman to the ſaid *Timothy*, and Keeper of his *Muſæum*—that is to ſay, as follows:

Imprimis—

Imprimis—Two urns filled with the aſhes of Roman Emperors.

Item—One buſt without a noſe, and one of the ears a little cropp'd.

Item—One large ſtone taken from the ruins of *Troy*.

Item—One tooth of an elephant kill'd by *Alexander* the Great in his Expedition againſt *Darius*.

Item—A complete collection of the Hydra's heads killed by *Hercules*.——*N. B.* The ſculls and jaw-bones greatly fractured.

Item—The *true ſpinning-wheel* uſed—and a *pound of fine* thread ſpun by ditto.

Item—*Penelope's Web* finiſh'd.——*N. B.* A great curioſity.

Item—The *body of the famous Cleopatra* preſerv'd—with a genuine receipt to make *the true mummy*.

Item—*Gyges's Ring*, whoſe ſtone turned inwards, rendered the wearer inviſible.——*N. B.* The virtue now loſt.

Item—*One Pillar* erected in the court, behind Mr. *Ruſt*'s houſe, being the true *middle finger* of the *Coloſſus of Rhodes*.

Item—Fragments of pavements—pieces of urns, birds, beaſts, *&c.*

Serjeant *Sly*. I can't deny but Mr. *Pendulum* may have an honeſt intention in depoſing the things recited in the inventory, to be the goods of Mr. *Time* his maſter. I grant they may *reſemble* 'em—but how ſhall we be aſſured that they are the *ſame identical goods!*—'tis poſſible they may be *duplicates*—or they may be *counterfeits*.——I muſt obſerve to your Lordſhip, that all *Elephants* have *Teeth*—as well as the

Elephant that was killed by *Alexander!*—And as to the *Coloſſus of Rhodes!*—we have good authority—that the ſtatue had *two hands*—and conſequently *two middle fingers*—ſo that allowing Mr. *Time* had *one* in his collections, I ſee no reaſon why Mr. *Ruſt* might not be very honeſtly poſſeſſed of the *other!*—However, I aver, that the caſe is ſo doubtful, that no abſolute claim of right, can be aſcertained in bar of poſſeſſion.——

Serjeant *Goodman.* Brother—brother—if I judge rightly either of the priſoner's or Mr. *Pendulum*'s looks—neither of the parties ſeem to be much obliged to you for this plea of yours—you ſee—you have made 'em change countenance—you have gone too far—DUPLICATES!—or COUNTERFEITS!—no—I'll anſwer for it they are better judges of antiquity than to be ſo impoſed upon.——But to let this point drop, as to the real date of theſe goods, you won't deny but they have been found in the priſoner's poſſeſſion——and depoſed to be Mr. *Time*'s property——ſo that ſince he is for concealing the perſon or perſons who helped him to the purchaſe——the queſtion now turns *wholly* upon the *perſon* in *whoſe cuſtody* they are found.——But we ſhall farther prove, that theſe *purchaſes* were made with a *wicked* and *malicious intention*, to *deſtroy* the proſecutor.——Cryer—call *Morgan Fluellyn.* [*He appears*]

Serjeant *Sly.* Friend!—who are you?—how came you to know any thing of Mr. *Ruſt?*

Mr. *Fluellyn.* Why—Cot ſafe hur now! hur is one of the auntient *Pritons!*—and hur was a ſervant to ould Squire *Ruſt*—but what then—there was coot

plood

plood in hur aunceſtors for all that—and Squire *Ruſt* now has cot hur peticrees—down from Capt. *Fluellyn* that help'd to peat the *French*, and was a creat man in the time of *Harry* that was porn at *Monmouth*, and a very coot *Welchman* hur was, and had coot plood in her pelly, and ſo had Capt *Fluellyn* too.——

Serjeant *Goodman*. Well, friend, as you ſay you was firſt a ſervant to Mr. *Ruſt*, you can tell us, I ſuppoſe, how he generally employed himſelf.

Mr. *Fluellyn*. Why then hur will tell hur the ferry truth—her maſter coes out efery morning to ould camps and ould abbys, and ould caſtles, and then hur comes home with her pocket-ſulls of ould ſtones, ould irons, and pad moneys.

Serjeant *Goodman*. But when your maſter ſtaid at home, how was he engaged?

Mr. *Fluellyn*. Why then hur coes up to hur creat lumber room, and there ſtays all tay long, peeping at heads without noſes, and creat pots and proken pots, and pirds and peaſts, and pones, and ſtones, and moneys—and then hur comes down, and feeds a live owl and a ſhack-taw, which her loofs now, becauſe they like ould tatter'd ſhatter'd puildings as well as hurſelf.

Serjeant *Sly*. If your Lordſhip is pleas'd to recollect—the witneſs told us he *had* been a ſervant to Mr. *Ruſt*—ſo that 'tis plain he has been diſmiſſed, and I am afraid, he bears him ſome ill will upon this account—it looks a little ſuſpicious.——

Mr. *Fluellyn*. But what if hur is not Squire *Ruſt*'s ſervant at preſent, hur ſpeaks nothing put the truth.

Serjeant *Sly*. But what was the reaſon of your being turned away?

Mr. *Fluellyn*. Why—Cot ſave hur now—the reaſon, was no reaſon at all; it was only for powtering maſter's creat yellow periwig, that had not felt the tickle of a kemb, for a creat many years, and putting it upon the *plock pate* of *Pompey the Pig*.

Serjeant *Goodman*. But can you inform us, what end your maſter propoſed in making theſe collections?——

Mr. *Fluellyn*. Why then hur will tell hur all hur knows of the matter—why now it was to STARVE that OULD TIME—for I have often heard maſter ſay—that hur was afraid hur woot *eat up* efery thing—hur had done hur too much miſchief already—but hur ſhould *eat no more things*, if hur coot help it.

Serjeant *Sly*. Notwithſtanding all that has been ſaid, my Lord, we ſhall prove that Mr. *Ruſt* has an unexceptionable character—and that Mr. *Time*, notwithſtanding his proſecution, has few *better friends* in the world, than the *priſoner*.——Cryer—call Mr. *Adam Milldew*.——

Cryer. *Adam Milldew*, &c. [*He appears*]

Serjeant *Sly*. Mr. *Milldew*—I have heard that you are an old acquaintance of Mr. *Ruſt*'s—Sir—you are called upon to ſpeak to his character—has not he always behaved as a very inoffenſive man?

Milldew. Sir—I have known Mr. *Methuſalem Ruſt* many years—to my certain knowledge he is a very worthy gentleman—I have the honour to be a a fellow member with him of the ſame ſociety—he has made ſome *excellent* collections!

Serjeant

Serjeant *Sly*. You never heard him ſo much as once ſpeak diſreſpectfully of Mr. *Time*.

Milldew. Never once, Sir—but quite the reverſe. Why, Sir, he is the *ſubject* of all our converſation—I am very certain Mr. *Ruſt* has a great *veneration* for *him!*——

Serjeant *Goodman*. I beg pardon, Mr. *Milldew*, but I muſt take the liberty—to aſk you, whether the veneration you are ſpeaking of—was not rather paid to ſome of the *anceſtors*—of that family—than to the *preſent branch* of it?——

Milldew. Lud, Sir—the *Times* that Mr. *Ruſt* ſo much reſpected were *thoſe* of *ſeveral hundred years ago!*——

Serjeant *Goodman*. My Lord, I was willing to put the laſt queſtion, for the ſake of ſhortning the caſe—I was pretty certain that *there* lay the miſtake.——I own I was aſtoniſh'd to hear my brother ſtill giving a turn of friendſhip and reſpect to circumſtances and facts that manifeſtly carried in them the fulleſt marks of enmity and malice—but, my Lord, it has been clearly prov'd, that the priſoner has made it his practice, for ſeveral years laſt paſt, to receive goods feloniouſly plundered out of Mr. *Time*'s collections—and we have heard with what a wicked and mercileſs intention, theſe purchaſes were made—and I appeal to the court, whether or no the proofs we have heard are not ſufficient for the conviction of the priſoner.

Sir—you may now draw back a little for the preſent.——Place Mr. *Lillyface* at the bar.——[*He appears*]

Serjeant

Serjeant *Sly*. Indeed, brother, I ſee no occaſion for it—why are we to give the court any unneceſſary trouble, I beg my Lord?——Gentlemen—I only beg you will obſerve the priſoner—conſider!—he is charged with an intention—of MURDER!—[*ſpeaking the word very loudly, and then turning round towards the priſoner*]—what, does he *ſtand* his ground!—it really would not have *ſurpriz'd* me, if he had *fainted away* at the very *ſound* of it!—[*Mr.* Lillyface *taking out his bottle of ſalts*]—Oh! 'twas very well, he had a *bottle* to *ſmell to*.——My Lord, if we obſerve his looks—I appeal, whether there is the leaſt probability of *his* being engaged in any enterprize of this nature—if we contemplate his *dreſs!*—his *French trimming*—the *ſet of his hair*—his *Dreſden neckcloth* and *ruffles*—they all *profeſs* an *abomination* to be *rumpled!*——I aver, my Lord, there are not the *leaſt* grounds, to ſuſpect *his* confederating in a deſign, that muſt neceſſarily be crouded with ideas of *roughneſs*, *violence*, and *danger* ——

Serjeant *Goodman*. I hope he is innocent—but as he now lies under ſome ſuſpicion—it will be doing him *no* injury to give him an opportunity to clear himſelf.——Cryer—call *John Mizzen*.

Cryer. *John Mizzen*, *John Mizzen*, &c. [*He appears, a ſailor with a wooden leg*]

Serjeant *Sly*. By that jacket of yours, I ſuppoſe, you deſign to paſs upon us for a ſailor.——Will you pretend to ſay you was ever in the ſervice?

Jack Mizzen. No, Sir—I was never concerned in his majeſty's fleet—there was but little buſineſs to be done there!—ſo I ſerv'd a board a privateer,

Capt.

Capt. *Firebraſs*, where, indeed, I can't ſay, things turned out ſo luckily for me—for, in our firſt voyage, I made but a poor piece of merchandize with our ſurgeon, and conſigned over into his hands a leg of as *true* fleſh and blood, as any in the kingdom, for a bill upon our carpenter, to ſupply me with this *thin-gutted ſkip*, that does not at all well *match* with its fellow.——

Serjeant *Sly*. Well—and what is your preſent way of life?——

Mizzen. By the loſs of a limb, you muſt think an *embargo* was ſoon laid upon my taking any more *voyages*—and ſo, for want of good friends, I was reduced to the neceſſity of making gentlemen and ladies a tender of my bleſſing, and hold out my hat to receive theirs.——

Serjeant *Goodman*. Very well, friend, you give an honeſt account of yourſelf—and pray what part of the town do you generally ply in?

Mizzen. I was willing to be *ſtationed*, where I thought there was moſt *good* to be done—and ſo Fortune *piloting* me towards St. *James*'s—here I *ſounded*—and *found good ground*, in the *leeward paſſage* leading to the *Mall*—ſo I *caſt anchor* there—and there's never a fine day paſſes, but ſeveral of the gentry *bear down* my way to take a *cruize* for three or four hours together.——

Serjeant *Goodman*. Pray, did you ever ſee the priſoner among 'em?—Look at him—I hope you know him again.——

Mizzen. [*Turning towards the priſoner*]—Know he!—what, that *fair-weather ſpark yonder*, that looks now,

now, as if he was got *under the hatches*—why I know him as well as I do the *north point* of the *compaſs*—this hat of mine has often *lower'd ſail* to his knees—but I could never bring him to *bear*—he had either no money—or no charity.——

Serjeant *Goodman.* Indeed, honeſt friend, we muſt deſire you to keep a little cloſer to the point.

Mizzen. There's nothing loſt by *tacking about* a little—never fear but we ſhall *reach port* at laſt.

Serjeant *Goodman.* But pray obſerve me—we want to know, whether the priſoner ever came your way, with *ſome women* in his company—and if ſo—whether you did not hear ſome part of their converſation, or take notice of ſomething *remarkable* in the behaviour of the priſoner?

Mizzen. Yes, Sir—it was the firſt of *April*——(I know that was the very day, becauſe I remember a chimney-ſweeper's boy made a *fool* of him)—I ſaw him making towards me, (and methought he was not *well put together*—he *twiſted* in *the hulk*)—and juſt as he *come o'head*, you muſt know, he had *outſail'd* ſome *ſmall craft afore—freſh rigg'd*—with *ſtreamers flying*—and *hailing 'em* to *come to*—and giving them a *cheer*—mercy on me! what *lowering of topſails*—there was ſuch bowing!—and ſuch curtſeying—ſuch noddling of heads—and ſuch *reeving* of fans!——when, O! Mr. *Lillyface*, (ſays one of their whey-faces) this is quite lucky—for *now* we ſhall know—how we are to diſpoſe of ourſelves—for I hear our party has left it *entirely* to *you*, to appoint *where* we are to KILL TIME in the evening.——O! there's no bearing with his impertinence.

Serjeant

Serjeant *Goodman.* Do you remember what anſwer was made by the priſoner?

Mizzen. Dear Ladies, ſays he, as to that affair—I hope you don't think I ſhould have been ſo *negligent* as not to have ſent you a *Card*; but now—I have the pleaſure of ſeeing you, I beg the *appointment* may be *your's*—I am entirely at your devotion—but—we can never be at a loſs—there's ſo much company in town, and ſo many *various ways* to *diſpatch him.*

Serjeant *Goodman.* My Lord, I hope the deſign of the priſoner in taking theſe frequent turns to the Park, is now cleared up to your Lordſhip—'tis plain this ſtep was taken with a *baſe* intention, to *keep up* a wicked confederacy—to *give* the meeting to an *abandoned* ſet of people, who, out of *mere wantonneſs*, have been *plotting*, and *contriving* the *deſtruction* of our *worthy Citizen.*——And 'tis very true, my Lord, they have, among 'em, contrived ſo many different ways to *diſpatch him*, that it is really aſtoniſhing how he has hitherto eſcaped.——But, with regard to the priſoner—you find his coming to the Mall was *expected*, was impatiently *waited for*, by the conſpirators—you ſee they have made him their *chief manager* in this affair, it was *wholly left* to *him—he* was to *appoint* the *place*, where the *murder* was to have been committed.——But, my Lord, we have not yet done with him—we ſhall farther prove—that, ſo far from being diſcourag'd or abaſh'd, by his barbarous and bloody deſign (as the event prov'd) being diſappointed at this firſt meeting—he took an opportunity, at *another aſſembly* of the conſpirators—to *propoſe* and *preſs* this affair again, and even *pointed*

out and *made choice* of the very *inſtruments* they were to *uſe*, in putting it into full execution.——Cryer—call *Dorothy Mechlin.*

Cryer. Dorothy Mechlin—Dorothy Mechlin.——[*She appears*]——

Serjeant *Goodman.* I am informed you ſell laces, and deal with ſeveral ladies of faſhion. Pray, did you never meet the priſoner in their company?

D. Mechlin. O Sir—I ſeldom wait upon any of my good ladies, but I ſee that gentleman among 'em—he is a very good judge of laces.——

Serjeant *Goodman.* But pray, when have you ſeen him in the company you mention? Can you recollect any thing remarkable in his converſation, or behaviour?——

D. Mechlin. Why, Sir—I remember very well—it was Miſs *Frolick* ſent to ſpeak with me—ſo—when I came—I found a great many ladies in the room, and Mr. *Lillyface* was ſitting in the middle—they were all dreſſed for the *evening diverſions.*—Well—one of the ladies begging to know what 'twas o'clock, Mr. *Lillyface* pulled out his gold watch, and looking at it, I proteſt, ſays he, THIS TIME is a moſt mortal enemy to the public diverſions; I vow, this *old Fellow* has contrived to make it *two long hours* before we can order the chairs for the aſſembly—and preſently after this, taking up a pair of ſciſſars, with which one of the company had been cutting a card into a chain, and preſenting 'em with a low bow to Miſs *Frolick*—my deareſt *Kitty*, ſays he, *this inſtrument* would become the fingers of a *deſtiny*—and then he told her, ſhe was certainly ONE *of the Three*, and

aſſured

aſſured her with a ſmile, that the *thread of his own life* lay at her mercy—but he begg'd her angelic goodneſs would ſpare it—and then added, that his *chief deſign* in giving her the *inſtrument* was to *cut the thread* of that *dull, lumpiſh, peeviſh Fellow's life*, who hung ſo *heavily* upon all their hands—and that in doing this, ſhe would perform an act worthy to be *chronicled.*——

Serjeant *Goodman.* But Mrs. *Mecklin*—Mr. *Lilly-face* did not ſit perfectly idle in this company—pray, let us know how that gentleman employed himſelf.

D. Mechlin. O—Sir—he is always taking up ſome of the ladies work—he knots fringe very prettily, I aſſure you all the ladies will give him that character—the ſhuttle goes *ſo nimble*—and then his hand is *ſo white*—O! he knots fringe incomparably well.

Serjeant *Goodman.* But this ſort of work did not put a ſtop to his converſation?

D. Mechlin. No, Sir—for I remember, upon Mr. *Lillyface*'s taking up the ball of thread, and the ſhuttle—well, ſays he, ladies, ſince we are to be detained ſo long, from going to the public diverſions —THIS KNOTTING is as good as any thing elſe to *kill Time*—and ſo kept KNOTTING on.

Serjeant *Sly.* I won't deny but Mr. *Lillyface might* take up the ladies—KNOTTING—and where was the harm of this? I conceive his deſign in it, was to *prove* an experiment, which we may hope, one day or other, to ſee exhibited before the *Royal Society.*—Pray, Mrs. *Mechlin*, did you ever hear of the priſoner's making any eſtimate, what length of work he could do, in any ſet ſpace of time.——

D. Mechlin. Yes, Sir—I have heard Mr. *Lillyface* ſay, he could knot threeſcore knots in a minute.

Serjeant *Sly.* I apprehended *this* was *the caſe*—that it was the intention of the priſoner to apply this ſort of work to much the ſame purpoſe, as our ſailors do their *Log-line*—that is, my Lord, by counting how many *knots* run out, to make an exact calculation of the *length* of a *polite entertainment*—and I humbly conceive, that we ſhould rather applaud, than condemn a gentleman for helping us to this diſcovery—as the method is *perfectly new*—and carries in it a *mixture* of *politeneſs* and *philoſophy.*

Serjeant *Goodman.* But brother, you don't mention the affair of the ſciſſars—your Lordſhip, I am perſuaded, conſiders it as a material point—as a clear proof, that the priſoner was got deeply into this murdering ſcheme—for could he poſſibly, my Lord, have made choice of a more artful method to have recommended it?——I ſay, *his application* of the fable of the deſtinies—his delivering the *ſciſſars* to one of the women, at a *general meeting of the Conſpirators*—was a well turn'd circumſtance, to *preſs* their *expedition*—to ſhew them, that Mr. *Time* (their common enemy, as he was term'd) might be eaſily *cut off*—that the exploit was no more than *dividing a thread.*——In a word, my Lord, the priſoner's giving his opinion, at firſt, in this obſcure manner, was plainly an *artifice*, to *ſound* his confederates—before he would venture to make a more open declaration—but finding himſelf *perfectly well* underſtood, and meeting with *no* oppoſition from ANY ONE of the conſpirators—he then took courage and reſolution—and throwing

ing *all* diſguiſes aſide—he declared and pointed out the manner.—HE KNOTTED THE VERY STRING—he prepared the *Rope* with his *own hands*—and made no ſcruple to tell the company, that he deſigned it to be THE INSTRUMENT OF THE MURDER.

Judge. As there is ſo much buſineſs to be done, I preſume the court would be glad of a little reſpite—and ſo I believe we muſt adjourn to the afternoon.

Clerk. This court is adjourned 'till two o'clock in the afternoon, when all perſons concerned, are required to give their farther attendance.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Parlour in the Jail.

Enter Mr. Fetter *return'd from locking up the priſoners.*

Mr. FETTER.

SO—there's one troubleſome work got over.——I have ſafely eſcorted home again my *honourable priſoners*—they made a very gallant ſhew in the ſtreets—but I believe it was a great mortification to ſome of them, to be made a gazing ſtock to the populace.——Here wife—wife—where are you?

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Sir—my miſtreſs is not awake yet—you know, Sir, the morning is the only *ſtill* time of the day—

day—ſo—as ſoon as you was gone to the court, we all lay down upon the bed, except Miſs *Kitty*—ſhe would not be perſuaded.——Pray, Sir, is it all over?—Is Mr. *Lillyface* come off?——O Sir—upon his account there has been ſuch crying with Miſs *Kitty!*—I hope he won't be hang'd—if he ſhould—there is ſomebody elſe muſt go to heaven in a ſtring (as the ſaying is). Indeed it is but very middling with my poor young miſtreſs.——

Mr. *Fetter.* Go this inſtant, and bid my wife come to me—if ſhe is ſleeping, 'wake her—I want to ſpeak with her.—— [*Exit* Lucy.

So—here is likely to be rare work—wife—daughter—maid—and all—are in a fair way to loſe their ſenſes—nay, they are gone already.—'Tis now *Papa!*—and *Mamma!*—and Miſs *Kitty!*—and there is ſuch bridling of heads! ſuch mincing of words, ſince theſe plaguy ladies have been here—ſo catching and infectious are pride and vanity.

Enter Mrs. FETTER.

Mrs. *Fetter.* So huſband! I am glad you are come again—I long to hear about the tryals.——Is Mr. *Lillyface* come off! Pray, what is to be done with him?——

Mr. *Fetter.* Done with him—the queſtion is—what *we* are to do with him—I find he has been doing miſchief enough in this houſe—I find our girl is over head and ears in love with this coxcomb—who has been playing the fool with her—and I ſuppoſe has a deſign to debauch her.——This comes of *your* adviſing me to let *Kitty* viſit our new gueſts.——

Mrs.

Mrs. *Fetter.* Why, dear huſband! I thought it would be a good thing for the girl to *know a little of the world.*——

Mr. *Fetter.* I never rightly underſtood before what the knowledge of the *world* conſiſted in—but now I find 'tis to ſet a girl's tongue a running about Fly Caps, Sacks, Shades, Hampers, and things too *Frenchified* for my remembrance.——It was but this very morning, ſhe was crying for ſome of theſe new-faſhion gewgaws—to be ready *equipped* for ſome of *our vanity fairs*—where ſhe is to ſtand, to be hired by ſome conceited ſhallow-pated coxcomb—who has no one good quality, but what lies in his BAG WIG and TRIMM'D SUIT—while the fires of love are to be blown up with your *Airs* and *Solo*'s.

Mrs. *Fetter.* Huſband—why huſband—[*pulling him by the ſleeve*]

Mr. *Fetter.* And to be ſure the girl muſt ſee a *Maſquerade*—I ſuppoſe ſhe'll be a *Shepherdeſs!*—— She dreams of it.——

Mrs. *Fetter.* Why, what is come to the man!

Mr. *Fetter.* And after ſhe has taken another dinner or two with theſe ladies—we ſhall never know what to get for her—ſhe'll be for for *cooking up* ſome *ſtrange meſſes* or other, which the devil himſelf, tho' he gave the *receipt*, can't tell what to make of.

Mrs. *Fetter.* Why huſband! what are you vexing yourſelf about? I won't bear it.

Mr. *Fetter.* And there's no ſuch thing as being perfect in the *knowledge of the world*, 'till we underſtand Gambling. The girl, as yet, is hardly got ſo far in this POLITE SCIENCE!—no—ſhe has no money—

ney—.——But have the gentlemen none!——Yes—and if ſhe has learn'd any of theſe ladies curſed games—this Mr. *Lillyface*—this half Miſs—half Maſter—this mincing, ambling coxcomb, may have offered her his purſe.——Yes—he has—the girl's debauch'd—ſhe's utterly ruin'd.——They are all mad—and I ſhall be mad too.——

Mrs. *Fetter*. Indeed I think you are ſo already!—why huſband [*ſhaking him*] pray let you and I talk a little coolly about this matter.——

Mr. *Fetter*. O wife! what, are you here?——Ay! I remember now I wanted to ſpeak with you—my head has been a little diſordered!——But—well, what are we to do with *Kitty*?——

Mrs. *Fetter*. La! huſband, how ſhould I think of the girl's learning any wickedneſs in ſuch good company.——But if Mr. *Lillyface* has been talking to her—and any miſchief comes of it—I know of *no body* to blame, but yourſelf.——Why did *you* permit *him* to be conſtantly dangling among the ladies, when you had ſuch a ſtrict charge to the contrary.——Don't go to quarrel with *me*—you knew of *Kitty*'s being ſent for as well as I.——I won't be ſcolded at ſo for nothing.——

Mr. *Fetter*. Yes, yes, I imagin'd 'twould come to this at laſt.——Well—well—'tis mighty well——but our quarrelling will never mend the matter——we muſt agree, and contrive ſomething—*if we could get the girl a rich huſband*.——Come—come—this Mr. *Lillyface* is not overſtock'd hereabouts [*pointing to his forehead*] I don't believe, wife, but your head-piece is as good as his!——I have too much buſineſs upon

upon my hands at preſent to manage this affair—the burden muſt light upon you—your ſex is famous for plotting.——And, dear wife, if you can bring the thing to bear—I'll never give thee a croſs word again.——I muſt be going to the gentlemen.

SCENE II. *Kitty's Chamber.*

KITTY *and* LUCY.

KITTY.

O *Lucy*—I have been crying ever ſince you left me.——There's no body will tell me, what Mr. *Lillyface* is to be try'd for; but I hope he'll be acquitted—I don't care what becomes of all the reſt! and yet—if he ſhould be diſcharged, I am afraid he won't come to our houſe again.

Lucy. O! no to be ſure, Miſs *Kitty*, if he is diſcharged—no one would willingly come back to a *Jail.*——

Kitty. What—never—*Lucy.*

Lucy. I can't ſay indeed, but he may juſt call to pay his compliments to the *Ladies* or ſo—if *any of 'em* ſhould ſend him a *Card.*

Kitty. Now, *Lucy*, can you gueſs which of the ladies would ſend the card—I ſhould never love her again as long as the world endured—and if Mr. *Lillyface* ſhould go away when he is diſcharged—I ſhould not like that neither—I don't know what I ſhould like—I hope he won't come to any harm—and yet I wiſh he may have done *ſomething*—that he may be

obliged to ſtay here a little longer—for—*Lucy*——if you will tell no ſoul breathing——but will you promiſe me, *Lucy*, indeed—and in truth—crook your elbow, and wiſh it may never come ſtrait again, if ever you blab out the ſecret.

Lucy. There—Miſs *Kitty*, [*bending her arm*]—now you may truſt me with any thing.

Kitty. Well then, I will tell you, *Lucy*, that from the very day Mr. *Lillyface ſqueezed my hand* ſo terribly—talked ſo freely—and ſmiled ſo ſweetly—I have been—I can't tell how myſelf—and then I have ſuch a *panting* at my heart, that I can't get to ſleep for it.——What do you think, *Lucy*, of being my maid—if I ſhould be Mrs. *Lillyface*, you ſhall have better wages, and all my ſilk gowns.——And I'll promiſe you to leave them off while they ſhall be very handſome.——

Lucy. Indeed, Miſs *Kitty*, I ſhall never deſire a better miſtreſs.——

Kitty. Well—*Lucy*, and now you are ſo very good, I'll tell you another ſecret ——It was but this morning, as I was in the parlour with him——he ſlipp'd a LOVE-LETTER into my hand—it is the civileſt, prettieſt, ſweeteſt letter, that was ever ſent to any body in the world.——But you ſhall ſee it—and I long to ſhew it my mamma—how proud will ſhe be to think I ſhall have ſuch a fine huſband.

Lucy. O! no—Miſs *Kitty*, I would not adviſe you to ſhew the letter to your mamma at preſent—let me ſee it firſt——who knows but when maſter comes to be acquainted with it (as miſtreſs will certainly tell him) he may keep you from ever ſeeing Mr.

Mr. *Lillyface* again——he may probably miſtruſt, that there is ſome *wicked deſign* at the bottom.—— No, Miſs, let me ſee the letter firſt—and then I ſhall be better able to judge what's proper to be done.

Kitty. Well then, there, do you take the letter and read it, my mamma is coming. [*Exit* Lucy.

SCENE III. *A Parlour.*

Mrs. FETTER *and* KITTY.

Mrs. FETTER.

MY dear child, I am not ſo blind, but I can ſee by all your late behaviour, that Mr. *Lillyface* has been making *Love* to you—and I am afraid you think him *ſincere* in his profeſſions.—— Ah! *Kitty*, 'tis not the way of young gentlemen now-a-days to be *ſincere!* [Kitty *cries.*

O! 'tis too plain! things are gone too far—I muſt think of doing ſomething for the poor girl——her looks will break my heart. [*aſide.*

Come! *Kitty*—I know you'll tell me the truth—you may truſt me—and I'll give you the beſt advice I can——Did Mr. *Lillyface* ever talk to you of marriage?——

Kitty. I can't ſay, mamma, he ever ſpoke the word ſo *plain* as you do—but he told me he would *ſettle* upon me, enough to *keep* me handſomely—that I ſhould have *fine Lodgings*, and as *fine Gowns*, *Caps*, and *Laces*, as could be bought for money.——

To be ſure, mamma! if I had had courage enough to have ſpoke my mind, *Billy* would have been for *fixing the day*—but my words were ready to *choak* me, that I *cou'd* not ſpeak.

Mrs. *Fetter*. Here's likely to be a fine ſpot of work!—O theſe gentlemen!—theſe gentlemen!—— how can they take ſuch delight in the ruin of innocence—— [*aſide*.

Kitty. Mamma!—you look as if you was afraid of ſomething.——Pray, mamma, let me know what 'tis.——

Mrs. *Fetter*. Nothing child—I was only thinking how to direct you for the beſt, and I charge you not to agree to any propoſal Mr. *Lillyface* makes you without my knowledge. I muſt go to your father.

[*Exit Mrs*. Fetter.

KITTY *alone*.

Kitty. What can be the meaning of my mamma's looking as ſhe did, and leaving me ſo abruptly!—and there's *Lucy* too has been giving me a hint about ſome *wicked deſigns*—that I am *frightened* out of my very wits—and now I recollect, indeed, I don't underſtand, what Mr. *Lillyface* can mean by his *fine Lodgings!* and his offers to *ſettle* upon me enough to *keep me!*——I own, this has not ſo a good look, as if he had mentioned *a houſe of his own*—and propos'd making me a handſome jointure.——What am I to think? Were ever thoughts ſo perplexed as mine!—But if Mr. *Lillyface* has any wicked deſigns, he is greatly miſtaken! *I won't* be his *Miſtreſs*—I ſcorn the character!—why ſhould not *that of wife* be infinitely

nitely preferable! I can't ſee for my life, what there is ſo *dreadful* in the name of WIFE—would a man be leſs happy, becauſe he has a WIFE?——No—not if he has any notion of character.——Would my being a WIFE impair one's beauty more, than in being a Miſtreſs?——No—but a Miſtreſs may be *turned away*, and a Wife is *life-holding*.——Yes—*there's* the point.——But let it be ſo—I am determined—no ſhorter leaſe for any thing I have to diſpoſe of—than *'till Death us do part*.——But why ſhould I put myſelf into ſuch frights, when I have ſuch a *kind, obliging letter* from Mr. *Lillyface*—and *Lucy* muſt own he ſhews himſelf in it to be a man of honour.

Enter LUCY *out of breath.*

Lucy. O! Miſs *Kitty!* Miſs *Kitty!* Oh!——

Kitty. La! *Lucy!* what is the matter, *Lucy?*

Lucy. O! Miſs *Kitty*—you—muſt ſtay—for—my news—'till I can—recover my breath—my heart beats ſo—and I am in ſuch a tremble! [*panting.*

Kitty. Now, *Lucy*, you frighten me out of my very ſenſes!

Lucy. O! I have a great ſecret to tell you—as ſoon—as I—am able to ſpeak.

Kitty. Do tell me, as well as you can what 'tis about—is it any thing about *Billy?*

Lucy. Yes, 'tis about *him*, and Miſs *Frolick*, and *yourſelf!*——

Kitty. Well then, tell me quickly—how can you you be ſo tireſome?——

Lucy.

Lucy. Naay, Miſs, if you get out of humour, when one takes all theſe pains to oblige you——

Kitty. I *be'nt* out of humour—but you have ſet my heart a *beating worſe* than *your*'s—and I am *ſure* you can ſpeak *now.*——If you don't quickly let me know, what you have to tell me, your news will come too late!

Lucy. Well then, Miſs *Kitty*, juſt now I ſaw Miſs *Frolick* walking in the garden, with a letter in her hand—and which ſhe had no ſooner read, but ſhe tore into a thouſand pieces—and, *ſtamping* them under her feet, I overheard her ſay—what does the coxcomb mean by making *me* ſuch paultry offers! What! becauſe I ſometimes laugh at him, is it come to this?—*keep me, indeed*—and 50*l.* a year! vaſtly bountiful!

Kitty. But what reaſon have you to think that Miſs *Frolick* was ſpeaking of Mr. *Lillyface?* becauſe ſhe did not mention his name.

Lucy. 'Tis true, Miſs, his name was not mentioned, but the picture ſhe was drawing, was ſo like the original, one can't be deceiv'd.

Kitty. Well then, do tell me what ſhe ſaid of him.——

Lucy. Why Miſs, the letter put her into a violent paſſion, and flinging her hands about, and toſſing up her head ſo [*mimicking*] monſtrous! ſays ſhe, I don't know of any *one thing* in the *whole world* a *Fribble*'s good for—a Monkey has infinitely more wit, and is a thouſand times more diverting—he can run indeed to *pick* up a glove, fan, handkerchief—I have often ſet him to *fetch* and *carry*, and he does

it

it tolerably well.—He can *thread a Needle, read a Novel* —Oh! I had like to have forgot his greateſt excellency—indeed he *knots Fringe* very prettily!—but, to turn *Keeper*, and make ſuch *pitiful offers* to a *perſon* of *my fortune*.

Kitty. Well then, *Lucy*, as I don't find ſhe is in love with Mr. *Lillyface*, I am contented.

Lucy. But now, Miſs *Kitty*, I am juſt coming to that part of the ſtory which concerns you.

Kitty. Now, *Lucy*, you have put me into a terrible fright again—how—what—how can Miſs *Frolick*'s letter concern me?

Lucy. Why then, Miſs *Kitty*, I'll tell you—as ſoon as Miſs *Frolick* had ſaid, what I have told you—here ſhe ſtopp'd—and cry'd, hem! and made a long pauſe—and by and by recovering herſelf, hem! ſays ſhe again—here *muſt* be ſome miſtake! I wiſh I had not torn the letter—let me recollect—the direction was TO KITTY DIVINELY FAIR—and now I think of it, the jailor's daughter is my *name-ſake*—upon my word, ſhe's a pretty girl—and this letter—I begin to ſuſpect, was deſigned for her—otherwiſe the thing is not to be accounted for—'tis certainly ſo—and I'll acquaint her with it—and if the young ſlut has cunning enough to act *her* part well.—May I have *ever done with plotting*, if I don't put her into a way, how ſhe ſhall confine my gentleman to her *ſole uſe*, in the holy bands of *Matrimony*.

Kitty. But, Lucy, how could Miſs *Frolick*'s letter be deſign'd for me?——Do you think ſo, *Lucy*?

Lucy. Yes, Miſs, that *muſt* be the caſe—Miſs *Frolick*'s letter *was* deſigned for you, and *your*'s for Miſs

Miſs *Frolick*—and I can't think otherwiſe, becauſe *your*'s ſuits beſt with her *great fortune*—and *her*'s with your *want of one*.——'Tis very true—in the letter you have, his *love* is *pure love*, and he ſlights the baſe *conſideration of fortune*—but let me tell you, a young gentleman that is courting a twenty thouſand pounder, muſt not know what he is about, if, while he is ſetting out his miſtreſs's perfections, with the *raptures of a lover*, he does not talk of her fortune in the ſtile of a *Philoſopher*.

Kitty. But indeed, *Lucy*, I am ſure *my letter* could never be deſign'd for Miſs *Frolick*, and I wonder how you can think ſo—Mr. *Lillyface* gave it me with his *own* hands.

Lucy. However, Miſs, 'tis all for the beſt—it may prove the luckieſt accident, that could have happened—you know the deſign of the court is to do juſtice to every body, and to keep people from talking and acting *wildly*, as they have been ſuffered to do hitherto.——So, Miſs *Kitty*, if I may adviſe—as you can *produce the letter* (a circumſtance that muſt make it paſs upon the court for your's—and I don't believe Mr. *Lillyface* would dare to tell how the thing happened, becauſe this would be publiſhing his own baſeneſs)—ſo, Miſs, if I was you, I'd take this opportunity of *ſuing him for a* CONTRACT——'tis a direct *Contract*, if I know what a *Contract* is, and this I would certainly do—becauſe 'tis plain from Miſs *Frolick*'s letter—that he has only a wicked deſign upon you.

Kitty.

Kitty. O *Lucy*, I am ready to ſink—how *ſhall* I manage it?

Lucy. There's nothing to be done, without keeping up your ſpirits.——Why, Miſs, there is Serjeant *Goodman*, as civil an old gentleman as ever liv'd—I'm ſure he'll do his beſt for you—we'll get a letter wrote to him—and this of Mr. *Lillyface*'s ſhall be incloſed in it—the old Serjeant ſhall be your council, and this ſpark of your's all be ſued for a contract—'tis a contract ſure enough.

Kitty. But ſhan't I be thought too forward by all my acquaintance?

Lucy. Piſh!—'twill be doing no more than the beſt ladies have done before you.——But, to manage this affair properly, I have told you what Miſs *Frolick* ſaid—ſo, if you think proper, I'll go and break the matter to her—ſhe may be a great help to us.——

Kitty. I ſhall ever love you—do as you think beſt.

Lucy. Then, I'll go this moment, and bring you word how I ſucceed. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A Priſon.*

Sir BARNABY *heard within—make haſte, boy, bring another flaſk.*

Enter Mr. FETTER.

Mr. FETTER.

COME, come, gentlemen and ladies, you have dined, and we muſt be going again—the court will ſoon ſet—we ſhall but juſt ſave our diſtance.

The PRISONERS *appear.*

Lillyface. Your ſervant, ladies—here are abominable doings—we are to expect no favour in theſe lower courts—I ſhall appeal to the Houſe of Lords!

Lady *Autumn.* What, muſt we have the trouble of going to court again.——What think you, Lady *Melody*, of having the ſecond part of the ſame tune—*Encore, Encore.*——

Lady *Melody.* Lud—child—how can you joke at ſuch nonſenſe, I am quite ſick I ſwear, of ſuch tireſome doings.——

Sir *Barnaby Bumper.* There's no ſenſe in this proceeding—to take a man from table before he has drank his bottle—'tis committing violence upon the laws of good fellowſhip—quite wrong—and it may be prejudicial to the ſtate of a man's health—which, as I have heard, conſiſts in a due *Equilibrium* between the *Solids* and the *Fluids.*

Mr. *Fetter.* Come, come, gentlemen—we muſt be going. [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. FETTER *enters, and calls her huſband back.*

Mrs. *Fetter.* Well, huſband, 'twill certainly do—but, when I ſend to you, you muſt appear before the court greatly ſurpriſed—and, if 'tis poſſible, you ſhould ſqueeze out ſome tears—but be ſure to hang your head upon one ſhoulder—ſo—there—very well—and be ſure let the judge know, that *Kitty* is *all our hopes!—our* ONLY CHILD.——

Mr. *Fetter.* Never fear—I'll manage my part well enough, I'll warrant you.

SCENE

SCENE V. Kitty *and* Lucy *meeting.*

LUCY.

WELL, Miſs *Kitty*, I am juſt come from Miſs *Frolick*—and ſhe has wrote a letter, in your name, to Serjeant *Goodman*, and that, which Mr. *Lillyface* gave you this morning, is encloſed in it—I am reſolved to ſend it to the court.

Kitty. La', *Lucy*, I don't know what to think of it.——

Lucy. Never fear—leave it all to my management: But I muſt go and contrive how to ſend theſe letters —Miſs *Frolick* wants to ſpeak with you—ſhe is in the parlour.—— [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Court ſet as before.

Serjeant GOODMAN.

PLACE Lady *Melody*, Seignior *Concertini*, and Seignior *Violoncello* at the bar—[*they appear*]—You have already heard the charge laid againſt you in the general indictment, to which you have ſeverally pleaded, Not Guilty.——If you pleaſe, my Lord, we ſhall firſt proceed againſt her Ladyſhip.—— Cryer, call *Phillis Frail.*

Cryer. Phillis Frail——*Phillis Frail*——&c.——[*ſhe appears*]

Serjeant *Sly.* To make this a very ſhort caſe, my Lord, we ſhall inſtantly prove, that the *whole charge* againſt Lady *Melody* is utterly falſe and ſcandalous—that ſo *ſweet*, ſo *ſoft*, ſo *melting* a diſpoſition as Lady *Melody*'s, ſhould harbour ſo *ſtern*, ſo *harſh*, ſo *barbarous* an intention, as that of *Murder*—is beyond all degrees of probability.——We ſhall make it clear, that her Ladyſhip has no DISCORD about her.——We ſhall produce undeniable proofs, that *every nerve* of her Ladyſhip is a *muſical chord*—that her *ear* is an *organ* of the moſt *exquiſite* and *delicate texture*—all *ſoftneſs!*—and her whole compoſition *harmony!*——Mrs. *Frail*, I think, you wait upon Lady *Melody*—pray, is not ſhe a great lover of muſic?

Frail. Extravagantly fond of it, Sir.

Serjeant *Sly.* And pray, when Seignior *Concertini* and Seignior *Violoncello* came to wait upon your Lady, were not they conſtantly received with great eaſe, freedom, and politeneſs? And, during their ſtay with her, did not you obſerve a remarkable *ſweetneſs* ſhewn in her temper and behaviour?

Frail. O! Sir, as ſoon as thoſe gentlemen appeared, my Lady was delighted above meaſure—and there's all her acquaintance ſent for, to give them the meeting, and when they are all come, and the *entertainment* begins, there ſits my Lady! as if ſhe was loſt in ecſtaſies!—as often as I have peep'd into the room—*there* was SHE—*lifting up her hands, turning up her eyes*, and *looking* ſo *languiſhingly!*—[*mimicking her ladyſhip*]——

Serjeant

Serjeant *Sly*. Very well—you have now heard, my Lord, how her Ladyſhip behaved *at this meeting*—only with *decency* and *good manners*—and therefore, if her Ladyſhip had any ſuch intention as ſhe is charged with—let me aſk, where was this mercileſs and revengeful temper concealed?——Are ſuch delicate raptures! ſuch ſoft emotions! ſuch languiſhing airs! to be met with in the compoſition of murderers!——My Lord, I was all along apprehenſive, when *this act* commenced, that people of quality would be treated too diſreſpectfully, by popular zeal's ſhewing *itſelf* too officiouſly.

Serjeant *Goodman*. But pray, Mrs. *Frail*, let me aſk you—did you never perceive, at certain ſeaſons, very great alterations in your Lady's temper—and if ſo—we muſt deſire you to inform us what *happened* at ſuch times, to *account* for theſe ſudden changes.

Frail. Why then, truly Sir—when my Lady has no company, there are ſo many things affect her ſpirits, that I believe no body can tell in particular what it is that offends her.——But now, you have put that queſtion to me, I remember very well—that, about a month ago, I heard her ſcreaming out in her dreſſing-room—that *Time* had *killed* her *dear ſweet Canary Bird*.

Serjeant *Goodman*. Very well—but, as you have frequently ſeen Seignior *Concertini* and Seignior *Violoncello* at your Lady's—have not you ſome reaſon to believe, that ſhe was very *bountiful*, and *made* ſeveral *rich preſents* to thoſe gentlemen?

Frail. Yes, Sir—I know very well, that they have received great ſums of money from my Lady—

to

to give her her due, ſhe is of a very *generous* diſpoſition—I once heard her ſay, her *fortune* was the *Bank* for her *pleaſures* to *draw upon*.

Serjeant *Goodman*. Can you recollect any converſation that paſſed at theſe meetings, between theſe Gentlemen and your Lady?

Frail. No, Sir—for as ſoon as they came, they were preſently conducted into our *great room* to the company my Lady had engaged—and I was never near enough, to hear what was ſaid, except when they all cried aloud, *bravo*, *bravo*—but I don't know what they meant by it.

Serjeant *Goodman*. Very well, Mrs. *Frail*, I ſhall only trouble you with one queſtion more—and that is, whether you know of any letter or meſſage ſent by your Lady to theſe gentlemen?

Frail. O! now I think of it—I believe I have got one of her cards here in my boſom—Mr. *Concertini* dropp'd it, in taking out his handkerchief, as he was going into the muſic-room.

Serjeant *Goodman*. Pray, let me ſee it—with your leave, my Lord—[*reads it*]

To Seignior CONCERTINI, *&c.*

Dear Enchanter——

" O This TIME!—this TIME!——think——
" O think—if you can poſſibly form an idea
" of any thing *ſo horrid*.——What *a plague* he has
" been to me day—occaſioned by your abſence—
" ſo—as ſoon as you receive this—(*Preſto* is the word
" of command!)—like *another Perſeus* mounted

" upon

" upon your *flying ſteed*—make haſte *to deliver from*
" *her fears*, by the *death of this* MONSTER.

" Your's, *&c.* ANDROMEDA LA PENSEROSA.

" Or, in unfaſhionable *Engliſh*,

" CECILIA MELODY.

" *P. S.* Bring *Violoncello* with you."

I preſume there is no occaſion to give the court any farther trouble.

Serjeant *Sly*. I muſt entreat your Lordſhip's patience—we ſhall prove, my Lord, that her Ladyſhip was obliged to ſend for theſe *Italian* Gentlemen, by the advice of her phyſician—as abſolutely neceſſary for the cure of ſome particular diſorder her Ladyſhip was troubled with.——My Lord, unleſs ſhe had ſubmitted to this courſe, her *life* was declared to be in *imminent* danger.——Cryer—call Dr. *Bolus*.

Cryer. Dr. *Bolus*, Dr. *Bolus*, &c.—[*he appears*.

Serjeant *Sly*. Doctor! I am informed, that Lady *Melody* is your patient—and that upon the account of ſome diſorders you found her Ladyſhip was troubled with, you thought it neceſſary ſhe ſhould apply to *Muſic*, as a *Specific* in her caſe.

Dr. *Bolus*. Lady *Melody*, my Lord, has been my patient ſome years—ſhe has been a long while in a low way—in a very low way truly—we ſhould have been glad to have got a little ſleep at nights—but we found, a bed did not agree with her Ladyſhip, 'till people of buſineſs were ready to riſe—and her Ladyſhip was ſo often diſturbed with the noiſe in the ſtreets—

ſtreets—that we could only catch a few broken ſlumbers.——At firſt, indeed, I apprehended it might be a *febricula*—or one of theſe *nervous fevers*—her *ſpirits* were quite *ſunk*—we had no *pulſe*—indeed, an *aſſignation*, or *party of pleaſure*—or *cards*—might a little revive her.——But we had ſoon a *relapſe*—and as we made but ſlow advances—her Ladyſhip aſked my opinion of the WELLS—and, my Lord, we have tried moſt of the waters upon the ſpot—(for the volatile ſpirit of the mineral is very apt to fly off in carriage)—Well—by this regimen, we brought the caſe to an intermiſſion—but, upon her Ladyſhip's return to town, we found very little alteration—ſo, my Lord, as I found this to be a very *particular caſe*—I thought proper to conſult ſome of our beſt phyſical writers upon it—and for this purpoſe, going into my library—and reaching down one of our Arabic Doctors——

Judge. Pray, Dr. *Bolus*, who was this eminent phyſician?

Dr. *Bolus.* It was *Avicenna*, my Lord, and I was ſo very fortunate, as to dip upon a parallel caſe.——That eminent author has given us the caſe of a lady—a patient of his—who laboured ſeveral years under very *odd* and *uncommon hyſtericks*—which he defines to be *a complication of* CROTCHETS *in the head*—and directs to be treated as THE BITE OF A TARANTULA—'tis a very remarkable caſe! and he obſerves, 'tis attended with *beatings at the heart*, and a ſort of a *convulſive ſhake and quaver upon the nerves*—and ſo, my Lord, upon a full enquiry into Lady *Melody*'s diſorder, finding the ſymptoms to be perfectly ſim-

—and as muſic is the only *antidote* in theſe caſes—I preſcribed the conſtant uſe of *Italian Airs*, as I thought they would be *ſofter*, and agree better with the *delicacy* of her Ladyſhip's conſtitution.

Serjeant *Goodman*. By all the accounts the witneſs has given us, it is plain the priſoner has aſſiſted in this conſpiracy, with her *counſel* and *purſe*—and at length the day being fixed upon—for the execution of this bloody ſcene—forgetting the ſoftneſs and tenderneſs of her ſex—without a tremble—without a bluſh—as if practis'd, and converſant with the airs and language of BRAVO's—her orders are ſent to the murderers—*diſpatch* is the watch-word given 'em—and to add to her cruelty by her ſlanders and calumnies, her revenge is not to be ſatisfied but BY THE DEATH OF THE MONSTER; ſo that what Dr. *Bolus* has offered, is by no means ſufficient to exculpate her Ladyſhip.—Indeed, my Lord, from ſeveral circumſtances that appear in the Doctor's evidence, I muſt ſay—I begin to ſuſpect—whether or no the *Doctor* is not a *Conſpirator* himſelf—I am afraid 'tis too common a practice among this ſet of gentlemen, upon the receipt of a *larger fee* than ordinary, under a pretence of preſcribing *Air*, *Waters*, and the *like*—to be underhand encouragers and abettors of theſe *riotous meetings of the Conſpirators*; and accordingly I move the court, that the Doctor may be *committed* to cloſe cuſtody—'till we have time, to examine farther into this affair.

Judge. I readily agree with you—your motion is very proper—to adminiſter an effectual remedy to theſe evils—I ſee it will be neceſſary to probe the

wound to the bottom—and accordingly I order that the Doctor be taken into cuſtody.

[*Exit Dr.* Bolus *attended by the Jailor.*

Serjeant *Sly.* My Lord, I aſk pardon—but, notwithſtanding all that has been ſaid—it does not appear, that her Ladyſhip had any intention of murder. Here is an old gentleman, it ſeems, is afraid of loſing his life—without any reaſon—for I have not yet heard of any *one inſtrument* propoſed to be uſed, whereby he could poſſibly have been deprived of it.—Pray, let Mrs. *Frail* be called into court again.

Cryer. Phillis Frail, &c. [*She appears.*]

Serjeant *Sly.* Pray—what *inſtruments* did Seignior *Concertini* and Seignior *Violoncello* and their company bring with 'em, when they came to your Lady, upon her ſending the card you have produced.

Frail. O Sir—we had a very *great meeting*—— as well as I remember there were ſome French Horns, Baſſoons, Baſſ-viols, Hautboys, and Fiddles—I can't ſay how many inſtruments we had.

Serjeant *Sly.* You have now heard, my Lord, how the gentlemen, ſaid to be hired by Lady *Melody* to commit this murder, were attended—and I appeal to the court, whether any of *theſe inſtruments* can, with any propriety, be termed *inſtruments of death.*

Serjeant *Goodman.* You ſurprize me! pray recollect yourſelf! let me aſk you, what inſtruments could be fitter for the purpoſe!—you know the manner of *putting to death* among the *Turks* is by the Bow-STRING.——Now I can't ſee, why the *great Chord* of the Baſſ-viol ſhould not be as fit an inſtrument to ſerve her Ladyſhip's purpoſe as any *Turkiſh* bow-ſtring whatſoever,

whatſoever, eſpecially as 'tis plain from the card ſent by her Ladyſhip, that the murder was intended to have been committed that very evening.

As to the other two priſoners at the bar—her Ladyſhip's two *Bravo's* (as ſhe call'd 'em)—— I beg leave to obſerve to your Lordſhip—that tho' we have proofs to produce againſt 'em, that at all other ſeaſons and places they have publickly boaſted of their *kicking* and *beating* our *worthy Citizen*—yet, I hope, my Lord, there is no occaſion to give the court all this unneceſſary trouble—for if Lady *Melody*'s intention of committing the murder has been fully proved, theſe two gentlemen, hired and employed by her Ladyſhip. to put theſe her intentions into execution, muſt of conſequence be guilty.

[*Mr.* Fetter *returns.*

Judge. What noiſe is that I hear?—it has given the court diſturbance ſome time—ſilence there—it ſounds as if ſomebody was ſnoring.

Serjeant *Goodman.* I believe I can ſatisfy your Lordſhip—I have a priſoner mentioned in my brief—one Sir *Barnaby Bumper*—I dare ſay *he* is the *man*—he is one of your ſix bottle gentlemen—'tis a queſtion whether or no he has been in bed to-night—if he ſhould be wak'd too abruptly, I won't anſwer for the conſequence.—As we have other cauſes to be tried—it would not be improper to give orders to have him wak'd in a gentle manner, and not be permitted to go to ſleep again. [*Mr.* Fetter *goes to Sir* Barnaby.

Clerk of the Arraigns. Let Lady *Jane Whirlabout* appear.—[*She comes to the bar.*]

Serjeant *Goodman.* We muſt entreat the favour of the court—that the trial of Lady *Jane* may be poſtponed—as we are not prepared to ſay at *how many tradeſmen's ſhops* her Ladyſhip's coach has *ſtopped* every morning for theſe ſeveral months paſt—nor *what number of Journeymen* and *Apprentices*, under a *pretence* of *buying goods*, her Ladyſhip endeavoured to ſeduce and draw into this *conſpiracy*——for our ſubpœna's could not poſſibly be ſerved upon her Ladyſhip's footman and coachman—ſuppoſed to be ſecreted by ſome contrivance of her Ladyſhip.—— Place Lady *Autumn* at the bar. [*She appears.*]

Cryer, call *Amy Ruffle.*

Cryer. Amy Ruffle, Amy Ruffle. [*She appears.*]

Serjeant *Goodman.* I am informed Lady *Autumn* is your cuſtomer.——Now—when ſhe has ſent for you, was you never admitted into her dreſſing-room? And did you never hear her, (upon the account of ſome injuries, ſhe pretended to have received from Mr. *Time*—ſay—that ſhe *would kill him*, or he *deſerved to be murdered*, or ſome words to that purpoſe?

Ruffle. I remember very well my being ſent for by Lady *Autumn*—it was the 18th day of laſt *Auguſt*—I was ſhewed into the dreſſing-room—I ſhall never forget it—I ſaw ſhe was in a vaſt hurry to get herſelf ready for a party of pleaſure—for my Lady paſſed by me, without ſo much as ſpeaking or looking at me—ſo that I was obliged to wait all the while, ſhe was dreſſing—there ſtood I by the door—there ſat my Lady at the glaſs—and Mrs. *Sprinks*—her fine waiting gentlewoman was dreſſing her.——Well, by and by, ſays my Lady, O *Sprinks!* I really think I look horridly

horridly to-day—but there was!—when *this complexion!*—when theſe *eyes!* and then ſhe ſigh'd moſt bitterly.——There were a great many little boxes and gallypots ſtanding at the toilet—ſo—my Lady put ſomething out of one of the *gallypots* upon *her forehead*—and then again, ſays my Lady, O *Sprinks!*—this dull—this tireſome—this rude—inſulting *Time* has been my moſt *mortal enemy*—and then her Ladyſhip did *ſomething* to her *cheeks.*

Judge. Can you inform us, what was the compoſition in theſe boxes and gallypots?

Ruffle. I ſuppoſe *ſome ſlops*, my Lord, which our fine ladies *uſe* before they go to the evening diverſions.——

Judge. Do you apprehend they were *ſalves* or *medicines?* I aſk this queſtion, becauſe you ſay, as ſhe was applying them, ſhe complained of having received injuries.

Ruffle. No, my Lord, I am ſure they were no *ſalves*, becauſe *the colours* were abundantly *too fine* to be ſuppoſed to be any thing of that ſort.

Judge. Well, proceed.——

Ruffle. After this, my Lord, when my Lady was putting on her *frizzet*, ah! *Sprinks*, ſays ſhe—I was once remarkable for a lovely head of hair——'till that unmannerly fellow *thinn'd* it ſo abominably as he has done—beſides, ſays ſhe, 'tis no longer ago than laſt ſummer, he was the occaſion of my *loſing two of my fore teeth*—and then ſhe put ſomething out of a little ivory box into her mouth—and after this I thought I heard my Lady *plainer* than I did before, or elſe ſhe ſpoke *louder*—it does not ſurprize me, ſays

ſays ſhe, to hear that all my acquaintance are for *killing him*—they ſhall moſt readily *have my aſſiſtance* —I am ſure he *deſerves it!*——But *Sprinks*, ſays my Lady, have the footmen carried the cards with my compliments—and upon Mrs. *Sprinks* telling her Ladyſhip *they had*—and that *none* of the company would fail coming in the evening, to her Ladyſhip's DRUM.——THEN, ſays my Lady, flinging out her hands, and raiſing her voice—THEN WE WE SHALL KILL HIM TO-NIGHT.——

Serjeant *Goodman*. A Drum, my Lord, is a name for one of theſe riotous or routous aſſemblies—and you ſee for what purpoſes they are held.

Serjeant *Sly*. Allowing all that the evidence has aſſerted—if I grant you the meeting was held for the very purpoſe you mention—I aver nevertheleſs, by the account the evidence has given us, that Mr. TIME was the AGGRESSOR.——We ſhould conſider how barbarouſly her Ladyſhip has been uſed.——We ſhall inſiſt upon your Lordſhip's allowing us *a copy of the indictment*—we ſhall ſoon make Mr. *Time* know—— there is ſuch a thing as a STATUTE AGAINST MAIMING.——Why, my Lord—you find the priſoner has the *marks* left upon her *head* and *face* to be produced of his *outrages*.——What—ſhall we tamely ſuffer the *hair* to be *torn off* our *heads*, our *teeth* to be *beat out*, and our *faces diſfigur'd!*——What law is there to forbid reſiſtance!—ſo that let *the charge* againſt the priſoner be *ever* ſo heavy—yet the ſtep ſhe has taken, is to be conſidered as an *Act in her own Defence*, and *allowable* by all the *Laws of Equity*.

Serjeant

Serjeant *Goodman.* Mrs. *Ruffle*, you informed us, you was ſent for by the priſoner—and by your own account, I find you ſtaid in the room 'till ſhe was dreſſed.——Now—after this—when you received her Ladyſhip's commands—did you take any notice of *theſe injuries?*—did you obſerve her *greatly* disfigur'd by 'em.

Ruffle, So far from it, Sir, that I never ſaw my Lady before, look ſo *young* and ſo *handſome*—ſometimes I have ſeen her look very indifferently.

Serjeant *Sly.* I don't know, my Lord, what to make of theſe different accounts—they claſh with one another—at one time her Ladyſhip has *marks of violence* to ſhew—at another time ſhe is as *young* and as *handſome* as ever.——I begin to queſtion—indeed—it is a diſputable point, whether or no the priſoner at the bar is the *ſame identical perſon* mentioned in the indictment.——

Serjeant *Goodman.* In anſwer to this objection—— I muſt beg leave to remind your Lordſhip, that while the witneſs was in the dreſſing-room, the *cards* had been diſpatched, to *appoint* a *general meeting of the Conſpirators*—ſo that I apprehend, by the help of *theſe boxes* and *gallypots*, mentioned to be uſed by her Ladyſhip—ſhe was *diſguiſing herſelf* for the baſe and treacherous purpoſe, deſigned (as we have heard) to be executed that very evening—which I hope the court will conſider as an *aggravation* of *her guilt.*—— Your Ladyſhip may retire for the preſent.

I ſuppoſe Sir *Barnaby* by this time is a little ſettled —let him be brought to the bar—[*Sir Barnaby ſtands up rubbing his eyes—his hands ſhake.*

Crier,

Crier, call *Eleanor Negus*.——

Crier. *Eleanor Negus*, &c. [*She appears*]

Serjeant *Goodman*. I preſume, Mrs. *Negus*, you know Sir *Barnaby* very well—he frequents your houſe—if I am right—you are the bar-keeper—can you give us any information what character he bears—how is he reckoned to behave at your houſe?

Mrs. *Negus*. As our claret is eſteemed to be the beſt in town—Sir *Barnaby*, for ſome months paſt, has removed his club to our tavern—he is generally the firſt of the *company*—I have heard him ſay—he does not love to make his friends *wait*—and I remember this day fortnight, he came to me, as I was ſitting in the bar—and *Nelly*, ſays he, I think my friends make a long *ſtay* to-night—ſo—'till they come—let you and I have a little chat.——With this—he *bounces into my territories*.——

Serjeant *Goodman*. And what was the ſubject of your converſation?

Mrs. *Negus*. Why, Sir—only a joke or ſo—'till Sir *Barnaby* taking notice of a book that lay upon the bench—" *What*, Nelly, *ſays he*, *are you got into* " *this ſcheme among the reſt—I ſee you are for* killing " Time *as well as other people!—a Romance*, I ſup- " poſe—*nay*, *'tis the office of a Knight-Errant* to " aſſiſt *a Damſel in diſtreſs—barred up as you are* at " preſent."——I don't know, ſays I, Sir *Barnaby*, what you mean—I am ſure I have buſineſs enough upon my hands—and 'tis a *very good book*, I aſſure you.——Nay—nay—*Nelly*, ſays he, don't go to excuſe yourſelf—it would have been quite right—a young ſprightly girl, as you are, can never like ſuch

ſuch an old fellow as *Time*.—Let me tell you, *Nelly*, he has a great *many enemies*—and, to give you my thoughts of him—he is ſometimes very *impertinent*.

Serjeant *Goodman*. Did Sir *Barnaby* tell you how he came to entertain this opinion of him?

Mrs. *Negus*. Yes, Sir—he obſerved, that *one glaſs laſted an hour* (laughing as if he had made an excellent joke) and then, ſays he, he is always *caſting reflections* upon us, when we have agreed to make a jovial night of it, by *ſtealing* abruptly *out of company*.——I am forced ſometimes to ſnatch up a bottle, to keep him in order—he is certainly a *great diſturber* of all good fellowſhip—and 'tis no matter what *becomes of him*.——But, if the old fellow *is* to be *murdered*—yet—as he muſt be allowed to be *one* of a very *antient family*—*I am for his dying like a* DUKE—but that is, according as the hour happens.——At *night*, indeed, I am for paſſing ſentence—to have *him drown'd* in a *butt of claret*—but in the *forenoon* I think he may be as well *diſpatch'd* with a *feather-bed*.

Serjeant *Goodman*. Had Sir *Barnaby* and you any farther converſation?

Mrs. *Negus*. No, Sir—for as ſoon as this was ſaid, ſome of the company coming in, Sir *Barnaby* ſnatched up his hat—and throwing it under his arm, waddled away with 'em into *the* MOON—it is the *room*, my Lord, that Sir *Barnaby* always beſpeaks.

Serjeant *Sly*. I muſt beg leave to remind your Lordſhip, that Sir *Barnaby* ſtands charged in the indictment, as acting with *malice aforethought*.——Now I humbly conceive, that the charge is not ſufficiently ſupported—unleſs it is prov'd that Sir *Barnaby* is *a man*

that thinks.——I don't ſay—but he may *think* well enough to hold a bottle-converſation—there, I own, Sir *Barnaby* frequently ſhines.——But what *I ſay is*, I *apprehend* he has not that *cloſe* way of thinking—which is neceſſary to denominate *malice aforethought*. Indeed, I am fully ſatisfied, that the ſcheming—managing—and conducting the ſubtleties and intricacies of plots—is abundantly too laborious, or rather *too dry* a work for Sir *Barnaby* to be concern'd in.

Serjeant *Goodman*. I am aſtoniſh'd to hear you aſſert, that Sir *Barnaby* is incapable of entering into that cloſe way of thinking, neceſſary to *conſtitute malice aforethought*.——Pray, let me aſk you, how are we to underſtand his *propoſal* for the proſecutor's *dying like a Duke*—but that 'tis clear he has been *coolly* and *deliberately* ſearching our hiſtories for *precedents* to be purſued, in carrying his wicked and barbarous deſign into execution—for—pray obſerve, my Lord, " If the murder could have been com-
" mitted in the morning, our worthy citizen was to
" have been ſtifled with a feather-bed, plainly alluding to the death of the *Duke of Glouceſter* in the
" reign of *Henry* VI.——If the murder was to have
" taken effect in the evening—then—as the *Duke of*
" *Clarence* was ſerved in *Edward* the Fourth's time—
" he was to have been drown'd—not in a butt of
" *malmſey*—no—my Lord, to do Sir *Barnaby* juſtice,
" he was ſo indulging as to change the *malmſey* for
" his own favourite *claret*.——Now, my Lord, I can't ſee how the priſoner could poſſibly have conducted this affair with greater *ſubtlety* and *contrivance*. As he was meditating the murder—how artfully was he

he providing for his own ſafety—for, by his making ſo *particular a propoſal*, there is no doubt but he thoroughly conſidered *one circumſtance* attending the murder of thoſe noble Dukes; which was, that the murderers were never diſcovered, or at leaſt never brought to juſtice—and hereupon he concluded, if he went the ſame way to work, that in all probability he ſhould eſcape with the like Impunity—and therefore, my Lord, I am clearly of opinion, that the *charge of malice aforethought*, notwithſtanding all that my brother has obſerved, *ſtands good againſt the priſoner*—but I ſubmit to your Lordſhip's judgment.

Judge. Indeed, I am of your opinion——for, however inconſiſtently the priſoner may have carried himſelf in other matters, we have proof ſufficient that he thought and acted *coolly* and *deliberately* enough in *this*.——And now—*Gentlemen of the Jury*, I muſt obſerve, that your *remarkable attention* to *every* thing that has been *ſaid* or *offered* by the evidence or council, renders a recapitulation of what has paſſed, entirely unneceſſary—and I am confident, as the cauſes came *ſeparately* before you, that you ſoon determined within yourſelves, whether the parties *were guilty* or *not guilty*—what was then your *private* opinions—you are now to make public.

Clerk of the Arraigns. Gentlemen of the Jury, are you all agreed? Who ſhall ſpeak for you?

2d Juror. Our Foreman, Mr. *Tradewell.*

C. of the Arraigns. How ſay you, Mr. *Tradewell?*

Tradewell. Guilty, my Lord.

Judge. Do you declare all the parties to be guilty, or do you make any exceptions?

Tradewell. All guilty, my Lord, we make no exceptions.——

Judge. I think you have given a *very juſt Verdict*. But, before we proceed to the SENTENCE—I muſt obſerve to you, both from *the peculiarity* of *the trials* —and (as the ſtatute has been ſo lately enacted) from the barrenneſs of precedents to direct us, how to adjuſt, and proportion the puniſhments to the different degrees of guilt, in the priſoners, (this being partly left to our own diſcretion) that a ſhort adjournment will be neceſſary.——We ſhall only retire into the council-chamber, that we may duly conſider of this matter—eſpecially as I have ſome thoughts that it is practicable to give ſuch a *happy turn* to this affair, as to make it ſubſervient to a *public* and *national good*—and therefore I take the liberty to *adjourn the court* for half an hour—and be it adjourned for half an hour accordingly.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Court ſitting as before.

Serjeant Goodman—[*opening a large bag of papers.*]

My Lord,

AS this court is *expreſsly empowered* by the *ſtatute* **To make enquiry into all other matters and caſes, relating to any injury or injuries charged, or chargeable upon the priſoners, or any**

any of them—at—before—or ſince the time of their commitment—and therefore, as it is plainly the *intention* of this law, while it is endeavouring to *guard againſt future evils*, not to overlook the *redreſs of preſent grievances*—I muſt intreat your Lordſhip's patience, while I produce *ſome honeſt tradeſmen's bills* —ſome claims—which people of *merit* and *induſtry* have upon the priſoners—and of which, I hope, ſome favourable notice will be taken, before ſentence is paſſed.——

[*Taking out the bills, and unrolling them*]—You ſee, my Lord, how very *humbly* they ſue for their diſcharge!—they *fall down* at your Lordſhip's feet—you are ſatisfied, my Lord, that I have no occaſion to ſpeak *much* in their behalf—as you ſee, by *their length*, they have rather *too much* to ſay for themſelves—and the reſpect due to their *age*—the *contempt* they have been treated with—and all the *ſufferings* they have endured, are conſiderations that *plead* irreſiſtably in their favour.

Judge. Pray—in that great heap of bills, which I ſee before you, are there any accounts of *ſuch debts*, as I think, are uſually called DEBTS OF HONOUR?

Serjeant *Goodman.* Not one, my Lord, I am credibly informed—*they* have been all regularly diſcharged.——

Judge. It really aſtoniſhes me to hear the names and natures of things ſo confounded!—to have falſe honour held in ſuch high repute, aud the *true honour* ſo little regarded!——Pray, have you any account there of BONDS or Mortgages?

Serjeant

Serjeant *Goodman.* They are out of number!

Judge. So—I was afraid—this is the *conſequence* of THESE CONSPIRACIES!——Well—brother, we ſhall endeavour to do juſtice to all the parties.——

[*A meſſenger entering haſtily, delivers two letters—one to Mr.* Fetter, *the other to Serjeant* Goodman.—*Mr.* Fetter *opening his letter, faints away, and it drops upon the ground.*]

What can be the meaning of this—I am afraid the priſoners left in cuſtody have been making a riot—the poor man's concern ſpeaks ſomething extraordinary.——If the letter concerns the court, we have a right to demand the hearing of it.—Hand it up there.

[*The letter is given to the Clerk, and he reads it.*]

O! Huſband!——

" *YOU took notice this morning how ſtrangely poor*
" Kitty *was alter'd! and ſince you have been gone*
" *to the court, I have found out the ſecret.——Could*
" *you think it—'tis all owing to Mr.* Lillyface——
" *he has ſtolen away the poor girl's affections—and we*
" *have now diſcovered, that he is a* baſe *man, and has*
" *only a* wicked deſign *in his head!——But, if right*
" *had right—I know he is under a* ſolemn engage-
" ment *to marry her—and there is* Lucy *can prove it,*
" *who is the bearer of this.——You may act as* you
" *think proper—but, if I was in* your *place—I would*
" ſeek for juſtice—*which is all from*

" Your loving wife, in haſte,

" MARGARET FETTER."

Judge. Where is this *Lucy?* let her be called.

Cryer. Lucy—Lucy—a ſervant to Mr. *Fetter*——

[*She appears.*]

Judge. We are informed, that Mr. *Lillyface* is under an engagement to marry your young miſtreſs. Do you know any thing of this affair?

Lucy. Yes, my Lord, I know very well, that Mr. *Lillyface* has courted Miſs *Kitty* ever ſince he came to our houſe—I know it—becauſe he told me ſo himſelf—and deſired me to ſtand his friend—but, for all that, I was reſolved to be a friend to my young miſtreſs too—and whenever they were together, I took care not to be a *great way* off—and I am ſure, I have heard that gentleman *vow* and *ſwear* a thouſand times over—that *he only lived in the ſunſhine of her ſmiles*—that *his ſoul was her eyes priſoner*—— and ſuch ſweet words!——And it was no longer ago than yeſterday morning—in the *parlour!*—he inſiſted upon changing *hearts* with her—and ſo catching her *hand* in his—*Now*, ſays he, we have interchangeably *ſet our hands* to the *conveyance*, and then giving her a a kiſs—I heard Mr. *Lillyface* cry out—*ſign'd—ſeal'd* —and *deliver'd in the preſence* of *Love and all the Graces.*——

[*Mr.* Fetter, *as recovered, returns.*]

Serjeant *Goodman.* [*Holding a letter in his hand*]—Very *good* and *creditable witneſſes*, my Lord, in a *love-caſe*—but if there is any objection lies againſt the validity of the *contract*, by its being executed in the manner you have heard—I muſt beg leave to ſatisfy the

the court, that this was a *cool* and *deliberate* act of the priſoner's—which we ſhall inſtantly prove, BY A LETTER we have here to produce—[*opening the letter from* Kitty]—my Lord, I am retained as council for the young woman—I have here a letter from her to that purpoſe, and, with leave of the court, I ſhould be glad to lay her caſe before you, as ſhe has ſtated it herſelf—for I am of opinion, that Love and Innocence ſo ſtrongly plead their own cauſe, in what ſhe ſays, that I deſpair of improving it.

Judge. We ſhould be glad to hear it.

Serjeant GOODMAN.——[*reading*]

SIR,

I Would not preſume farther, than is abſolutely neceſſary, to intrude upon your time, with either excuſes or compliments.——But, as I am confident my giving you an opportunity to do a generous action, will be more agreeable than either.——I beg leave to ſend you the inclos'd, it is a letter put into my hands this morning by Mr. *Lillyface* himſelf—and if your opinion allows it to be a *marriage-contract*—— I beg you will act in that caſe as your judgment directs, and your goodneſs inclines you——I have great confidence in both—I own—I ſhould be glad to be excuſed, from relating ſome diſcoveries I have made, ſince the ſitting of the court, which indeed lay me under a neceſſity of taking theſe meaſures—— at leaſt, I hope, there will be no occaſion to explain myſelf, if Mr. *Lillyface* has nothing to object.—— I heartily beg pardon for giving you this trouble, and

ſhall

ſhall only add, that I know myſelf much better qualified to own obligations, than to give directions.

I am, SIR,

KITTY FETTER.

P. S. I hope my appearing in the court won't be required; but, if it ſhould be neceſſary, I ſhall be within call.——

Judge. Very well—and now pray let us have this contract.——

Serjeant *Goodman.* You ſhall, my Lord, [*as Serjeant* Goodman *is unfolding it.*]

Lillyface. What can be the meaning of that fellow's having one of my letters to produce?——But I defy all his quirks and his quibbles, to find out a marriage-contract—in the letter, I put into *Kitty*'s hands this morning!—[*ſtamping*]—I vow—I begin to ſuſpect I have made an *abominable miſtake*—I have certainly given *her* the *letter* I deſigned for *Kitty Frolick*—and SHE *has then my propoſals for keeping.*—— 'Tis certainly ſo—between theſe plaguy name-ſakes, 'e gad, I am got into a pretty ſcrape—and now for me to declare the letter is none of mine, and that I hir'd a young poet to write it—and to confeſs how all this happened—would make a pretty ſpot of work—and if I *ſhould* take this ſtep—'tis a queſtion, whether or no the court would be diverted (in ſuch an odd humour as they are at preſent) from giving *confounded ſatisfaction.*——If I muſt marry her—'tis but ſtanding one good laugh, and there is an end of it.—

[*aſide.*

[*Serjeant* GOODMAN *reading.*]

My dearest Kitty—*Angel*—*Goddess!*—

WHAT the force of beauty is—I have been taught by your eyes—by your lips—by every feature you are possessed of—what the poignancy of wit—by every thing you say.——I was a stranger to both, 'till your perfections bless'd me with their acquaintance.——But oh! what happiness is, I am still to learn from your mercy.——Let me then entreat you, my adorable *Kitty*, to add compassion to your other graces—and convince me, you can give *life* as well as *death*—'tis but *your changing a name*—and the *business is done*—a *short ceremony!*—soon over—'twas YOUR'S, is MINE.——What happiness in the thought!—agree to this—and I agree to any thing you propose.——Your giving me permission to call you MINE is beyond all earthly treasures—all regards to FORTUNE are trifling!—the common and vulgar things of the world, which others may be amibitious of seeking, are thought of no value in comparison of the divine *Kitty*'s smiles upon him who is,

Charming Angel,

Your hourly Adorer,

Wm. LILLYFACE.

Judge. If this young woman is here—it would be proper to ask her a question or two.

Serjeant *Goodman.* I dare say she is, my Lord—let her be called.

Cryer.

Cryer. *Kitty Fetter, Kitty Fetter.* [*She appears.*]

Judge. Is this the young woman?——Come—you have no occaſion to bluſh and tremble ſo—we ſhall put but one ſhort queſtion to you.——Give her the letter—did you receive that letter from Mr. *Lillyface* this morning?——

Kitty. Yes, my Lord—this is the very letter—he gave it me with his own hands.

Judge. Releaſe Mr. *Lillyface* there—let him come forward.——Sir, I preſume, you have heard the letter read—and I ſuppoſe you will not deny either the writing or the delivery of it.——We don't at preſent entertain ſo bad an opinion of you—if your intentions are honourable—and you deſign marriage—very well—but if otherwiſe—the court is then to be judge, what ſatisfaction is to be given her—and which I am to obſerve is to be ruled not ſo much by *her*'s as by *your* fortune.

Lillyface. Upon ſecond thoughts, marriage is quite an unpolite affair! [*aſide.*

I hope your Lordſhip will give me time to conſider of it.

Judge. You may ſleep upon it, if you pleaſe—but we ſhall expect your anſwer to-morrow morning.

Jury. We are one and all for the wedding.

Mr. *Fetter* [*aſide*]. Come, come, all goes right—if this proves to be *Kitty*'s contrivance, I ſhall love the girl the better for it as long as I live—faith, ſhe has ſhewed her parts—but the world always ſaid ſhe was *like her father*—and I *muſt* ſay that for *myſelf*, that I ACTED THE Swoon pretty tolerably.

Judge. Well, gentlemen, have you any thing farther to charge the priſoners with?——if not—we may now proceed to the SENTENCE.

Clerk of the Arraigns. Silence there! let the priſoners come forward.——Hold up your hands, and hear your ſentence.——

Judge. In order to your making ſome ſatisfaction for the many injuries the proſecutor has ſuffered, and the diſgrace you have brought upon the ſtate by your follies and riots—of which offences, after a fair hearing, you have been found guilty—your ſentence is—

" THAT you, and each of you be delivered up, to " the agents of the honourable company of the " FREE BRITISH FISHERY to be kept and remain " in their ſervice, and under their direction for and " during the term of five years, from the time of " your entering into buſineſs to be fully complete " and ended, in manner and form following—— " that is to ſay;

" That you, Sir *Barnaby Bumper*, be forthwith " placed under a proper maſter, in order to your be- " ing made, ſo far expert, in *the art* exerciſed by " *Coopers*, as for and during the term aforeſaid you " may become aſſiſtant, to the honourable company " or their agents aforeſaid, in *hooping* and *heading* the " BARRELS, to be uſed in the ſaid fiſhery. And,

That you *Trifle Maggot* be, at all ſeaſonable times, employ'd in dragging for the HERRINGS—and, as often as required, ſhall likewiſe give your aſſiſtance in preparing THE PICKLE.

It is likewiſe ordered, that you, Lady *Melody* and you Lady *Autumn*, be taught to *ſpin*, and as ſoon

as

as you become ſufficiently inſtructed in that art, that then you and each of you be obliged to bring in weekly a *certain toll of Thread* of ſuch *ſize* and *ſtrength*, as ſhall be ordered and approved of, by the honourable company aforeſaid, or their agents —and that the ſame be conſtantly delivered into the hands of Mr. *Lillyface*, by him to be worked into NETS for the ſervice of the ſaid FISHERY.

And it is hereby farther enacted, that you, *Methuſalem Ruſt*, ſhall forthwith reſtore to the proſecutor, for his ſole uſe, all ſuch goods, as are recited in the inventory, and have been proved to be his property— and aftewards be and continue under the agents of the *Britiſh* Fiſhery aforeſaid, for the term aforeſaid, in quality of a *Book-keeper*, to attend all committees, and bring in a fair and juſt account of the ſeveral works done by the priſoners (being firſt allowed books for that purpoſe) and likewiſe for one hour in each day, ſo to be taken as not to interfere with other buſineſs (Sundays excepted) that you conſtantly and diligently employ yourſelf, in making collections of *Shells* and *Sea-Moſſes*, for the uſe of the ingenious Ladies of *Great-Britain*, to be diſpoſed of at the ſole diſcretion of the governor.——Sir, My intention, in this laſt part of your ſentence, is to endeavour to reconcile you to the proſecutor—and as in the courſe of your trial you endeavoured to make it appear, that you had ſome regard for *his anceſtors*, to give you an opportunity of recovering his friendſhip and acquaintance by doing him a piece of ſervice—for when this *collection of your's* comes to be converted into GROTTOS—FLOWERS—LANDSKIPS—and ſuch elegant

gant *works* as I have ſeen (and I am clearly of opinion that *nothing of this kind offends againſt any article contained in the* STATUTE) I am perſuaded that ſuch employments will ſerve to *amuſe* and *divert* the minds of ſome of our females—and conſequently be a means to *preſerve* them, at leaſt the *younger* part of 'em, from *being drawn into any future Conſpiracy* if any attempts of this ſort ſhould hereafter be made upon them.

And our will is, that you Seignior *Concertini*, and you Seignior *Violoncello*, be forthwith baniſhed the kingdom, to prevent any of the priſoners relapſing into their former effeminacies.——

And we further decree, that the eſtates and effects of all and every the priſoners, for and during the term of five years aforeſaid, be and remain aſſigned over to *truſtees*, for the payment of debts.

Serjeant *Goodman*. My Lord—if your Lordſhip has not yet fixed upon a proper perſon, I think we can't do better, than to *aſſign this truſt* to Mr. TIME the proſecutor.

Judge. With all my heart—I don't know a worthier or fitter perſon.

Serjeant *Sly* [*aſide to Mr. Lillyface*]. Sir—there ſtands the young woman, that is to be your wife—let me adviſe you to go to her—give her your *promiſe* that you'll *marry her*—and I have ſomething to offer to the court in your behalf.

Mr. *Lillyface* [*ſtanding at a diſtance as before*]—— *Kitty—Kitty*—can you knit NETS?

Kitty. Yes, Mr. *Lillyface*—you find I have *knit one* already *ſtrong* enough to catch *you*.

Lillyface

Lillyface [*running towards her*] A ſmart girl upon my life—I am extremely obliged to your Lordſhip, and all you gentlemen, for *this favour*——*She* may make a *better wife* than a *high-bred* Lady of *fortune*.

Serjeant *Sly*. My Lord, as my client Mr. *Lillyface*, has now acted like a man of honour, and ſhews himſelf determined to fulfil his *Marriage-Contract*—I muſt entreat your Lordſhip to grant him a reprieve—indeed—we ſhould now conſider him as a *new-married man*.——

Judge. I moſt readily grant it—and if marriage has ſuch an effect upon him *as to make him think and act reaſonably for the future*, you may continue it at pleaſure.——

[*As the Judge riſes, and the Court is preparing to withdraw, enter Conſtables leading in a Priſoner*.]

Serjeant *Sly*. Hoh—hoh—what—then you have met with him at laſt.——My Lord, I am retained by all the priſoners, and ſeveral perſons of quality againſt that fellow there—it is the *Author*, my Lord, of an *idle—trifling—ridiculous—ſcandalous—libellous performance*, called THE TRYAL OF THE TIME-KILLERS.—I can't ſay but the ſcheme was laid artfully enough, to induce the generality of the world to think him innocent—but we can prove, my Lord, that he is as *great* an enemy to Mr. *Time*—is as *deeply* engaged in THIS PLOT againſt him—as *any* of the moſt *virulent* of the Conſpirators.——It ſeems, he has only taken ſome offence—at *their manner* of *proceeding*—that he might have the *pleaſure* of MURDERING him in his *own way*——and accordingly

we

we pray to be heard—we ſhan't long detain your Lordſhip.—We ſhall diſpatch this buſineſs preſently.

Judge. Indeed, brother, you *are* come too late!—our commiſſion is now cloſed!—our authority reaches no farther in this place—ſo that now your method is to apply to a SUPERIOR COURT [*moving his hand round him*] to the judgment of this great audience—THEY are now the perſons to decide, whether or no *your Author* is to be *applauded* or *condemned.*——But while I retain this ſolemn character—and under the ſanction of theſe robes—if it is not too great preſumption, let me give you this SHORT CHARGE—

Thoſe who applaud are on the guiltleſs ſide;
Thoſe who condemn are parties to be try'd.——

BODLEIANA·BIBLIOTHECA OXON

F I N I S.

THE INSIGNIFICANTS.

A COMEDY OF FIVE ACTS.

Nos Numerus ſumus, & fruges conſumere nati
Sponſi Ponelopes, Nebulones, Alcinoïque
In cute curandâ plus æquo operata Juventus,
Cui pulchrum fuit in medios dormire dies &
Ad ſtrepitum citharæ ceſſatum ducere curam.

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MDCCLVII.
[Price One Shilling and Six-Pence.]



THE

ARGUMENT.

IN this piece, all the TRIFLERS, *upon whom the wholſome preſcriptions given in the preceding ſatires, have not had their wiſh'd-for effect, are conſidered as* DEAD PERSONS, *and proper care is taken to provide for their* FUNERALS.

See the TATLERS.

THE

ACTORS NAMES.

MEN.

Freeman, *a Gentleman of Fortune in Love with* Clarinda.

Valentine, { *his Friend juſt come out of the Country, and Couſin to* Clarinda.

Couplet, *a Poet.*

Buckthorn, *Apothecary to the Hoſpital.*

Hatband, } *Undertakers.*
Cloak, }

Tipſtaff, } *Conſtables.*
Warrant, }

Truſty, Worthy's *Servant.*

WOMEN.

Clarinda, { *a rich Heireſs, Acquaintance of the Ladies under Sentence.*

Lucetta, *her Maid.*

Mrs. Poſſet, *Matron to the Hoſpital.*

Undertakers Men, Porters, Mob, &c.

Aaron,
Rattle,
Capt. Bluff,
Hazard,
Butterfly,
Sir Tunbelly Epicure,
Lady Racket,
Lady Vizard,
Lady Modely,

} *Convicted of being dead, and ſentenced to be buried.*

SCENE, *Weſtminſter. Time equal to the Action.*

THE

INSIGNIFICANTS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Parlour in Mr. FREEMAN's *Houſe.*

FREEMAN.——VALENTINE.

FREEMAN.

DEAR *Valentine*—I am *heartily* glad to ſee thee—this is an unexpected favour!—I hope you arrived yeſterday, for if you have been longer in town, you and I muſt have a quarrel, for your not giving me this pleaſure ſooner.——

Val. Well, then, you and I are to have no quarrels—for I came but laſt night—and have no other buſineſs here, as I know of, than to enquire what *loſſes* I am like to have, among ſome of my acquaintance—for if the *report* that has reached us, *is* to be

depended upon, I am afrad, it will fare hard with moſt of 'em.—But prithee, *Freeman*, what is the meaning of this NEW LAW—are you really in earneſt, when you talk of BURYING THE INSIGNIFICANTS?

Freeman. Why, *Valentine*, is it not the kindeſt act that can be done for them?—'tis an *excellent law!*—there's *no body* has *any reaſon* to fear it, who can *prove* himſelf to be *alive*—and if a man can't *do that*—I think it diſcovers *great* humanity to take care that ſuch a one is *decently interr'd.*

Val. Well then—I ſee you are going to *bury half your town*—unpeople your *ſquares*—and have all your *fine houſes* to let.

Freeman. I can't ſay but at firſt it may turn out a pretty jobb for the undertakers—but I hope in the end, we ſhall ſave many lives by it—people will be apt to take more care of themſelves, when they come to conſider, under *what ſtile* they are to be taken into the *bills of mortality* (if they won't take warning)—*died of Inſignificancy!*——

Val. But I aſk pardon, when did you ſee couſin *Clary?*—Is not *ſhe* in *ſome danger?*

Freeman. I hope ſhe thinks ſo—ſhe will be the ſooner induced to drop all her faſhionable acquaintance.——This *New Law* is my *dependance*—and I have taken ſuch care of the reports, that have reach'd her, that I verily believe, ſhe thinks ſhe has already one foot in the grave—you know ſhe is a woman of fine ſpirits, and has an art to parry off any thing, that happens with a good grace—but *theſe tryals* are too *ſerious* an affair, they beat her wit and humour quite out of play—ſhe tries a little at it, but ſo faintly,

faintly, it wants nature—it goes quite againſt the grain—in the very flower of her age! to think of being pack'd off to *this repoſitory* of *Inſignificants*.

Val. And *if* ſhe is to be reclaimed, I'd have you ſet a *good price* upon her—ſhe'll be *a great rarity!*—for I ſuppoſe *this Law* will make *a ſweep* among the Ladies.—'Tis my opinion, 'twas *purpoſely* contrived to deal with 'em, as the *Dutch* do with their *ſpices*—who *burn half*, to make the *reſt* more valuable.——But, to give you my real thoughts of my couſin *Clary*, I can never think ſhe's half ſo giddy, and unthinking, as ſhe ſeems to be, 'tis true, 'tis hard to ſay what ſhe is at preſent; for, by her flying from one diverſion to another, ſhe's like a body in too quick a motion to be meaſured with any exactneſs—but then ſhe has *good ſenſe* at the bottom, and there is nothing of obſtinacy in her temper, good advice and a little more experience will do the buſineſs—which, I ſuppoſe, ſhe'll be plentifully ſupplied with, as *you* won't fail to help her to the one, and *ſhe'll* take care to help herſelf to the other.—But prithee, *Freeman*, as you mentioned *this repoſitory of Inſignificants*, have you really built any place to receive 'em.

Freeman. Yes—yes—why the firſt ſeſſions are over!—and we have had ſeveral perſons convicted—after ſentence, indeed, the court was ſo indulgent, as to order *the bodies to be convey'd to the hoſpital*—for a conſultation of phyſicians to be held upon ſo extraordinary a caſe—they have now been there a week—and all that are abſolutely given over, are to be carried to the repoſitory this evening.

Val. You ſay this repoſitory is finiſhed—I ſuppoſe you have ſeen it.——Prithee, what ſort of a place is it?—and in what part of the town does it ſtand?——

Freeman. 'Tis built directly oppoſite to the ABBY—and is deſign'd, I ſuppoſe, to be a *contraſt, to that noble repoſitory of* Worthies—that all perſons, who go that way, may ſee on the one hand, what *veneration* is paid to *Virtue—Honour*—and *Bravery*—and on the other, what diſgrace and infamy attend the oppoſite characters.——

Val. You give an admirable reaſon for the nearneſs of their ſituations, for, when we can come ſo readily to compare things together, the oppoſition they bear to one another, will be ſeen in a more ſtriking light—but I interrupt you——

Freeman. The building is of the *Gothic* kind——the windows are placed high, on purpoſe, I believe, to throw *a gloomy light* into the area below, the better to correſpond with the melancholy deſign of it.

Val. Why—that is extremely well judged, there is ſomething very ſolemn, awful, and venerable in this order of building, that induces, and diſpoſes us to think *ſeriouſly* of things.

Freeman. The entrance is admirably well executed. Over the gate is an exquiſite piece of ſculpture, it repreſents DEATH enthroned, with a wreath of cypreſs and nightſhade round his temples, and his foot reſting on a globe.——And in this attitude he is delivering out ſome arrows to LUST and LUXURY, who are come to kiſs his hand upon their being appointed *his ſubſtitutes.*

Val.

Val. A noble, and ~~expenſive~~ *expreſſive* emblem!—truly inſtructive!—but pray proceed.

Freeman. The walls are at preſent naked, but there are hooks and irons fix'd in 'em, to bear ſome *trophies*, that are to be carried in the funeral proceſſion, to *diſtinguiſh* the ſeveral *orders of Inſignificants*.

Val. 'Tis very right (as the orders are ſo very numerous) to ſhew 'em in their proper colours.

Freeman. At the upper end, which is ſemicircular, there's a noble piece of painting divided into compartments, conſiſting of emblematical repreſentations of the preſent *reigning follies* of the age, over which you ſee *Britannia* (in the ſame attitude ſhe is repreſented upon *our* coins) giving orders to ſome GENII, who are unfolding A PALL, to let it fall down over all the compartments below—but with her head turned aſide, to ſhew the concern ſhe is under in being obliged to apply ſo ſevere a remedy.

Val. Upon honour, *Freeman*, *theſe meaſures* prove you are in earneſt.——Well—I thank you for this favour—and now I'll go and pay my viſit to my couſin *Clary*—if you are not going out this morning, I ſhall call upon you ſoon.——Your's.

Freeman. But don't let her fears ſink—remember my hopes are built upon 'em.——Your ſervant.—

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Undertaker's houſe——COUPLET, *the Poet, knocking at the door.*

Enter MAN.

COUPLET.

SIR—my name is *Couplet*—I know 'tis a buſy time with you—but if Mr. *Hatband* is to be ſpoke with—pray tell him my buſineſs with him will be ſoon diſpatched.—— [*Exit Man.*

Enter HATBAND.

Sir—I am—inform'd—that you have the direction of THESE GREAT FUNERALS—Sir—if there ſhould be any inſcriptions wanted upon this occaſion (as I ſuppoſe *people* who made ſo great a figure in life will be buried in *high taſte)* I ſhould be very glad to ſerve you—you won't find me unreaſonable.

Hatband. May I be ſo bold, Sir—do you keep a ſtock of theſe things by you?

Couplet. O! Sir—'tis abſolutely neceſſary—we have ſometimes a call for 'em at a very ſhort notice.

Hatband. Surprizing! why you poets have a wonderful genius—to fit people exactly to an hair, without firſt taking meaſure of 'em.

Couplet. O dear Sir—I ſuppoſe you know the rule among poets and painters, *only take care and draw the picture handſome enough*—and 'twill certainly be admir'd—a likeneſs very often offends.

Hatband. But this only relates to the private opinion a man entertains of himſelf—whereas an *inſcription* is an *appeal to the public*, and therefore, if, inſtead of conveying truths, this is only to be ſtuffed up with *flatteries*, 'tis leading the public judgment into errors—at leaſt you won't preſume to CALL this letting us into any *knowledge* of the *party!*

Couplet. No, Sir—this is done by another *more effectual* method—you know the name of the party is *never omitted* in the inſcription, and conſequently—while you are reading it, you are inſtantly informed (without giving yourſelf the trouble to make enquiries) to whom the character belongs.

Hatband. Very right, Sir—why really, as you ſay, this is *one way* to prevent miſtakes—but—as to *theſe people*—I am afraid you would meet with a hard taſk to find out any excellencies they had—unleſs you have a very good head for invention.

Couplet. Why—as you obſerve, Sir—a fruitful invention is *very neceſſary!*—for, to tell you the truth, we ſeldom give ourſelves *any* trouble to enquire into the character of the deceaſed—all our care is to pleaſe the *honourable family* that *ſurvives*—you are very ſenſible, that a *lofty* panegyrick, and a *ſtately monument* muſt give them an air of grandeur, and make 'em look conſiderable in the world (if it was not for this, we ſhould not have *half* the monuments we have!)—and ſo, Sir, ſuppoſe we were to recommend ſome of theſe people *as examples of piety!*——

Hatband. Piety!—how came you to think of that?—*Piety!*—what, would you go to affront 'em!——Why, Sir—you could not paſs a greater reflection upon

upon 'em!—it would be as much as to ſay, they were the moſt *unpolite people* in the world.—*Piety!*—No—no—it would be taken very ill, I aſſure you—why there were none of them would permit *grace* to be *ſaid at their tables*, and they all play'd at *cards on Sundays*.——

Couplet. Suppoſe then we were to take notice of their charities.——

Hatband. Charity!—there too—you are as much out as you was before—indeed, there's no poſſibility of judging rightly of their circumſtances, for the thing is juſt as it happens.——If you had ſeen them at a gaming-table, or met 'em at ſome of their haunts, indeed, you might have thought there was no end of their riches—but now, at another time, I aſſure you, they could not afford to pay for the neceſſaries of life—if a tradeſman brought 'em his bill, they were as poor as rats—the *faſhion* of the times *drew* ſo *unreaſonably* upon them, that (as you *can't think* but what there muſt be *ſome management* required, to keep up their credit) ſo you can't ſuppoſe but they muſt be very SAVING in their charities.——

Couplet. But, Sir—were there no people of *ſenſe* among them—becauſe, you know, people *may be ſenſible*—if they have neither *piety* nor *charity*.

Hatband. Why ay! but 'tis unfortunate—all the ſenſes they had were converted into TASTE (a faſhionable term to give countenance to every folly they were guilty of!)—we *can't poſſibly allow* there was *any other* SENSE among them—and I don't know but the term is uſed with propriety enough—becauſe

this

this SENSE OF TASTE has indeed the leaſt connection *with the intellectual faculties*—and is much more ſuited to *the animal life*, which was much more in vogue with them than *the rational one!*

Couplet. But—now! Sir—ſince *keeping* and *gaming* are grown to be ſo faſhionable, it muſt be almoſt *impoſſible* for a gentleman, not to meet with *frequent* opportunities of ſhewing himſelf to be *a man of* SPIRIT—and, O dear Sir!—A HEROE! is *a noble ſubject* with *us poets.*——I am confident there *muſt* have been *courage* among *ſome* of the gentlemen.

Hatband. No—Sir—no—there was no courage! at leaſt, I muſt tell you, there was no *true courage* among 'em—there *was* one or two, I believe, might think they had ſome pretence to *the character*, by ſending a challenge or ſo—beating a poor old watchman—breaking lamps—or committing ſome riots in the ſtreets!——In a word, Sir—you may depend upon it—there will be no monuments or inſcriptions permitted—for it would be a direct impeachment of the equity of this NEW LAW—to let any good character be given them, who, if they had deſerved any thing of this kind, would have eſcaped the puniſhment.——

Couplet. Ah! Sir—I have been hard at work upon this occaſion—and to confeſs the truth—there *is*—an *inſcription* or *two* a little mortgaged!

Hatband. Why, Sir—I ſhould have been very glad to have ſerved you—but it is not in my power at preſent!—but—now I think of it—let me adviſe you to write *a ſatire*—I can tell you, you'll find plenty of matter for a work of this ſort (and this

perhaps will give your creditors *a freſh ſecurity*)—ſo—if you'll call again, when I am at leiſure (for I am buſy at preſent) I'll let you into ſome of their principal characters!——

Couplet. I'm extremely obliged to you!—and I'll wait on you another time.——Your ſervant.——

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

FREEMAN.——LUCETTA.

LUCETTA.

O Sir—I am *glad* I have found you—for there's my young Lady at laſt *reſolved* to wait upon Lady TASTE this morning—as ſoon as ſhe ſhould diſcover any ſuch intention, you deſired me to let you know of it.——

Freeman. And dear girl—here are my thanks!—[*gives her a purſe*]—'tis an honeſt bribe, *Lucetta*, you are aſſiſting in the *cauſe* of *virtue*.

Lucetta. O dear Sir—nothing ſhould tempt me to act upon any other *principle*.

Freeman. This *intimacy* of *acquaintance*—*muſt* be broke off, *Lucetta*, or *nothing* can be done!—your Lady's paying *this viſit*, will *utterly* deſtroy the *ſcheme* I have been forming, and upon which I have built *all* my hopes!——

Lucetta.

Lucetta. Then, Sir—I hope you'll ſoon call upon my Lady—'twill prevent her going abroad.

Freeman. There's Mr. *Valentine*, I believe, by this time, at your houſe—he has juſt left me for that purpoſe—and I apprehend 'twill be the beſt way, to defer my coming, 'till I think his viſit is paid.—— Our calling upon your Lady one after another, will be a means to keep her from going abroad, without ſeeming to oppoſe her inclination.

Lucetta. Well—I am *glad* to hear Mr. *Valentine* is come to town—then all will be well—I know my Lady has a *great* regard for him—and though ſhe loves to diſpute *every point* with him, yet afterwards ſhe *ſeriouſly* reflects upon what he ſays—becauſe 'tis *all done* in ſo *pretty* a way, and in giving her his good advice, he always ſtrikes in with her humour.—— Oh! 'tis joyful news, that that merry gentleman is come—but, if he is at my Lady's, I ſhall be wanted.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Clarinda's Chamber.*

CLARINDA *ſitting in a penſive poſture.*

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

MADAM, here is a gentleman below, who ſays his name is *Valentine.*

Clar. What! is HE come to town!—deſire him to walk up.——So—if this couſin of mine has heard

any thing of *this New Law*, here am I to ſtand a moſt furious attack——[*as* Valentine *is entering*]—Yes, yes, I ſee by his looks, unleſs I can ſtand my ground, that I am to expect *no quarter*.

Val. Your ſervant, couſin *Clary* [*ſalutes her, then retires, and, obſerving her, continues ſilent.*]

Clar. Well, couſin *Valentine*, now you have taken this curious ſurvey of my perſon—what is your opinion?——

Val. [*advancing towards her*] Why—couſin *Clary*, I am heartily glad to find it is no worſe with you—*you* eſcape, I ſee, better than *ſome* of your acquaintance!——To tell you the very truth, I was afraid we *ſhould* have loſt you!—that you had been one of theſe fine Ladies, who are to be *buried* to-night!

Clar. And ſo I ſuppoſe you came purpoſely to be chief mourner!——No—no—I aſk your pardon; ſevere as the *preſent Law is*—perhaps it would have been dangerous for you to have owned your *relation*, you would have hardly had the courage!

Val. I don't find I ſhould have been put to the trial—for I hear, ſince I came to town, that there are none but INSIGNIFICANTS to be admitted to the funerals (nay, for that matter, you are fitteſt company for one another) and ſo, you know, *I* muſt have been excluded for want of a proper qualification!——

Clar. There's your miſtake now!—indeed couſin, I do *not* know it!—neither *do I think* you are *ſo* diſqualified, as you pretend to be—your *eſcaping* the puniſhment does not amount to a proof that you are *innocent*—you *know—we—are—acquainted!*——you have

have no *Inſignificants*, I ſuppoſe!——you have *no Squires* in the country!

Val. Very well!—this is juſt like you!—but, let me tell you——

Clar. Nay—nay—couſin! you ſhall *firſt tell* me, which you *really* think fitteſt to be *called Life*——making a figure at Maſquerades, Balls, Concerts, Operas, Vaux-hall, Ranelagh—where every thing is gay and ſpirited—or the dangling away one's time in ſtuffing, guzzling, ſmoaking, ſnoring, whooping, hollowing, and baniſhing all reaſonable topicks—making dogs and horſes the chief ſubject of your converſation!

Val. In my opinion, neither deſerves to be called Life! there *are* Inſignificants in all places!

Clar. Well—I am glad you own ſo much as this—and pray now—don't you think ſome of your *Country* Ladies too (who would willingly *lead* the *very life* that *we do*—*if* they had opportunity!)——come into our claſs!——You muſt know, now—I will be *ſo* good-natured, as to except *all thoſe*—*good, houſewifely Ladies*, who cut out their *old things* into *new faſhions*, become their *own milliners*—*work plain-work*, 'till they have loſt their eye-ſight—*divert* their evenings with a ſober game at *Loo*—go to *groanings*—deal in *diſtilled waters*—and practiſe *phyſick* for the benefit of the poor.

Val. Heigh-day, I hope you don't think to ſave yourſelf by turning evidence, for this is only impeaching *other* perſons—but 'tis no defence of yourſelf—you tell me—what I readily agree to, that there are ſeveral other *giddy*, *gay*, *romantick Ladies* in the world,

world, who, if they had opportunity, would take the very ſame courſe as you do.——But is this any vindication of your character?

Clar. Why now! you are growing ſerious! upon my word, you don't look half ſo arch as you did—when you began with me!—why, (as the ſaying is) you're *as grave as a Judge.*——Come—come—I'll *make* you one, and you ſhall *try me—muſt not I hold up my hand?*—I think that's the way—there now—*I plead not guilty.*

Val. Ay—ay—you ſeem to enter into the cuſtom that's practiſed in other places, I ſee you want to learn before-hand how you are to manage it, when you are *actually* brought upon your TRYAL—nay, you are right to get yourſelf a little prepared—but, I am afraid, all would not do, if the court was to meet with you!—orders would be given—*away with her to the Undertakers*—for you may depend upon it, they would never admit this courſe of yours to be called LIFE!——

Clar. But it would be *beyond all their ſkill* to prevent it; for I don't in the leaſt doubt but I could produce a thouſand witneſſes to prove it *the only life in the world!*

Val. But then theſe would be taken out of your acquaintance, and ſo their evidence would be objected to, they would be entirely at *a loſs* for a *character*—for, being a ſet of perſons of no buſineſs, order, or profeſſion, they would never be able to ſhew what place they held in the community!

Clar. Nay, now you mention the community, I am ſure THAT has no reaſon to complain of my way of

of life, for, ſince I came to town, it has coſt me a *world* of money.

Val. I never charged you, couſin, with being covetous! I know you have *ways enough* to ſend your money flying, but you have little or nothing to ſhew for't, 'tis all flung away upon *ſights* and *ſounds*—the real intereſt of the community is not a *ſtraw* the better for't.——

Clar. Not quite ſo faſt, I beſeech you—perhaps in ſome of my bargains, I have ſhewed *more* judgment than you think for—ſuppoſe *now*, I have been *buying experience!*

Val. And ſuppoſe you have!—I can ſee no good effects ariſing from it as yet—but 'tis viſible you have paid dear enough for it—and I am afraid you have made your purchaſe *too late* to be of any ſervice to you—I wiſh you well off with all my heart—but, if the court meets with you, you may depend upon it, the ſentence will turn upon your paſt conduct—and, as that will be the caſe, I'll leave you to conſider how it is likely to fare with you!

Clar. Nay, now, if you are ſo very ſevere, you ſhall be my judge no longer.—Why, what a ſtrange notion have you got of people of quality—is there no body among 'em that *thinks*, and acts properly.

Val. A *few*, *very* few!

Clar. You are quite uncharitable!——But come, Sir, I won't build quite ſo much as I might in juſtice do, upon our having *all* the Ladies of the *firſt claſs* among us, becauſe, perhaps, you'll ſay we are the WEAKER SEX—but you muſt allow it to be a STRONG argument in our favour, when I tell you, that we have

have all the FINE GENTLEMEN IN TOWN in our way of thinking.——

Val. Way of thinking! hah! hah! it may be *your way* for what I know! hah! hah! *way of thinking!*—why there is not a reaſonable creature among 'em—a man of ſenſe and character would be aſhamed to be *ſeen* in your company—you are only followed by an *idle*, *triſling*, *flaſhy*, *empty* ſet of fellows, who have *no thought* at all—or if they have *any*—'tis wicked and deſigning—indeed while *your Sex* behave themſelves in the manner they do—you muſt not wonder at *our*'s, paying ſo little veneration as they do to the holy ſtate of matrimony.

Clar. And—pray then, couſin! what *ſtrange creatures* are theſe men of *ſenſe* and *character* as you call them—*where* is their courage?—for now!—to let you into a ſecret, you muſt know, we only go to theſe places of danger, *purpoſely* to give ſuch *ſenſible gentlemen* an opportunity to *come* and *reſcue us.*

Val. Thank you for this, I have now brought you to the point I have been wiſhing for—you *may be* RESCUED, if *you will!* there's my friend *Freeman!* [Clarinda *ſtarts, and turns away*] I have now ſome hopes of her!—— [*aſide.*

[Valentine *continues ſilent, and obſerves* Clarinda.]

Clar. [*recovering herſelf*] So, Sir, I ſee *you* have your *ſtratagems!* and as you was likely to come off by the worſt *you* are for making your *diverſions!* you did not find *me* uſing ſuch contrivances.——But your friend *Freeman*, what of him?

Val.

Val. I find then you know *there is ſuch a gentleman*, and you have let me into one more excellency in him, than I was acquainted with before.——Faith, I find he can mend *complexions*—I wiſh he was here to take my part.——

Clar. That's more than I do—for if *he* had been here, I don't know how I ſhould have come off—it would have been *two to one*—but now I think the victory's fairly mine.

Val. And let it be ſo! only leave this giddy way of life, and act reaſonably for the future, (you have ſenſe enough, if you don't give it up to the miſguidings of others)—this do—and the triumph ſhall be your's—my friend then will be happy in the moſt *agreeable* of women, as you will be bleſſed with the moſt *valuable* of men!

Clar. Why now you are quite ſerious—I don't know how it is—but I think 'tis *catching*.——But do now, dear couſin! let me beg one favour of you—will you promiſe me—if you *imagine* you have made any *diſcovery*, that it ſhall go no farther?

Val. But why muſt I promiſe all, and you nothing?———Will you give me your word then, that you'll let Mr. *Freeman* make a convert of you?

Clar. Piſh—I can't tell what may happen in time, but firſt—I *muſt* hear a few more of his grave lectures, they divert me wonderfully, he looks *ſo ſolemn*, and delivers them *ſo pathetically*—that I can hardly help laughing.——

Val. Why, couſin *Clary*, if the caſe was different, I can't ſay ſuch *grave advice* would be quite ſo ſuitable to the character of a lover—but, if you conſider

things rightly, you can eaſily account for't in your own behaviour—*his deſign* is to make you and himſelf happy—and 'tis with this view, he is only ſeeking to ſhew you, how you may for ever preſerve his friendſhip, and behave in your new ſtation with grace and dignity; for I am confident you can never really think, this *gay, faſhionable Life* can ever ſuit, with one who is going to be the *Miſtreſs of a Family*, and may in good time have a houſe full of children.——If you are to be a wife, you ſhould conſider before-hand, and reſolve to be what a wife ought to be—there's all your ſex in every part of *your dreſs* can ſhew judgment enough to chuſe what is moſt becoming your *complexions*—but what's ſuitable to your *characters* is always left out of your enquiries—and ſo—if you won't think for yourſelves, pray where's the harm done you, if a perſon of judgment thinks for you.

Clar. Well then, couſin! you have now at laſt given me a very good reaſon—why I need not take the trouble of thinking for myſelf—but you have not promiſed me!——

Val. Well then, upon honour, what has paſſed ſhall be a ſecret—and I leave you to your own reflections! I'll call upon you as often as I can—it may be ſome relief to you, while you keep yourſelf a priſoner—I think you judge right, to confine yourſelf a little, 'till the danger's over. [*taking his leave.*

Clar. Remember——

Val. Your ſervant.—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

CLARINDA *returning, ſeats herſelf in a chair.*

CLARINDA.

I Hope this couſin of mine is to be truſted!—— but if either he, or Mr. *Freeman*, were to know my real ſentiments—it would ſave them a world of trouble, in preſſing me ſo earneſtly to leave a *Life* I am almoſt tir'd of.—But Mr. *Freeman* muſt know nothing of it yet!—leſt my putting on a new character, at this *critical* juncture, ſhould appear to him to be the effect of *fear* rather than of *principle*—beſides *I can't ſay* but a *little more good advice* may be *really* wanting—and when I am quite ſick of all this *noiſe* and *nonſenſe*, I don't know but I may reward the good man at laſt, by *letting* him *fancy*, that my being reclaimed is *all owing* to his *wholſome* counſels—and he ſhall enjoy the thoughts of having made a *double conqueſt* of me.—— [*Rings the bell.*

Enter LUCETTA.

Clar. Is it certain, *Lucetta*, that theſe Ladies are to be buried to-night?

Lucetta. Why la', Madam, there's half the town going to ſee the funerals—I hope your Ladyſhip don't deſign to ſtir abroad to-day.

Clar. Tell me no more of your fears—let a chair be ready at the time I ordered.

Lucetta. Yes, Madam——but

Clar. But!—but what? the girl looks as if ſhe was going into a fit.

Lucetta. Why, indeed, Madam! I can't bear the thoughts of your running into danger——when there's no *manner* of occaſion for it!

Clar. I *wonder* how you can *ſay ſo*—for *here* am I!—*all alone*—I ſee *no body*, and I know nothing *certain* of what has been done, in conſequence of *this New Law.*——If there *is* danger, with whom am I to adviſe how to guard againſt it?—If there is *none*, why do I keep myſelf a priſoner?—and therefore, ſay what you will, I am reſolved to call upon Lady *Taſte* this morning.

Lucetta. Why—la', Madam—as the Undertakers have a commiſſion to take up all *ſuſpected* perſons—to be ſure they have their ſpies out upon the watch—and I don't doubt but Lady *Taſte*'s houſe (as ſhe has made herſelf ſo remarkable a character) is beſet with 'em—and then!—there!—is your *chair* to be *ſtopp'd*, and inſtantly ſurrounded by *Porters*, *Shoe-blacks*, *Chimney-ſweepers*, *Herb-women*, and all the *London Cries* that are paſſing by—you muſt *civilly* let 'em run their greazy heads into your Ladyſhip's face—*to ſee who you are*—and permit 'em to make their enquiries *what is your name!*—*where* you live, and into the *whole hiſtory* of your life and converſation.

Clar. Why ſure, *Lucetta*, I have not behaved myſelf, ſince I came to town, in *ſuch* a manner, as not to be able to *ſtir* out of doors, but I muſt be treated in the rough manner you are deſcribing.

Lucetta.

Lucetta. But as you are *ſafe* where you are—why ſhould you venture! I am ſure, if you conſider things coolly—there's Lady *Taſte*'s abſence gives you the ſame advice as I do—which is to keep out of the way a little for the preſent—for you may depend upon it, you would have *ſeen* her Ladyſhip before now, if ſhe had found ſhe could have come with ſafety, and therefore *her* reaſon for not ſtirring abroad ſhould be a reaſon with *you* to keep you at home.

Clar. Very well—*Lucetta*—I thought you loved me—and was in hopes you had a better opinion of me, than I find you have.

Lucetta. Love you! Madam!—can you queſtion it, when I am now giving you ſo *full* a proof of it—Why la', Madam! you always deſired me to ſpeak my mind freely!—and ſhall I now go to flatter you—and let you have *your* way, only becauſe 'twill pleaſe you, when I am confident you'll repent of it. La! if there ſhould be a *warrant* out againſt you!—I can't ſay——I can't tell what to think!——I beg pardon!——

Clar. I think there's nothing but conſtables and warrants running in this girl's head!——Well, *Lucetta*, I lead a ſtrange life with you—if *you* was to have your will! I muſt not ſo much as *look* out of the windows into the ſtreet! I would not for the world be ſuch a *coward* as *you* are—afraid of your own ſhadow! But yet, on the other hand, I don't think it right to be *over confident*—ſo let *Stephen* call upon the *Chairmen*, and tell 'em I ſhan't want 'em to-day—and do you go out—and I charge you, to bring me back a full account of the Tryals——'tis a

ſtrange

ſtrange law as ever was made!—Do you hear! don't you ſtay long—I ſhall be impatient 'till you return.

SCENE IV.

An Undertaker's ſhop—men at work—others packing up things for the Funerals.

Two PORTERS *waiting.*

Firſt Man.

HERE *Jack*—do you run away with theſe things to the Hall!—Mr. *Cloak* has ſent for 'em.——

2d Man. Have you put up the *boxes* and *dice*, and the *cards!*

1ſt Man. Yes, here they are, the uppermoſt parcel.——

1ſt Porter. Lud, Maiſter! *Cards!*—and *Boxes and Dice!*—I never heard of the like!—what can be the meaning of it!—Cards! Boxes and Dice to be carried to *Funerals!*

1ſt Man. Why *Jack*, you know gaming is a ſort of martial exerciſe! the parties engage—and ſome loſe and ſome get the victory—and ſo thoſe who die, are to be buried like officers—the trophies are to be carried in the funeral proceſſion—the coffins are to be loaded with their arms and accoutrements!

1ſt Porter. [*ſhrugging his ſhoulders*] Lud! Maiſter *William*, I was in great hopes I *ſhould* have come in for ſome poſt or other to-day—as there is to be ſuch ſtately doings.——

1ſt Man.

1ſt Man. 'Tis very likely you may—but you'll know better when you ſee Mr. *Cloak*—I ſaw him this morning, taking notice of the ſtrength of thy muſcles—and 'tis my opinion, he has pitch'd upon *you*, to be one of *the Standard-bearers.*

1ſt Porter. A Standard-bearer!—what am I to carry?——

1ſt Man. Why—there is a banging hoop—full-ſtretched, I know, to be carried in the proceſſion—and I am pretty well aſſured you'll be the man.

1ſt Porter. Well—I hope then, 'twill be a *ſtill* evening! for if a ſquall ſhould riſe, I ſhould certainly be overſet, or driven out of the line.

2d Porter. But pray, Maiſter *William*, could not you find out a poſt for me?

2d Man. Why ay! *Thomas*, I think you ſhall be *a Mute!*——

2d Porter. A Mute, Maiſter!—what's that?

2d Man. Why a Mute is *one* that is to ſtand by a dead corps in a doleful poſture—and as I take it—it is but ſcrewing up thy face to one degree more diſmal, than 'tis at preſent—and you are the *very* man for the place!——But do you mind—you muſt hold your hands clinch'd together—elevated—a little off from your body—thus—let us ſee how you can manage it? [*2d Porter mimicking*] there—only hang your head upon one ſhoulder—that will do very well.

2d Porter. But—if there ſhould be e'er *another Mute* there—may not one *juſt ſpeak* to one *another or ſo?*——

2d Man. No, not ſo much as open your mouth—*ſilent* and *motionleſs* as a ſtatue!

2d Porter.

2d Porter. Then Maiſter, I ſuppoſe, I am to ſtand by the corps of one of the dead gentlemen—— for, if the Ladies are to have *Mutes*—'tis likely they'll be of the *women-kind.*

2d Man. Of the women-kind—hah! hah! hah! doſt thee know what thee talkeſt of? Women Mutes! in what part of the world are we to meet with 'em—we have tried many years to introduce that cuſtom for decency's ſake—but finding none among the ſex fit for the purpoſe, we were forced to give it over.

2d Porter. Why indeed, as you ſay, a woman, that would hold her tongue any time together, muſt be a great rarity.

1ſt Man. But here, take up theſe boxes, and run away to the hall with 'em—we muſt not ſtand trifling.

Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

An apartment in Clarinda's *houſe.*

CLARINDA.——FREEMAN.

FREEMAN.

BEcauſe I am not blind to every action,
You call it coolneſs—but indeed you wrong me!

Clar. Yet if you lov'd me (as love ſees no faults)
Would *every* ſtep be cenſur'd?—but ſo 'tis,
Becauſe I yield me to *the mould* of *faſhion,*

And

And do as others do, in rank my equals,
(And ſo ſtand *countenanc'd* in what I do)
My way of life offends!——

Freeman. If I diſpleaſe you—'tis by uttering truths
Affection forces from me—'tis to ſhew you
Things as they are!—I would not diſappoint you,
And ſeek, by *gentle arts*, to trail you on
'Till you had given your hand, and then declare
(Hazarding rupture of our future peace)
Your courſe of life ſuits not with character!——
I ſee the path you take, will never lead you
To that *full-meaſur'd happineſs* I wiſh you,
And therefore kindly aim to ſet you right!

Clar. Is that the caſe!—that I ſhould *ſo* miſtake you!
Why—as you ſay—'tis really wronging you
To think you croſs!—and out of humour with me
When now! 'tis plain you only quarrel with me
Out of *pure love*, and kindneſs!——

Freeman. Say what you will—the caſe is even ſo
And *blaming now*, is to prevent occaſion
Of ever *blaming* more! pardon my freedom!
And ſince 'tis *Love* offends, let *Love excuſe* it!

Clar. I have heard this often!——

Freeman. You force me to repeat it!
'Tis in your *power* to ſilence it for ever!
Change but your courſe of life—the *topick*'s chang'd
To all th' endearing *words*, that Love can utter
To all th' endearing *acts*, that Love can ſhew.

Clar. Well then—if I muſt ſtay to hear my faults,
Will you be ſparing—will you then be brief?
My memory's wondrous ſhort!—and you ſhall ſee
How grave I'll look.—What think you now?——

Freeman. Why now——
Your looks are ſtill too gay!
Clar. And *your*'s too ſerious!——
Freeman. Why then 'tis right—it ſuits
My preſent frame of thought—who with deſign
To make my Love, *life's ſweet companion*——
Glowing with warm deſires!—and taking with me
Anticipating Hope—to point me out
Lovely!—tranſporting ſcenes!—and give me foretaſte
Of thouſand joys to come!—have oft been tracing
The way of Life, we're hand in hand to paſs——
Not the ſoft path, that leads to thoughtleſs pleaſure
But *that* where *Virtue* is the guide—a path
Where we ſhall meet with *cares* as well as *joys*——
And offices will lay a burden on us
Bleſt weight!——
And which the raptur'd choice with extaſy
Would bow it's neck to bear—therefore to theſe
Our giving NOW! attention, lays the *Baſe*
Of *Love* and *Friendſhip*—*Character*—*Eſteem*—
And *inward ſweet Content*—a lovely group
Of Cherub Graces, to preſerve and heighten
Mutual endearments—for I am perſuaded
The happy day is on the wing of time
That makes us *one*—and by this union gives us
A fellowſhip in duties—a Wife, *Clarinda*,
Whoſe *ſtation's fix'd*—whoſe luſtre, and attraction
Muſt now within *an orbit* be confin'd
And *warm* and *ſhine* on each dependent, plac'd
Under your rule and influence!——
Clar. The caſe you're ſtating
Concerns me not at preſent—and a leſſon

So *out of ſeaſon* learnt—when I ſhould practiſe
I *may* forget—therefore would chuſe to ſtay
'Till fit occaſion calls—different behaviours
Pleaſe different men!—and ſhould I form a courſe
That may diſpleaſe my Lord, before I know
His will and pleaſure—take what pains I will—
There's all my labour loſt!——

Freeman. But, O *Clarinda*,
The *change of habits* is an *arduous* taſk!
The image that is *ſtamp'd* upon the oar
Claims a poſſeſſion there—and *yields* not
'Till it is *melted down*, to *new impreſſion!*
So muſt your preſent courſe of life be ſerv'd,
Struck with the reigning follies of the age
E'er it can change the *dye*——
Impoſſible!——
From running ſuch a giddy round of pleaſure,
Bearing no ſhape with duty, on a ſudden
To learn the houſewife's leſſon! from midnight routs
From giving up *fair Honour*—and *ſweet Temper*
Into the power of *wanton*, *inſolent* Chance!
From gadding, trifling, and unmeaning viſits,
Where friendſhip has no part—with ugly vizors
Hiding the virgin bluſh, and leaving Virtue
Robb'd of it's natural guard—impoſſible
Inſtantly to commence the *baſhful Bride!*
From meaſuring out the light and flitting hours
By the *looſe*, *barren grains* of PLEASURE'S GLASS
To come to *a new reckoning*—and with works
That *ſuit* and *grace* the worker, to mark out
Viſible to th' eye the tract that Time has paſs'd,
And *ſhew* what you've been doing yeſterday!——

To drop the pride of fashion for the mind's
Richer attire—to love the life retir'd——
With *busy chearfulness* and *smiling care*
T' attend domestic duties—to tune the ear
To each occasions call! neither too sparing
(For Credit's worth the purchase) nor profuse,
But weighing what *may* happen, to keep even
'Twixt cost and circumstance—often considering
What 'tis to be a *parent!*——and so blest
With foresight of advantage; arm yourself
'Gainst Nature's weakness to give matron prudence
The upper hand of fondness!——

Clar. 'Tis time to interrupt you!
Fy! Mr. *Freeman!*——
What must be—must be—but to talk of *mothers*
At present is quite horrid!——

Freeman. Blush not, *Clarinda*—as the cherry blossoms
Before it's fruit is ripen'd—and the *plan*'s drawn
E'er we begin the building—so should we
Before things happen, give an early promise
In th' *undisguised course* of our behaviour
How we're determin'd to demean ourselves
In characters that *stay for* us!——

Clar. You know!—[*slapping her fan*]—there are
such things to be procur'd
As house-keeper and nurse——

Freeman. What do you mean?——

Clar. Why!——
I mean to b' idle!—and to do my work
By *deputies!*——you know 'tis practis'd
In the *great family*—the STATE!——

Freeman.

Freeman. Will nothing make you ſerious!
Muſt I *at laſt!*—'tis what *I ſtrove t' avoid*——
Muſt I ſpeak plainly out? Know then, *Clarinda*,
I fear you think too lightly of *your danger!*
Was THAT conſider'd—you would change your key
T' a little graver pitch! all your companions
Lie *under ſentence!* Thoſe who trod with you
The flowery paths of pleaſure, whoſe gay colours
May ſtrike the eye—but with whoſe baneful ſweetneſs
Virtue grows faint—and Reputation ſickens!
Ah! think, *Clarinda*, at how low a price
THIS LAW ſets your proceedings—it annuls
The claim of *your exiſting!*—and diſſolving
All right of *ſtate*—and *title*—only rates you
As unſubſtantial!—viſionary beings——
Shadows!—and dreams!——

Clar. Why this is terrible!——But after all
Pray what's THIS LAW to me!——

Freeman. You cannot think
So circumſpectly as it has proceeded,
To break the courſe YOU'RE in, to be excus'd——
I will not ſay *you* are the *firſt* that ſat
The *bad example!*—but *your* following it
Gives it a MAGIC FORCE!—it might be *faint*
In *other's keeping*—but, ſuch *charms* as *your*'s
Muſt cover the deformity of vice
And bring o'er judgment to the ſide of error,

[Clarinda *ſmiles, and makes a low curtſey.*]

Clar. Why—this is unexpected!——

Freeman. O! let me build my hopes upon that ſmile
To wait upon you——

Clar.

Clar. Not to the funerals—'tis out of faſhion

Freeman. I do not aſk you
To go as one *concern'd*—as one that *mourns*
A loſs ſuſtain'd—but to behold the infamy
They carry to their graves!—who've help'd to ſpread
This PEST of idleneſs that *ſweeps* the land!
There!—as *your friends* paſs by to be interr'd
There! ſhould the affecting ſcene—while I am ſilent
Tell you in *ſtronger* terms than words can utter
Your danger—and *my love*——

Clar. I cannot go.——

Freeman. There's *Valentine* and I will be your guard
Or otherwiſe it might be dangerous!——
You muſt oblige us!—he's now waiting for me
Which forces me to this unwilling act
Of taking leave ſo ſoon!—— [*Exit.*

Clar. [*ſtaying*] But I ſhall diſappoint 'em—for it ſhan't be long before I ſee Lady TASTE—I know Mr. *Freeman* diſapproves of my going there! and therefore I will go!—'tis *plain* he *ſuſpects* my conduct!—and thinks I am *weak* enough to be ruled by every body—and ſo I'll puniſh him for't!—Beſides if I am to *aſk leave* to pay a viſit, and muſt be obliged at every turn, to tell *where* I am going—— truly a married life will be a *bleſſed ſtate*—'tis a *bad* cuſtom! and *muſt* be broke in a Lover, before it takes place in a huſband!

SCENE

SCENE II. *The Infirmary.*

Mrs. POSSET, *the Matron.*

POSSET.

WELL—'tis a terrible thing to have ſuch a ſhortneſs of breath! and—'tis a good thing that ſome people have patience!——I don't underſtand why all theſe dead people ſhould be ſent to *our hoſpital!*—to have it *tried*, forſooth, whether any of them could be brought to life again! marry come up! as if we had not *buſineſs* enough before! —where do they think *we* are to find hands to be warming beds, rubbing with fleſh-bruſhes, heating hartſhorn, holding ſalts, and to be chaffing theſe gentry from morning to night!—and then 'tis more than one body's work—(O lud they have almoſt ſtun'd me!) to give anſwers to the footmen—rap—rap—rap at the door!—with *their Maſters and Ladies compliments and enquiries—whether or no there's any hopes of their recovery!*—I ſee *plainly* the people of quality begin to *ſqueak!* for as they are conſcious, to themſelves that there is not a ſingle ſoul of them ſtands clear of *the charge of Inſignificancy*—ſo their *fears* of being buried put 'em upon ſending——but thank my ſtars——the conſultation of the Phyſicians is over.——And there's Dr. *Lancet* and Dr. *Senna* went to the court yeſterday to acquaint them, that they had unanimouſly given them over—and ſo this morning the Undertakers

have

have packed them off to their *common hall.*——Well, I am ſo fatigued, I can hardly ſpeak!

[*Enter Mr.* Buckthorn, *Apothecary to the Hoſpital.*]

Buckthorn. Pray, Mrs. Matron, are any of the Undertaker's men here?

Poſſet. No, Mr. *Buckthorn*, I have not ſeen any of them ſince the morning when they carried off the bodies.——

Buckthorn. I ſhould have been glad to have aſked them a queſtion or ſo—for 'tis reported in town, that the court has given ſome extraordinary directions with relation to the funerals—I ſhould have been glad to have known the particulars.——Why, Mrs. Matron—theſe unhappy people were too far gone! when we firſt inſpected them!—I ſaw very plainly [*ſhaking his head, and holding the head of his cane to his noſe*] there was *nothing*—Good Mrs. *Poſſet*—*nothing* to be done for them!

Poſſet. That's more than I can ſay—Mr. *Buckthorn*—I am ſure they gave *me* trouble enough of all conſcience—but I muſt tell you, that the women who came in with the Ladies (their gentlewomen, I think, they called themſelves!) had the ſaucineſs to tell me, that I muſt not, *upon any account*, *chaff their Ladies temples* with *warm ſpirits.*

Buckthorn. Why, Mrs. *Poſſet*, you had expreſs orders to do it—I am ſorry you was over-ruled.——I don't know what buſineſs theſe people had to direct——

Poſſet. And do you think *I would ſuffer 'em!*—what—to be *over-ruled* by that *ſecond-hand* gentry—how ſhould they know what was proper to be done?

Buckthorn. Indeed I hope you app'ied the hartſhorn.

Poſſet. You need not doubt it—there's no body, though I ſay it myſelf, more punctual in following directions—but I was obliged to order the tea to be ready in another apartment, before I could get theſe troubleſome gueſts out of the way—and then—you muſt know, I warmed the hartſhorn, and began chafing the Ladies temples with my *own* hands, becauſe I would have it done *well*, Mr. *Buckthorn*—but I was never ſo ſurpriz'd in my life!

Buckthorn. At what, Mrs. Matron!——

Poſſet. Why, Sir, as I was chafing the Ladies temples (as I was telling you)—but you muſt know the firſt thing I did, was to hold a looking-glaſs to their mouths.——La', thinks I to myſelf! while I was holding the glaſs—la', if any of the Ladies now were to come to life again—how would they *look*—and *ſimper*—and *twinkle* at it—how would *this thing*—and *that*—and *t'other*—be *pinched* about, and ſet to rights!—how would they *admire* their ſweet faces!—But, alas! the looking-glaſs was quite clear——there was not the leaſt ſully from the breath upon it; ſo you muſt know I warmed the hartſhorn—and, when I began chafing their temples, and down the ſide of their cheeks—you can't conceive the caſe!—I was quite aſtoniſh'd!——

Buckthorn. But when am I to know what it was that ſo aſtoniſh'd you?

Poſſet. O dear Sir—why, as I was applying the hartſhorn—as ſure as you're alive, their complexion came *all off* upon my fingers.

Buckthorn. Their complexion, Mrs. Matron?

Poſſet. Yes, *their complexion*, Mr. *Buckthorn*—all the red and white they had upon their faces.

Buckthorn. Why this is very wonderful! at preſent I can't really account for it—[*holding up his cane to his noſe as before*]—pray, can you inform me, whether or no the Undertakers had been with theſe people before you performed the operation?

Poſſet. Why yes, Sir, as ſoon as ever the Ladies were brought in, the Undertaker's head-man came along with 'em, to take meaſure of them for their coffins, or otherwiſe he obſerved they ſhould never get ready in time.

Buckthorn. Why then *here* muſt be the caſe, Mrs. Matron, it muſt be ſome preparation of cedar, or diſſolution of gums, ſome noſtrum of theirs to keep their bodies from *putrefaction.*

Poſſet. But la, Sir, there was Lady *Racket.*——Well, I never ſhall forget it!

Buckthorn. Why—what of her?

Poſſet. Why! methought upon my rubbing her *ſome time* with a fleſh-bruſh, I perceived a little warmth in her—and upon this, you muſt know, I reached down my *own cordial water.*——Well—taking a ſpoon—and leaning her head back, and opening her mouth, I got a little of it down.

Buckthorn. Pray, did her Ladyſhip come to life again!—*I thought there* had not *been one* of them recovered.——

Poſſet. You ſhall hear, Sir.—When the cordial came down to her ſtomach, my Lady began to have ſome

ſome motion, and opened her eyes—and if *ever* I *heard words* in *my whole life*—ſhe cried out—*I brag five guineas more!* poor ſoul, I thought ſhe would have come to life again—but—'twas no ſuch thing! her head ſunk down preſently again—and though I rubbed and chaffed her an hour together afterwards, ſhe went quite away.

Buckthorn. As to this caſe, Mrs. Matron, I don't think it to be ſuch an uncommon one—it was only *Nature ſtruggling* in her to the laſt.——I muſt obſerve to you, whatever way of thinking we accuſtom ourſelves to, ſuch things make a deep impreſſion in us—and affect the animal ſpirits in a very extraordinary manner—ſo that—we retain the ideas to the laſt moments—and expreſs our approbation of them, as *the ghoſt is departing!*—but I ſuppoſe you are for a ſight of theſe famous buryings—I believe I ſhall take a trip that way myſelf—I hear the proceſſion will be very ſingular!——

Poſſet. O Sir—you muſt know—there's good Mr. *Hatband* made me *promiſe* him to come and ſee the funerals—he told me he had procured a place for me cloſe by the repoſitory—*but I am almoſt* afraid to venture for fear of a return of theſe rheumatick diſorders, that have hung ſo long upon me.

Buckthorn. No—no—keep yourſelf warm, Mrs. *Poſſet*, and I hope there will be no danger.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Lucetta *returning*, *meets* Valentine *coming out of* Clarinda's *houſe.*

LUCETTA.

O Sir—I am glad to find you have called upon my Lady—pray, Sir—does ſhe ſtill talk of going to Lady *Taſte*'s to-day!———I hope you have brought her to alter her reſolution.

Val. No, *Lucetta*, 'twas out of my power! it will be impoſſible to prevail on her to ſee the funerals!—though I know Mr. *Freeman* has ſet his heart upon it!——

Lucetta. Why then, Sir, if *there is no other way*—do you remember what I propoſed to you the laſt time you called—though I don't know whether it would be at all proper to put it in practice.

Val. Well recollected! *Lucetta*—that *muſt* be the ſcheme, there's nothing elſe will do!—and I am of opinion, when Mr. *Freeman* comes to conſider the good conſequences which will probably be the reſult of it—that he will be brought over to agree to it.—But where, now, ſhall I meet with my ſervant!——I wiſh I could tell where Mr. *Freeman*'s *Truſty* is—he is rather the cleverer fellow of the two—for our preſent purpoſe.

Lucetta. La', Sir, do you want Mr. *Truſty*——I am confident he's within, for he overtook me in the ſtreet, and would fain have went home with me, but

but I would not let him—and then he told me, he would be at our houſe before me.

Val. So—ſo—*Lucetta!*——

Lucetta. No indeed, Sir.——

Val. Then why do you bluſh ſo!—come—come—*Truſty* is a very honeſt fellow, and will make you a good huſband—but we muſt manage this affair you mentioned with diſpatch—let me tell you, *Lucetta*, as things are *now* circumſtanced—I am extremely pleaſed with it—and here, huzzy, if you have got your ſpark within—do you order him to ſet out immediately—give him theſe two pieces, and let him diſpoſe of 'em, as *you* know how—and if you find your Lady is reſolved to go out, give her her way—but charge him to be ready as ſoon as poſſible—and I and *Worthy* will be time enough for the buſineſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

CLARINDA——LUCETTA.

CLARINDA.

I Wonder how you could ſtay ſo long, *Lucetta*, pray, where have you been!

Lucetta. Why, dear Madam, I have been at Mrs. *Snip*'s the mantua-maker's—and who ſhould come in but Mrs. *Bruſſels* the milliner—and there was nothing talked of but the trials.

Clar. Well, let me hear how things went.

Lucetta.

Lucetta. Why, Madam, the court has been very ſevere indeed!—and I don't find by their way of proceeding, but that every thing you have been doing, ſince you came to town, would have been allowed as evidence againſt you, that you're a dead woman.——

Clar. Why—what! how do you mean, *Lucetta!*

Lucetta. Why then, Madam, in the firſt place, there was Lady *Vizard.*

Clar. What of Lady *Vizard!* I hope her Ladyſhip is not one of thoſe who are to be buried to-night.

Lucetta. 'Tis *as certain*—as that ſhe was your *Ladyſhip's acquaintance*—and the court, it ſeems, thought it *high time* too! for it was their opinion, that ſuffering her body to be kept ſo long above ground as they had done, was the occaſion of her being ſo reſtleſs—for it ſeems the court was fully ſatisfied that ſhe *walked.*

Clar. What is it the girl talks of—it can never be.

Lucetta. Why now indeed, Madam, from what I heard, if I was not perfectly ſure that you yourſelf was *true fleſh* and *blood*—I ſhould hardly know what to think of you.

Clar. What is come to you, *Lucetta*, that you can talk at this ſtrange rate?

Lucetta. I beg pardon—but how ſhould I think otherwiſe—when the proofs of her Ladyſhip's walking come ſo *very* near the things you have been doing yourſelf.——

Clar. What do you mean?

Lucetta. You muſt know then the proof was built upon her Ladyſhip's being ſeen in the *Hay-market* at all

all hours of the night, in *different ſhapes*, for the witneſſes depoſed, that ſometimes ſhe appeared like an old woman—at other times like a milk-maid—and at other times like a ſhepherdeſs.——La', thinks I to myſelf, what now *would* have become of my poor dear Lady, if *ſhe* had been to have been tried! becauſe you know, Madam, theſe are the very ſhapes *you* yourſelf have *often* been ſeen in—and ſo the court, thinking it impoſſible for her Ladyſhip to appear in ſo many different ſhapes, unleſs ſhe had *been dead* and *walkĕd*—ordered her to be interred.—But there was Lady *Jane Racket*, Madam.

Clar. And Lady *Racket* too—what was the charge that was brought againſt *her?*

Lucetta. Why, Madam, it was proved, that her Ladyſhip kept her DRUMS.

Clar. And pray, what could the court make of that?——

Lucetta. Why indeed, Madam, the court could *not tell* what to make of it! *Drums*—ſays the Judge, holding up his hands, and looking quite aſtoniſhed—*Drums!*—ſays he again, what buſineſs can Ladies have with *Drums!* what *can* be the meaning of this—but an interpreter being called in to explain the term, and he declaring, that it was a new coined word to ſignify a noiſy, tumultuary, riotous, routous aſſembly—from whence all ſenſe and reaſonable converſation was baniſh'd—the court inſtantly reſolved, that ſuch behaviour could not, with any propriety, be called Life—and the ridiculous, empty, ſenſeleſs denomination, by which they diſtinguiſh ſuch meetings—was thought to be ſo degrading of the human

ſpecies,

ſpecies, and ſo highly offended them, that, 'tis ſaid, there will be a *decree* to empower the company of Undertakers *(without ſtaying for a formal trial)* to bury all Ladies that *keep Drums!*

Clar. But—I can't conceive how this proves a perſon to *be dead.*

Lucetta. You know, Madam, *the Law can do* any thing—and indeed, *in this caſe*, there may be *ſome* reaſon for it.

Clar. Then I am ſure the point muſt be greatly ſtretched—*ſome* reaſon!—what can it be?

Lucetta. Indeed, I don't know! but as all Ladies who keep *Drums*—and as all Ladies who go to *Drums*, don't pretend to be alive but only at nights, perhaps, this might give occaſion to the court to ſay——THEIR DAYS WERE ENDED!

Clar. Whatever was *their* opinion, I ſee you can give a reaſon, but I want to hear what Lady *Jane* had to ſay for herſelf.

Lucetta. Why—when her Ladyſhip found how very hard every thing was going againſt her—ſhe tried to prove herſelf alive, by the number of viſits, ſhe ſaid ſhe had made the very evening ſhe was taken up.——

Clar. This, *Lucetta*, was doing *ſomething.*

Lucetta. No—indeed, Madam, it was doing *nothing*—it only made the caſe worſe for her Ladyſhip—for, upon the court's aſking her how *many viſits* ſhe had made—ſhe told 'em, FIFTY!—fifty! ſays the Judge—in one day!—why—let it be the longeſt day in the year—and let her Ladyſhip riſe ever ſo early (which is not likely) the thing muſt be impoſſible!—

poſſible!—and begg'd her Ladyſhip to recollect herſelf!—but my Lady peremptorily declaring (to ſhew, I ſuppoſe, ſhe was a Lady of great expedition) that the whole number of viſits did not take her up above an hour! the court immediately reſolved, that nothing but *a ſpirit* could poſſibly be in fifty different places in ſo ſhort a time.

Clar. Then they muſt be quite vulgar—'tis plain they know nothing of *high taſte*—but do you ſay, huſſy, that the court judged it to be nothing but her Ladyſhip's *ſpirit!*

Lucetta. Nothing elſe, I aſſure you.—O! I had like to have forgot the chiefeſt argument of all—— for 'twas proved that moſt of the time, her Ladyſhip pretended to be driving to all theſe places, there was not a *ſingle creature* to *be ſeen* in the *coach*—and therefore ſince it was plain (they ſaid) that her Ladyſhip could be viſible, and then vaniſh out of ſight, when—and where—and as often as ſhe pleaſed—it muſt *certainly* be her Ladyſhip's *ghoſt*—and ſo they ordered the Body that ſtood at the bar to be taken away, and decently interr'd.—But there was Mr. *Butterfly.*

Clar. Piſh! I don't want to hear any thing of that coxcomb!——

Lucetta. O Madam! I ſhan't be able to tell you any thing about Lady *Modely*'s tryal, without taking in the caſe of Mr. *Butterfly*—becauſe they were both tried upon the ſame indictment.——

Clar. Well then, how was it?

Lucetta. Why then, Madam—Lady *Modely* was *handed to the bar* by Mr *Butterfly*.——Well—*there* they ſtood—the whole court fixing their eyes upon

them, as if they had never ſeen ſuch *curioſities* before.——But, when their wonder was a little over, the Judge, looking earneſtly at the oddneſs of their dreſſes, began to enquire—what ſhare of *underſtanding* the parties were poſſeſſed of—and finding that *all the underſtanding* they had was confined to the *knowledge of the faſhions*—he began to be very ſhort with 'em—and declared, that THE FASHIONS were nothing to the point in queſtion—for what, ſays he, are we to gather from *all this care* and *pains* ſpent about a *corpſe*—for the *body* can be conſidered in no other light, when the underſtanding has left it—which is the caſe here, and not *ſo much as controverted*—and in *ſome* parts of *their dreſs*—I don't know, ſays he, but they may have *already* had, the aſſiſtance of an Undertaker!——

Clar. What could he poſſibly mean by that, *Lucetta?*——

Lucetta. Why I was juſt going to tell you—you muſt know at that *very* inſtant, the Judge was looking very earneſtly at Lady *Modely*, who had ſome *flowers* ſtuck about *her hair*—and ſo, he took notice, that it was a common cuſtom *to dreſs up dead bodies with flowers.*——

Clar. Why this was quite arbitrary, I am ſurpriſed they could bear it ſo patiently!——

Lucetta. I muſt ſay—that I heard, indeed, Mr. *Butterfly tried* a little at a ſpeech!—he began with toſſing his head o' this ſide—and that ſide—and looking down upon his trimm'd ſuit—and flouriſhing his hand about—he *minc'd* out a few words—to which the court giving their attention—and finding there

there was *nothing* in what he ſaid, immediately came to a reſolution, that he was quite *ſenſeleſs*, and ſentence was pronounced accordingly.

Clar. But I am confident Lady *Modely* pleaded—I never knew *her* at a loſs, what to ſay for herſelf.

Lucetta. To be ſure that is her Ladyſhip's true character!—but the ſentence paſſed upon Mr. *Butterfly* juſt before, was obſerved to be a great baulk to her Ladyſhip—though 'tis certain when the court aſked her, what ſhe had to ſay for herſelf—that her Ladyſhip ſtood up to ſpeak—and began flapping her fan—but juſt at that *very inſtant* of time, an expreſs was brought to the court—ſetting forth—that by deferring the burial of her Ladyſhip, ſo long as they had done, the whole town began to be *infected*—and that all the young women, who had catch'd the diſtemper, were firſt ſeized with ſtrange *light-headed* diſorders—which were followed by an immediate and ſurpriſing *change* of the WHOLE HABIT of their bodies—and ſo to prevent the contagion ſpreading farther, they were obliged immediately to proceed to ſentence, and ſhe was with the reſt of 'em conſigned over to the Undertakers.——

Clar. Were there any more Ladies brought upon their tryals?——

Lucetta. O la', Madam, there was no end of 'em!—but I thought you'd be impatient—ſo I would not preſume to ſtay—the court has been very ſevere!—I—could wiſh——

Clar. What is it you are wiſhing for?

Lucetta. I hope you won't be angry—I am ſure I ſpeak it out of love—but—when one knows *how*

you have lived ſince you came to town!—and *where* you have been!—and *what company* you have been keeping!—and *eſpecially* when one conſiders how SEVERE *this Law is!*—indeed I could *wiſh!—you would think of going back into the country!*

Clar. No—*Lucetta!*—not yet—I don't know what I may think, if I had as many *warrants*, and *conſtables*, and ſuch a pack of ſtrange things in my head as you have!——

Lucetta. Nay, for that matter—if I thought you would not take it amiſs—there is—*another way.*

Clar. What way *have you got in your head* now! what way?——

Lucetta. Why, Madam, I am almoſt afraid to ſpeak—but you know *my advice* does not hinder you from doing *juſt* as *you* think proper.——But—*there is!*—only I'm afraid you'll be angry!——

Clar. So I ſhall, if you go on at this rate.——But pray let me know firſt, what I am to be angry at.

Lucetta Why then, Madam——there is——Mr. *Freeman!*——

Clar. No, *Lucetta*—I can do nothing to pleaſe *him!*—he's always finding fault with my conduct.

Lucetta. You know, Madam, Mr. *Freeman* is not one of the fine gentlemen of the town, he's worth a *thouſand* of them—and I am ſure you *yourſelf* can't think it poſſible, he can approve of *every thing* you do—but I am confident 'tis all owing to his regard for you—he can't bear to think of your *being buried*—which, you know, *muſt* be the caſe, if you ſhould be proved to be a DEAD WOMAN—and I am ſure you would be *ſafe* under *his* protection.——O! he's a charming *man!*——

Clar.

Clar. But I ſhould like him much better, if he had ever told *me* I was a charming *woman!*

Lucetta. But 'tis plain he thinks you ſo—all his behaviour tells you ſo—he only wants to make you as *good* as you are *charming!*—and if he loves you *now*, what would his affection be, if you was to change your way of life, and be the *very perſon* he wiſhes you to be! becauſe *then* you would have *much more worth*, than beauty gives you—and charm his *judgment* as well as *ſight.*

Clar. What!—would you have me come to town and do nothing! I came purpoſely to *ſee the world.*

Lucetta. But I am afraid, by the contrivance of *this new Law*, your *ſeeing this world* will be the ready way to *ſee t'other world too.*

Clar. But where's the harm of juſt taking a look at other people's follies, if 'tis with a deſign to avoid 'em.——

Lucetta. To be ſure, Madam, there's no great hurt, if you are not *too long* before you put the *deſign* in Execution.

Clar. Beſides, huſſy, if I had not taken a few liberties, I ſhould have loſt all Mr. *Freeman*'s good advice.——

Lucetta. But pray, Madam, don't you loſe it, if you don't follow it.

Clar. Perhaps I only defer it—and that is not loſing it.

Lucetta. But why ſhould you defer it, if you acknowledge it to be good?

Clar. I have reaſons for it at preſent—that you may know in time.——But why do I ſtand here trifling—

trifling—let a chair be ready ſoon—and if Mr. *Freeman* or Mr. *Valentine* ſhould call—tell 'em I'm gone to Lady *Taſte*'s.

Lucetta. Shall I tell 'em—your Ladyſhip's gone to take your *laſt* leave of her.

Clar. 'Tis no matter what my motive is—do you come and dreſs me. [*Exit.*

Lucetta. [*ſtaying behind*] If *you* ſee any Lady *Taſte* to-day—I am greatly miſtaken! if ſhe ever goes to that woman again, who breathes, talks, and dreams of nothing but DIVERSIONS—there's our whole ſcheme diſappointed, THE WEB is unravelled again! but I hope *Truſty* will manage it better—I muſt follow my Lady! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

FREEMAN.——VALENTINE.

FREEMAN.

WELL—*Valentine*, have you ſeen *Clarinda?*

Val. Nothing but *Clarinda!* hah! hah! hah! what an odd ſort of a fellow is a lover!—fix'd to a point!—or if you try to put him in motion—regardleſs of every other point of the compaſs, he's ſtill for *wriggling* round to his old place, like a *touch'd needle.*——But prithee, *Jack*, thy head's fill'd with *Clarindas*—and mine's full of the *tryals*—I have heard a *long account* of 'em, and I ſhall burſt, if you won't let me give it vent.

Freeman.

Freeman. No, no, *Valentine*, no *long* accounts, I beſeech you—I may indulge you, if you'll promiſe me to be brief.

Val. Brief as you pleaſe—you ſhall have the tryals in epitome—I am an excellent fellow at *ſhortening*. And ſo, in the firſt place, there was *Aaron an old Jew*, you muſt certainly have taken notice of an old greazy fellow upon the *'Change*, with a SHYLOCK FACE—who is ſaid to have raiſed an immenſe fortune by ſtock-jobbing and lottery-tickets—he is one that is adjudged to be DEPARTED THIS LIFE, I aſſure you.

Freeman. Why, *Valentine*, the ſooner we get rid of ſuch ſordid wretches the better—honeſt men will be leſs liable to be cheated.——But prithee, what did the point turn upon?

Val. Why, 'twas proved he was *worth* near a plumb—and never *ſpent* a groat.

Freeman. Proof enough of his being a dead man—for when this ſtate overtakes us—there's an *end* of our expences!—we have no farther occaſion, *Valentine*, for either *proviſions* or *apparel!*

Val. Why, that was the very caſe, I aſſure you—for the Undertakers, who, upon a violent ſuſpicion of his being dead, had been down at his houſe to ſearch for his body, declared that they had been in *every* apartment, before they could find him—and that they ſaw no *proviſions*, *goods*, or *furniture* fit to keep up the *decency*, or *anſwer the comforts* and *conveniencies of life*—and at laſt, when they met with him, *the hat*, *wig*, and *roccelo*, he had on, beſides their having a STRONG SMELL with 'em, were *ſuch*, as no *man* LIVING would have cared to have been ſeen in.

in.——But, for farther ſatisfaction, they acquainted the court, that they had brought the body with 'em, and were ready to produce it.

Freeman. And did the old *Jew* make his appearance!——

Val. No, the Judge would by no means ſuffer it—for finding the cloaths *began to* SMELL, he was afraid it might be of dangerous conſequence—and obſerved—that indeed there was no occaſion for it—the facts already alledged, being fully ſufficient to prove that he *muſt* have been *dead* ſome time, and ſo he was pack'd off to his own burying place.

Freeman. Come—come—who's next?

Val. One that will ſurprize you! upon honour, there's OLD HAZARD the gameſter amongſt the CONVICTS!——

Freeman. I am glad of it with all my ſoul—but how could they contrive to prove *him* dead!

Val. DEAD!—he was proved to be *worſe* than dead!—even DEATH ITSELF—for you know he was for *turning every body*, he could manage, out of HOUSE AND HOME—*ſtripping 'em quite* NAKED—and *picking their very* BONES.

Freeman. A very good picture of a gameſter!

Val. But, ſeriouſly ſpeaking—he went off ſuddenly, in a fit at *White*'s, being firſt ſeiz'd with *violent convulſions in his elbow.*——But let me recollect! or I ſhall forget who ſome of theſe dead people were ——O! I muſt tell you, the court has had one of *the Bucks* of the town before 'em! Did you know young *Rattle?*

Freeman. A wild! ſilly! miſchievous fellow.

Val.

Val. Come—come—no *reflections upon the dead!* he's *one* among *the reſt!*——

Freeman. But how did the court manage him?

Val. By all accounts his tryal was the ſhorteſt of all! for proof being produced, that he had frequently anſwered to *the name of a* BUCK, and owned himſelf to be of *that ſpecies*—the court came to a reſolution, that the time *of the* REASONABLE SOUL'*s departing* ſhould be reckon'd from the date of his commencing a BUCK! which appearing to have been ſome time before his tryal—it was their farther opinion, that his body had been kept *unburied* too long already, and ſo to prevent its being more offenſive, ordered it to be immediately interred ——Let me conſider who's next! O! Sir *Tunbelly Epicure.*——

Freeman. Well, what was the charge againſt him?

Val. Why!—'twas prov'd, that he had done nothing ever ſince he was born—but *eat*, *drink*, and *ſleep*—that's all!——

Freeman. If *this* is their way of proving a man to be dead—I'm afraid half the great people in town ſtand but a poor chance.—But prithee let us hear the caſe.

Val. The *only* plea Sir *Tunbelly* had to prove himſelf alive—was—*his being a good trencher-man!*—— Let me tell you, the court was a little ſtaggered upon his making this defence—and I can't ſay how the affair might have been determined, if the Judge had not cleared up the difficulty, by declaring that it was a *common cuſtom*, in ſeveral countries abroad, to have *proviſions laid upon the graves of the deceaſed.* —But upon this it was unanimouſly reſolved, that, unleſs ſome fuller proof could be given of Sir

Tunbelly's being alive, the *bare article of conſuming proviſions* was no good evidence—and no other being produced, the court ſentenced him to be interred among the reſt of the Inſignificants.

Freeman. But how did Sir *Tunbelly* reliſh it?

Val. Tolerably well—for it was obſerved, when the Judge *mentioned proviſions*, that Sir *Tunbelly* ſmiled—and 'tis reported, he *petition'd* the court, that the cuſtom of *bringing the entertainment to the grave* might not be *dropp'd* ——

Freeman. But now I think of it—had not you two gentlemen tried, who were taken into cuſtody as they were going to fight a duel—juſt in time!—or one of 'em might have ſav'd the court ſome trouble—for I heard they were turning round behind *Montague-houſe* when they were arreſted.

Val. You mean Capt. *Armſtrong* and Capt. *Bluff*.—Yes, yes, it was a very remarkable caſe—and I was greatly pleaſed with the manner of the court's deciding it.——

Freeman. Then pray let me hear it.——

Valentine. Why—it appearing—that theſe gentlemen had been quarrelling upon a very *trifling occaſion* (a common caſe you know among duellers!) the court adjudged them to be *both* DEAD MEN—becauſe—they obſerved—that if either of them had had ANY SENSE OF LIFE—they would certainly have been wiſe enough, to have ſet a greater value upon it.——But as the Judge was going to paſs ſentence upon both—he obſerved, that, though neither of 'em was properly entitled to his mercy, yet—out of his great humanity, he *would* allow them the chance of the

the dice for it—and which he told 'em was much the *ſame*, as they themſelves had put it upon—and accordingly the dice being brought into the court, Capt. *Armſtrong* threw *ſize duce*, and Capt. *Bluff amms ace*, and ſo Capt. *Bluff* was preſently declared to be the dead man, and was carried off to be interred.

Freeman. I am ſorry to find the Captain, and I think, you ſaid young *Rattle*, are not to appear in the proceſſion we are to have this evening.

Valentine. The thing was quite impracticable—their blood was ſo overheated, that their bodies would not keep.—Beſides, by what I could learn, the court never deſigned they ſhould be buried with the reſt—they lie in the outlet of the repoſitory, they were not thought even worthy to be admitted within the walls.——

Freeman. But, pray let me aſk you, had you any authors tried?

Valentine. No—but there were ſeveral *ready* to have taken their tryals.

Freeman. What prevented it?

Valentine. Nothing, *Jack*, but the Critical Reviewers, who had given in an information againſt 'em, not appearing to make good their charge.

Freeman. I ſuppoſe when the firſt ſally of their malice was over—they were afraid, that if they went on with the proſecution, the cauſe would have been apt to have turned againſt themſelves.

Valentine. But—there was *another reaſon* for their not appearing!——

Freeman. What was that?——

Valentine. Why—it only ſo happened that they were *all of 'em* [a] *departed this life* before the tryals began.

Freeman. Then I ſuppoſe the information was made no uſe of.

Valentine. The papers laying upon the table, ſome of them were ordered to be read—but as they were fill'd with ſcurrilous invectives—and their having *ſo little life* in them, inducing the court to be of opinion, that at the time the information was made, the informants *muſt* be juſt at *the point of death*—the caſe was adjudged to be a [b] malicious attempt to get their *putrifying carcaſſes joined to the bodies* of *living authors*, who *modeſtly appealing* and *ſubmitting* their *works* to the opinion of the court, were ordered to be immediately diſcharg'd.

Freeman. Quite right—Indeed, I have often wondered, that ſuch a ſet of ſcribblers ſhould be ſuffered to monopolize the power of paſſing ſentence upon all compoſitions, and indeed with *ſo little judment* as they have ſhewed in their *own*, that they ſhould dare to aim at *taking away* from the public THEIR RIGHT OF JUDGING FOR THEMSELVES.——Well—well—I have heard enough.

Valentine. Prithee, *Jack*, don't be in a hurry—I don't deſign to tell you any thing of the Ladies—*Clarinda* ſent her maid out to pick up *their* tryals—and I ſhall leave it to *her*, when you are diſpoſed to give you an account of 'em.

Freeman. Now—then you'll give me leave to enquire what ſucceſs you have had with *Clarinda?*

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[a] See the *Moral Quack* in the Character of *Canker-worth.*

[b] See Mr. *Broome*'s Eſſay on envious and malicious Criticiſm.

Valentine.

Valentine. She's your's—and will be reformed too—if I am not miſtaken.——

Freeman. Now, *Valentine*, this is *true friendſhip*—let me embrace thee—will ſhe go with us to the funerals?——

Valentine. No—'tis out of faſhion—ſhe's otherwiſe engaged.——

Freeman. What do you mean?——

Valentine. She's going to Lady *Taſte!*

Freeman. Ah! *Valentine!* how can you ſport ſo with my impatience!—you tell me—ſhe is mine!—and reform'd!—and now that ſhe is going to Lady *Taſte!*—cruel—could not you diſſuade her?——

Valentine. I did not think it prudent to try at it—for I imagined it would be the ready way to ſend her thither!——

Freeman. Then we have been doing nothing!—all is loſt!——

Valentine. Never fear!—all will be found again.

Freeman. Why, what do you propoſe?

Valentine. Why, I propoſe to *make* her go to the funerals whether ſhe will or no—I hope you'll like the ſcheme! I don't pretend the PLOT's mine, d'you ſee!—I won't rob *Lucetta* of the credit of it—but, upon my honour, I like the humour of it—why!—it is, if ſhe holds her reſolution to go to this woman's—who has been injuring her ever ſince ſhe came to town—to procure ſome conſtables to ſtop her chair, pretending they have a warrant for her.—Do prithee, *Jack*, let her be arreſted!—whenever ſhe gets into her airs, ſo that I can't tell how to manage her.——This affair of the conſtables will be an excellent ſtory to take her down.

Freeman.

Freeman. No—*Valentine*—the fright'ning her in ſuch a manner may be attended with ill conſequences.

Valentine. Never fear!—her ſpirits are above proof! treble diſtill'd!—they only want to be lower'd.

Freeman. But prithee, *Valentine*, how is *this plot* of your's to ſecure her going with us to the funerals.

Valentine. Why!—if you was not blind, as all lovers are—you may ſee plainly enough, that *this* is the *only way* to get her thither—for when ſhe's ſtopt by ſo terrible a thing as a warrant—ſhe'll be paſt recollection for a minute or two I'll anſwer for it—and when you and I have reſcued her—(which, by the by, I deſign to make a merit of) you ſhall leave *me* to be her convoy—and I'll ſee her ſafe to an aunt of *Lucetta*'s, one Mrs. *Browning!*—who lives cloſe by the REPOSITORY—where ſhe *ſhall* ſee the funerals.

Freeman. I know Mrs. *Browning* very well——ſhe's a good woman—I wiſh we could get her thither.—But how are we to manage about the conſtables.

Valentine. Give but your conſent to the plot—all the reſt is done to your hands, I have left it to *Truſty*'s management—but with a charge to let nothing be done, till you and I appeared in the ſtreet, which I told him ſhould be the *ſignal* of our approbation.——

Freeman. I can't tell what to think of it—'tis an odd affair!——

Valentine. Come—we ſhall loſe the opportunity, if we don't make haſte—let her *now* venture out—if ſhe thinks proper—away with her to the funerals—courage!—all things will go right. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Cellar.*

Warrant *and* Tipſtaff *drinking in the ſtreet*—Truſty *goes to 'em.*

TRUSTY.

GEntlemen, your moſt obedient!—I have a little buſineſs with you that requires great diſpatch.

Tipſtaff. Then, I ſuppoſe it won't be long before you let us know it.

Warrant. 'Tis a buſy time with us—what is to be done, Sir?——

Truſty. Nay, for that matter, you have not much to do!—'tis only to ſtop a young lady's chair, pretending you have a warrant for her—and if a gentleman or two ſhould come to her aſſiſtance—why then—in the firſt place, you are to take to the conſequence, and in the next to your heels—and leave the gentlemen the victory.

Tipſtaff. But to come to the *chief point* that concerns *us*, the *fee*, Sir—what's the *fee*, Sir!——

Truſty. Come, you look like an honeſt fellow, and 'tis to ſerve a very worthy gentleman.——Do your buſineſs *well!*—and *give* me your hand upon't—[*ſlipping a piece into it.*]

Tipſtaff. [*looking upon it*] One guinea is too little—eſpecially if there is to be any drubbing in the bargain!——

Truſty. You don't *obſerve it!*—'tis the picture of my maſter's generoſity—pray *look* at it—don't you think

think now there's ſomething *very open* and *generous* in the countenance.——

Warrant. Why, Sir—as to the countenance—there's no fault to be found with the countenance—but come—come—you muſt not be too hard with us—you ſee, we are *two* of us—*one* a piece—and we'll undertake the jobb.

Truſty. Well—well—I won't ſtand with you—[*giving a piece to Warrant.*]

Warrant. Ay, ay, two is much better—*one* would have been apt to have created *diviſions* between us.—But now—pray Sir—where are we to meet with this gentlewoman?——

Truſty. Why look ye—there are the gentlemen juſt below at yonder coffee-houſe—and—[*looking up the ſtreet*] hah!—I have delivered my meſſage but juſt in time—ſhe's there *getting* into the chair—remember her name is Mrs. *Clarinda Sprightly*—and 'tis at the ſuit of the Undertakers—I muſt leave you. [*Exit.*

Tipſtaff. Let her come on—we ſhall be ready for her.——

Warrant. Come—come—drink—and let's finiſh the mug firſt.——

[*A Lady in a chair croſſing the ſtage.*]

Chairman. By your leave——by your leave.——

Tipſtaff *and* Warrant *ſtop the chairmen.*

Tipſtaff. No—no—no—it can't poſſibly be allowed at preſent—you may reſt yourſelves a little—We ſhall take care of this gentlewoman—and ſo by *your leave*—by *your leave*—[*mimicking*]

The Lady ſhrieks—and the chairmen ſet down the chair.

Valentine *and* Worthy *advance to her reſcue.*

Freeman. Stand back, ſirrah—[*to Tipſtaff*]—touch the Lady at your peril—or——

Val. [*engaging with Warrant*] Keep off—you villains!—[*the Lady ſhrieks*]

Tipſtaff. Sir—we only came to *take care* of this young woman—here are our orders—and—you don't ſhew yourſelves to be gentlemen in diſturbing the peace, and hindering us from doing our buſineſs quietly—[*the Lady continues ſhrieking.*]

Freeman. [*to Tipſtaff*] Stand back, ſirrah!—— Chairmen, *give* the Lady a little air there!

[*The chair is opened, Mrs.* Poſſet *ſteps out crying thieves! thieves! murder! murder!—the gentlemen ſtart back, and appear in confuſion.*]

Warrant. [*aſide to Valentine*] Well—maſter—— I hope we have done our work to pleaſe you!

[Valentine *ſtill ſtarting—and looking back at Mrs.* Poſſet.

Tipſtaff. [*to Warrant*] Ah! Goodman *Warrant*, you may ſee by the gentlemen!—here has been ſome miſtake!—they did not come for this old woman 'tis plain.——

Warrant. [*going to Mr. Freeman*] Sir—if there's any thing amiſs, I do aſſure you the fault is not to be laid upon *us*, for your ſervant told us, that *this* was the chair.——

Poſſet. [*placing her hands, bridling her head, and curtſeying*] O *good*, *ſweet* gentlemen! I return you a thouſand thanks for your great civilities!—and as you have been *ſo good*, gentlemen—I hope you'll take care and ſee the impudent fellows *ſeverely* puniſh'd.

Freeman. I believe, old gentlewoman, you *muſt* excuſe 'em—'twas a miſtake—I am ſorry it has happened ſo.——

Poſſet. O dear Sir—I don't know but this fright may be the death of me.

Freeman. I hope 'twill preſently go off! let me aſſiſt you [*helps her into the chair*] there, chairmen, do you take *great* care of her!——

Poſſet. Oh! oh!—carry me home again!—I muſt go to ſee the funerals, muſt I—oh!—how have I been us'd!—I ſhall hardly be myſelf theſe two months! [*Exit.*

Tipſtaff. [*to Freeman*] I can't ſay, maſter, but 'twas an unlucky accident—but if we can be of any ſervice to you at another time, we'll do our beſt.

Warrant. [*to Tipſtaff*] You know Goodman *Tipſtaff*—the curtain was drawn, when we firſt went up to the chair—ſo that there was no rightly ſeeing *who* ſhe was—but when ſhe diſcovered herſelf my mind miſgave me, thinks I to myſelf—*this* can never be Madam *Clarinda*—though I don't know that I ever ſaw Madam *Clarinda* neither.——But what of that! [*to Freeman*] it was our buſineſs, you know, Sir—to do as we had orders.——

Freeman. Well—there you may go about your buſineſs—there's ſomething farther for your trouble.

Tipſtaff and *Warrant.* We thank your Honours. [*Exeunt Conſtables.*

Freeman. This is *your plot*, *Valentine!*—and an excellent one it has proved—but *now*—how are we to manage it!——

Val. Piſh! I tell you, you are blind as all lovers are, you don't ſee clear *yet*—the plot was a *good plot*—and will ſtill anſwer our purpoſe!—you know we

can

can preſently call upon *Clarinda*, and tell her what danger ſhe has eſcaped—it will have the ſame effect, as if ſhe had been the *very* perſon we had reſcued.

Freeman. That's likely enough—and upon this conſideration I am not ſorry it has happened ſo.—If *Clarinda* had been in the chair it might have frighten'd her too much—but you over-perſuaded me.——Well—let us go and call upon her, we are near the houſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

FREEMAN. VALENTINE. LUCETTA.

FREEMAN.

PRAY tell your Lady her couſin *Valentine* and I are come to wait upon her.

Lucetta. Why la', Sir, did not you meet my Lady in her chair?

Freeman. No, upon my honour, *Lucetta*—we have not ſeen her.

Lucetta. La! gentlemen, you ſurprize me! pray was'nt there a chair ſtopt in the ſtreet with my Lady in it?——

Val. Come, come, *Lucetta*, I am confident ſhe's within—ſhe had *certainly* ſome ſuſpicion of our deſign—and ſo worked up this *counterplot*, to diſappoint us—or if ſhe did not ſuſpect us, ſhe ſent out this *old Lady* by way of *ſpy* to *reconnoitre* the paſſages.

Lucetta. Indeed, Sir, it was my Lady *her ownſelf* went down the ſtreet about ſix minutes ago.

Freeman. *Then*—ſhe is at laſt gone to that *vile* woman's I have no longer hopes of moulding her to my wiſhes!—the evil habits of the mind are as catching as the ridiculous faſhions of dreſs!—Well, *Valentine*, what are we to do now?

Val. Why *Jack!*—as we have met with ſo excellent an adventure at our firſt ſetting out—I am now for liſting into the puiſſant order of *Knight Errantry*, we have already reſcued an old woman, out of the hands of jeopardy, and are now in queſt of a young one.

Freeman. But where are we to find her?

Lucetta. [*to Freeman*] That is not to be determined, if I may take the freedom to ſpeak *my* opinion, 'till you ſee your man again—I am ſure *he* was in the ſtreet when you was talking with the conſtables—and ſo, I ſuppoſe, diſcovering the miſtake, and afterwards ſeeing which way my Lady went, *he* followed her, concluding, as you had miſſed her, you'd be glad to know where to find her!——

Freeman. Indeed, *Lucetta*, I believe you are right, my fellow *Valentine* has ſome thought about him!—however, we *muſt* have patience—come, you ſhall go to my lodgings, leſt we ſhould miſs of *Truſty*—and, *Lucetta*, if he ſhould call here firſt, do you ſend him away preſently. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Undertaker's Shop——Hatband *going out.*

HATBAND.

I Think I have duly anſwered all the orders—and every thing's carried to the hall, that we ſhall have occaſion for—Mr. *Cloak*'s there!—he's very punctual—but I muſt go and ſee what they are doing—it draws near the time.—[*Cloak meeting him*]—What's the matter, Mr. *Cloak?* I expected to have found you at the hall—you know the funerals are to ſet out preciſely at *four*—I hope you have taken care!

Cloak.

Cloak. We ſhall be ready!——Indeed you may well wonder how you came to ſee me here, juſt at this buſy time—but I have been informed, that ſome *freſh orders* have been given about the burials—occaſioned by ſome *obſervations* the phyſicians made at their laſt conſultation.

Hatband. I ſhould have been time enough to have given you the directions—'twas only an order not to let the coffins be ſcrew'd down.

Cloak. What *can be* their reaſon for it?—pray, did you ſee the Doctor's opinion? I ſhould be very glad to know what they thought of theſe extraordinary caſes.——

Hatband. I'll tell you with all my heart as much as I can remember of 'em (but ſome of *their terms of art* are above my reach!)——Why—they apprehend the caſe of theſe unhappy people to be *much the ſame* with that of *creatures ſleeping all the winter*——and they agree—*there is a chance* about the middle of ſummer—when the town gets *thin!*—and the weather grows *warm!*—that the Blood which is *inſpiſſated* at preſent, and remains in a *viſcous ſtate* (I think that was the way of their expreſſing themſelves) may poſſibly be rarified again for circulation!

Cloak. Why! Mr. *Hatband!*—do the Doctors *really* think they will any of 'em come to *life again?*

Hatband. As to that point—they are a little doubtful—it *may be*, they ſay, and it *may not be!*——they don't pretend to *enſure* that *any* of 'em will ever open *their eyes again*—but however they have thought proper to order the coffins not to be ſcrew'd down (as I told you) to ſtay—and ſee—whether or no things may not take a favourable Turn.

Cloak. Well then, your ſervant, I ſhall return to the hall!—— [*Going.*

The coffins not to be ſcrew'd down! it *may* be *ſo much* the better!—if any of 'em ſhould come to life again—they'll never hold it long—we ſhall *ſoon* have the burying of 'em over again!—'twill promote trade! [*Aſide as he's going off.*

Hatband. Stay, ſtay, Mr. *Cloak*, I hope you received the MASKS, the HABITS, the BOXES, and DICE, CARDS and ESCUTCHEONS.

Cloak. Yes, yes.——

Hatband. And the *Drums!*——

Cloak. Every thing tallies with the inſtructions you left me. [*going.*

Hatband. Stay, Mr. *Cloak*, have you the rings?

Cloak. Yes, yes, but I am glad you happened to mention 'em—for having a curioſity to look at the mottos—I find they have put 'em into Engliſh—— REMEMBER TO LIVE.——Pray, ſhould not they have been in Latin?

Hatband. No, no, no! now thoſe who are to have them will be able, 'tis to be hoped, to underſtand the meaning of 'em—whatever is deſigned to convey good advice, ought to be intelligible!——But now I am talking of the rings, are the pall-bearers come?

Cloak. Yes, the conſtables brought 'em down to the hall, about an hour before I came away.

Hatband. Let me tell you, Mr. *Cloak*, as to the article of pall-bearers, it was a point excellently well hit off by the court—for you muſt know, theſe are the *young people* of both ſexes, who were *tried* among the reſt and *convicted*—but, ſome *favourable* circumſtances appearing in their caſe, they have been ſince *reprieved*, and the ſentence is changed to their undergoing this office, by way of a lighter puniſhment.—Indeed they are liable to pay a very ſevere fine, if they

they are ever ſeen in public *without theſe* RINGS—'till they have given full ſatisfaction to the court, that they are perfectly reſtored to the life of reaſonable *creatures*.——

Cloak. But do you conſider the time?

Hatband. I attend you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

LUCETTA.

HAH! hah! hah! who *can* help laughing!—to think of this *gallant* exploit of our two *heroes!*—there—they went both of 'em *ſtrutting* up to the chair!—and the victory obtained over the conſtables, when the *raptur'd* lover, *crown'd* with *conqueſt*, was thinking of *nothing leſs* than the *gay*, the *charming Clarinda running* into his arms, to *acknowledge* him *her deliverer*, and *put* herſelf under *his protection*—hah! hah! hah! out hobbled an old beldame!—who—during the time of the engagement, had been ſqualling herſelf out of breath—*there ſhe* ſtood *wheezing!*—and as ſoon as ſhe could ſpeak—*bridling her head! placing her hands before her*, and *ſticking her elbows into her hips*—there was *ſhe curtſeying down to the very ground*, and quivering out her thanks to our two gentlemen (who, by the by, never intended her any favour) for their *extremely great* civilities—and there *they* ſtood—hah! hah! hah!——methinks I ſee them now! *ſtarting* back, and giving her *ſuch a look!*—as much as to ſay, *what have we got here!* and as for poor *Truſty*, how he'll get himſelf out of this ſcrape, I can't conceive—but talk of ſomebody and his horns appear—for here comes my gentleman!——

Enter

Enter TRUSTY.

So—Mr. *Truſty!*—can you give me any intelligence of my Lady! I think *you* have made at laſt a pretty blundering ſpot of work of it, to put the gentlemen upon their mettle, to *relieve a diſtreſſed young damſel*, who turn'd out—hah! hah! hah! *an old woman* at laſt.

Truſty. An old woman ſure enough! You muſt know at firſt I really thought it had been one of your Lady's frolicks, and that ſhe had got one of her maſquerading dreſſes on.——But, when the conſtables ſtopp'd the chair, and the incloſed piece of antiquity began to ſet up her pipes, I found there were too many *ſhakes* and *quavers* in the *notes*, to take 'em any longer for Madam *Clarinda*'s.

Lucetta. No more of your *wiſe* remarks, I beſeech you, good Mr. *Truſty*, but what's more to the purpoſe, let me know this minute where my Lady is, for though I never took you for a conjurer, I vouch'd for you, to our two diſappointed gentlemen, that *you* can tell.

Truſty. Then your credit's good at preſent—and now do you tell me, *where do you think* ſhe is?

Lucetta. At Lady *Taſte*'s.

Truſty. No, there you're out—gueſs again.

Lucetta. Tell me quickly, or you ſhall repent it.

Truſty. Nay, now do gueſs once more.

Lucetta. I ſay, *tell me* where my Lady is, and don't ſtand trifling.

Truſty. Will you be kind then?

Lucetta. You give yourſelf ſtrange airs methinks.

Truſty. Won't you be croſs then?

Lucetta. Tell me quickly, or I'll have nothing more to ſay to you.

Truſty. Then I ſuppoſe you won't be aſking me any more queſtions.

Lucetta.

Lucetta. What do you mean?

Truſty. 'Tis plain enough, you can't aſk any more queſtions, can you, if you will have nothing more to ſay to me?

Lucetta. Tell me where my Lady is, or I vow it ſhall be the worſe for you.

Truſty. Do *you know*—one Mrs. *Browning?*

Lucetta. La', is ſhe there?

Truſty. She was ſo frighten'd, I believe, at what happened in the ſtreet, that ſhe was glad to get to any place of ſafety—ſo, *your aunt* coming into her head, ſhe ordered the chairmen to carry her thither.

Lucetta. But whence came this *old woman?*—'tis a ſtrange affair—I can't tell what to make of it.

Truſty. Why, when I firſt met with the conſtables they were taking a pot at the *Green Dragon* cellar—and juſt as I had agreed with 'em about ſerving the warrant upon your Lady, looking up towards the houſe—I happen'd to ſee her getting into the chair, and gave them notice of it—but, as I went to call the gentlemen, this old woman comes jigging down the back lane, juſt below the fiſhmonger's, croſſes into the ſtreet, and gets foremoſt.——This put the conſtables upon a new ſcent, and ſo they ran the wrong game.——But, do you mind, juſt as the ſkirmiſh began, your Lady was got to the turn, and obſerving a chair ſtopp'd in the ſtreet, orders her chairmen to turn back, and whips up the lane the old woman came down.——Now I, *miſtruſting* how the caſe ſtood, upon the *ſight* of the two chairs, *ſkips* acroſs the ſtreet, *ſees* your Lady—the fellows ran like lapwings, they held me to a ſweat, but I kept up with 'em, 'till I ſaw her ſafe where I told you.

Lucetta. I am glad however my Lady is where ſhe is—and now do you run and let your maſter know of it, you'l find him at home.

Truſty. No, no, my maſter is not at home, I aſſure you.

Lucetta. Why then go, and find out where he is.

Truſty. And where ſhall I ſend him?

Lucetta. Why ſure, Mr. *Truſty*, what's the meaning of all this?

Truſty. Indeed, I ſhan't ſend my maſter to any other place than where he is, for I am ſure he won't like it, if I was to try at it, and ſo I ſhan't attempt it.

Lucetta. Why, where is he?

Truſty. Why then—if you *muſt* know—*my maſter* is by this time with *your miſtreſs*, as *his man* is at preſent with *her maid.*—I have already acquainted the gentlemen with the whole affair, and they are both gone to your aunt's.—My maſter was highly pleaſed, and obſerved that the houſe was a *convenient* place for Madam to ſee the funerals.

Lucetta. Well then, Mr. *Truſty*, this is an excellent exploit of your's—I *muſt* commend you for't.

Truſty. Commend me! that's not ſufficient! 'tis too little wages for my great ſervices—I *expect* to be *rewarded handſomely*—and you can't think, by that expreſſion, that I can mean any thing *leſs* than thy *ſweet ſelf.*—This affair turning out ſo luckily gives me courage to *ſpeak my thoughts* freely—and now do you let me know *your*'s.

Lucetta. Piſh.——

Truſty. Nay, for that matter—before you and I enter into *a leaſe for life*—there are *ſome things firſt* to be *ſettled*—I need not tell you, my maſter is a *grave, ſober* gentleman—and you know—the old proverb, *like maſter, like man*—which is a bondſman

(do

(do you ſee) for *my* good character!—and I ſuppoſe the proverb relates to your ſex as well as our's—*like miſtreſs, like maid.*——Now you are ſenſible your Lady has led a ſtrange ſort of a life, ſince ſhe came to town, and of courſe how can I be ſure, that you have been quite ſo *regular*, as you ſhould be—and therefore, if your miſtreſs turns out a good woman at laſt (as maſter ſeems now to have ſome hopes of her) I ſhall inſiſt upon it—if *you* have *learnt* any of the foolleries of this wicked town, ſince you came hither—that *you'l* be *reformed* too—and in confidence of your compliance—here's my hand, and my heart goes with it.

Lucetta. Prithee no more at preſent—we muſt let our betters be ſerved firſt, and if that ſucceeds, we ſhall be fellow-ſervants, and have opportunities enough to ſettle this point.

Truſty. To tell you the truth, I can't aſk you to ſtay with me now—becauſe my maſter indeed ſent me to you, to deſire you would go to your Lady—but his chief deſign (as he thought 'twould pleaſe you) is, I believe, to let you ſee the funerals. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Undertakers hall, the front ſideways next to the ſtreet.

Midnight, Mallet, Shuttle, Shrug, *and* Waſhball, *crowding to ſee the proceſſion.*

SHUTTLE *to* MIDNIGHT.

HEeigh-day, Maiſter *Midnight*—what are *you got up* already, to ſee theſe famous funerals?—a good morning to you—conſidering your profeſ-

ſion, 'tis ſtirring pretty early!—why, 'tis hardly yet four o'clock in the afternoon.

Midnight. Who's that? [*looking up*] what, Goodman *Shuttle!*—why!—'tis quite right, as you ſay—I *did* get up a little *earlier* to-day than ordinary——I was willing, you muſt know, to ſee the laſt of my old acquaintance——

Mallet. Take care, old gentleman; your confeſſing this may bring you into a ſcrape——indeed I wonder how you came to eſcape being try'd amongſt 'em.——

Midnight. Why—why! Goodman *Mallet!* why what have I done to be try'd for!

Mallet. Why, you won't pretend to deny, but you have been doing the *very ſame things*, as theſe gentry have been found guilty of——that is, *turning days into nights*, and *nights into days*—you know, you never *riſe* till *towards evening*, go to *breakfaſt* when honeſt folks are going to *bed*—*dine* at *midnight*, and *ſup* in the *morning!*——

Midnight. Hah! hah! hah!—now I take you right!—I always ſaid you was a merry heart:—but now, Maiſter *Mallet*, you muſt make allowances; for why! there is ſome difference between *their* profeſſion and *mine*—If theſe gentry had been watchmen—their ſitting up, as they do, would then have been quite right—but if I had been of their quality, I *ſhould* never have liv'd as they did—I ſhould have thought, by the little I ſee of day-light, tho' 'tis my lot to get my bread o' nights, that the ſunſhine was a great bleſſing!——

Shuttle. Well ſaid, old gentleman: but d'you hear how many funerals we are to have to night?—

Midnight. Why, I hear, there are not to be above half a Dozen, or ſo—the more's the pity—we could have

have ſpared a much greater Number—the court has been rather too favourable!—they have let too many of 'em eſcape!

Mallet. But pray, neighbour *Shuttle*, did you never hear the particulars—how theſe gentry came by their deaths? Do you know whether the CORONER was with 'em?

Shuttle. No—no—there was no CORONER there, as I heard of—tho' as they came by their deaths ſo unaccountably, I do think HE *ſhou'd* have been ſent for, *to have ſat upon the bodies.*

Midnight. No—no—'tis plain 'twas not the Coroner's buſineſs——by the courts taking it out of his hands—as for my part, I don't pretend to underſtand how the thing was manag'd——but, I remember, I heard old Mr. *Turnpenny* ſay, that the verdict was brought in A CIVIL DEATH!

Shuttle. Now! *there* was the misfortune—I heard there were ſome rich folks amongſt 'em—Ah! neighbour, ſee what money will do!——*a civil death!* If ſome of the court had not been fee'd——the caſe had been quite otherwiſe—for there's no likelihood of any of 'ems dying *civilly*, who, by all reports, never did a civil thing in their life-times.

Mallet. To my mind, 'tis all a ſtrange affair—and now all the talk is, that, at the DOCTOR's requeſt, the coffins are not to be ſcrew'd down——by which, one ſhou'd think, 'tis apprehended, that ſome of 'em ſtill ſtand a chance of coming to life again!——

Midnight. So I heard—but as to any hopes of their coming to life again—believe me 'tis all over——for I am ſure it muſt be too late to think of a body's *coming to life again*, after the GHOST has been WALKING!——

Shuttle.

Shuttle. As how, Goodman *Midnight*;——nay—you are out at all hours of the night, and ſee ſtrange ſights—But did you ever ſee their apparitions?

Midnight. Yes—yes—you muſt know, theſe people were found to be *dead*, much *longer* than *we think for*—It ſeems they were *dead*, a good while before ever the court ſat——and if that's the caſe—I am certain I have often ſeen 'em——Why—they have come cloſe by me—when they firſt ſet out upon their rambles; and I have met 'em again upon their return, which was generally a little before *cock-crowing*—and that, you know, is the time, when a *ghoſt*'s *furlo* is out—They *muſt* then pack off—But now they are going to be buried, I hope they'll be at reſt.

Mallet. But if the coffins are not to be ſcrew'd down, as the buſineſs is not *effectually done*, 'tis a thouſand to one, but they will be *ſtill* diſturb'd in mind about it, and *ſo keep* to their old haunts.

Shuttle. I am of your opinion—if they are not faſten'd down, and bury'd as other folks are, 'tis not *likely* their ghoſts will be at reſt—If I may ſpeak my thoughts, 'twas quite a wrong thing to order the coffins to be left *a tilt*——the *true way* to have been taken, would have been, to have got ſome-body to have laid them in the *Red Sea*; and *there!* I'll anſwer for it, they would have been quiet enough——

[Tipſtaff *coming out of the hall, and ſeeing two men ſkipping from one ſide to th' other.*]

Hoigh—hoigh—I have no patience with theſe two fellows yonder—there's one of 'em, by the turn of his knees, and the natural amble he paces with, I'll anſwer for it—is one of the croſs-legg'd tribe—You Mr. *Faſhion-monger*, let me deſire you to ſhamble off again—No *French taylors* are to be admitted to the funerals.——

Shrug.

Shrug. D' ye——*now*——*pray* Maſter——let my honeſt neighbour here, *Thomas Waſhball*, and I, ſtay a little—we'll do no hurt—mayhap, we may never chance to ſee ſuch a ſight again, as long as we live.—

Tipſtaff [*Advancing to* Waſhball] Yes—yes—I believe I know now the myſtery of *your* profeſſion—ſo, good Mr. *Waſhball*, let me ſee this back of yours—[*turning him round*] there *may* be ſome of *your maſters* coming, for what I know; but I aſſure you, in their preſent ſituation, they have no farther occaſion for your *hair-twiſters*—your *tongs-heaters*—your *dealers in blockheads* and *pig-tails*—ſo alons Monſieur!——

Waſhball. Indeed, Sir, Maſter *Shrug* here, and I, be no *Frenchmen*—we neither of us ever work'd for any of the great people of faſhion;——and the only reaſon for it, I ſuppoſe, is, becauſe we are true *Engliſh.*

Warrant. Why, Maſter *Tipſtaff*, you hear what the man ſays——TRUE ENGLISH!——We ſhan't be crouded with 'em—e'en let 'em ſtay. [Warrant *and* Tipſtaff *return to the hall.*

SCENE IV.

The Funeral Proceſſion.

Firſt—*Lady* Vizard, *preceded by a band of muſic playing a ſoft air—after 'em a ſtandard-bearer, carrying her Ladyſhip's maſquerading habit, erected before the corpſe*—[the habit as worn in Queen *Elizabeth*'s days]—*the corpſe follows—upon the coffin are placed ſeveral maſks—the pall is ſupported by young women in their maſquerading dreſſes and vizors.*

Second—

Second—*Old Mr.* Hazard—*upon the pall are hung eſcutcheons painted with the ſeveral chances of the dice—young gameſters bear up the pall—and carry boxes and dice in their hands—which are rattled when the firſt muſic ceaſes—and ſo at ſet intervals, during the whole proceſſion.*

Third—*Lady* Modely—*her hoop erected and full-ſtretch'd is carried before the corpſe—young women holding up the pall—and carrying by way of ſtreamers—her Ladyſhip's frizzet—tete*—Vandyke—*ſprig of flowers, &c.*

Fourth—'*Squire* Butterfly—*his trimm'd ſuit* (made in the *French* faſhion) *is carried before the corpſe—the pall is ſupported by young gentlemen, carrying (in the ſame manner as the young women before)—the* topee—*the* pigtail—*the* ſword *and* ſword-knot—*the* cane—pocket looking-glaſs—*and* gold ſnuff-box.

Fifth—*Lady* Racket—Drums beating a dead march *precede the corpſe—the pall is hung with* card eſcutcheons—*and ſupported by* young women *who have each of 'em a pack of* cards *in their hands.*

Sixth—*Sir* Tunbelly Epicure—*the pall-bearers are* cooks—*with* white caps, waiſtcoats, *&c.*

The funerals march ſlowly round the ſtage—the muſic plays—the boxes and dice are rattled—the drums beat alternately—after ſome time ſpent in the proceſſion—the ſcene opens and diſcovers the front of The Repository of Insignificants, *as deſcribed in the* firſt ſcene, *with a motto over the gateway—and under the piece of ſculpture.*

Spirat Tragicum satis, et feliciter audet,

The funerals enter—and the ſcene is clos'd.

SCENE

SCENE V.

FREEMAN. CLARINDA. VALENTINE.

FREEMAN.

THERE!—now! *Clarinda*, you have beheld this affecting *ſcene!* and can't fail of being convinced, in the eye of cool and unprejudic'd judgment, what character theſe people ſtand in, who have been endeavouring to impoſe upon your good nature, and trying *all their arts* to decoy and draw you into their pernicious ſchemes, by gloſſing over THEIR VICES and FOLLIES with the TINSEL VARNISH of *Faſhion* and *Politeneſs*—what think you *now* of ſuch acquaintance!——

Clar. Why I think—when one's old acquaintance are loſt—we have nothing to do—but to look after new!——

[Freeman *ſtarts back, and appears in confuſion.*]

Val. [*advancing to Freeman*] Take her at her word, *Freeman*, I am confident, by THIS NEW ACQUAINTANCE—ſhe *muſt* mean *yourſelf*—'tis plain!—and I inſiſt upon't, it ſhall be ſo!——Why—what—your *hearts* were made like *two indentures—twins, caſt* in the ſame *mould* of *liking* and *averſion.*——I know, my couſin *Clary* here never approved the life ſhe has been leading—her compliances have been rather owing to her complaiſance than to real inclination.—Here, couſin! give me your hand [*ſnatches it*]

and permit me to have the honour of joining a couple together who promiſe for as much happineſs—as can be enjoy'd by mortals on this ſide heaven!

Clar. Nay, now, Mr. *Valentine*—ſince you are ſo ready to be a SURETY for my good behaviour—you really lay me under an obligation to make good your promiſes!—and therefore, ſince 'tis not improbable, but I *might* have been brought to this, one time or other, pray let me give my hand *myſelf*.—— Here, take it, Mr. *Freeman*, take it *as* MY OWN ACT AND DEED! and believe me—in leading the life I have done (which has made you ſo uneaſy)—I have only followed the *cuſtom* that holds in the admiſſion of *a Veſtal*, who is *allowed* to appear in the *dreſs of the faſhionable world*, before——

Val. Before! *ſhe's taken in, to do penance for life*—hah! couſin *Clary*——there——I think I was beforehand with you—for I am certain by the archneſs I obſerv'd in your eyes, that that was likely to be the cloſe of the ſentence.

Freeman. Indeed, *Valentine*, I don't believe it, you are now doing her an injury.

Val. No *injury* at all—for if ſhe had not had ſome unluckineſs in her head, what *buſineſs* had *ſhe* to be fetching alluſions from NUNNERIES—eſpecially as things ſeem to be at *preſent* circumſtanc'd.

Freeman. No, no, believe me, ſhe had no deſign to rally—ſhe only introduced the alluſion, to ſet the married ſtate in the light of a *holy vow* made at the *altar*—and her giving it this turn pleaſes me extremely, as 'tis a pledge with me for her *inviolably* obſerving it.

Val.

Val. You may think as you pleaſe—but I am confident I was in the right—*there ſhe* ſtands, let her anſwer for *herſelf*.——Was *that* the caſe now, couſin *Clary*, that brought a *Nunnery* into you head? *come—confeſs fairly.*

Clar. Mr. *Freeman* has anſwered for me.

Val. What grown ſo grave already!—this muſt be owing to the *ſight of the funerals!*—I can't ſay, indeed, *but* the loſs of ſo many of your acquaintance is enough to make you look a little *ſolemn.*——But methinks you ſhould have been *all of a piece*—for to give you my opinion, I don't think the *colours* of your ſilk there, *look quite* ſo *decent*, at this juncture —you don't, in my opinion, *ſhew quite reſpect* enough for your OLD CRONEYS! indeed—you *ſhould* have put on a little *mourning* to-day—but I ſuppoſe you have ſome making.

Clar. Very well, Mr. *Valentine*, I'll be even with you for this.

Freeman. Come—come—you may enter into this diſpute another time—'tis an improper ſubject at preſent —we can hear of *no* DRESS now—but that of *the* WEDDING ONE.—Let us think no more of theſe *inconſiderate people*—we have ſeen them conveyed to the REPOSITORY OF INSIGNIFICANTS, the fitteſt place for 'em in their preſent ſtate! and ſince the court, by their giving orders for the coffins not to be ſcrew'd down, has been ſo merciful as to allow 'em time for a RESUSCITATION.

There ſleep awhile their follies! who have drank
Too deep of Pleaſure's opiate—'till Reflection

Chewing

Chewing the CUD of things, prepares the food
For the MIND's better nourishment, and REASON wakes
To point out where it err'd.

Learn from hence what dang'rous steps we tread
By *Folly*, *Vice*, and *empty Pleasure* led,
The WORTHLESS to community are DEAD.
But when the PUBLIC GOOD, which is the SOUL,
Diffus'd through All to *animate the whole*,
Does to *each part* it's *quick'ning Influence give*;
'Tis *then*—and *then alone*—the CIVIL LIFE we live.

[*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAGE 2, Line 1, for *afrad*, read *afraid.*
Page 5, Line 1, for *expensive*, read *expressive.*
Page 8, Line 28, for for *converrd*, read *converted.*
Page 22, at the End of the Line, read [*Exeunt.*